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HUMANE CULTURE—AND THE GERMAN KIND

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

EVERYBODY knows that there is a difference in meaning between the German word Kultur, and the word Culture as it is commonly used in English and in French. The object of this paper is to trace a little more clearly the nature and effects of this difference.

The fact that the German word is spelled with a K and the English with a C is of no great significance. It is one of those orthographical accidents which may occur even in the best regulated languages.

The fact that both words come from the same Latin root proves nothing in regard to their present connotation. In the wear and tear of usage, words from the same root often come to be not only different, but even positively opposed in their significance. Children of the same family may be not merely unlike but also actively hostile one to another, as in the celebrated case of Cain and Abel.

It seems to me that this is what happened to these two words. They came to stand for two ideas so contrary that a conflict between them was almost inevitable. It was because of this contrariety that the Germans were not able to understand, much less to admire, the other peoples of the world. It was for the same reason that these other peoples, the English, the French, the Italians, the Americans, while admiring some German products, as for example potash-fertilizers, cutlery, Dresden china, and beer, found themselves unable to love Germany as a nation, and absolutely unwilling to submit to the imposition of her Kultur upon the world at the point of the sword in 1914.

This, in effect, is what Germany desired, resolved, and attempted to achieve, doubtless with a sincere purpose, and unquestionably by dishonest and lawless means. You may read the sincerity of the purpose in the verses of the pious poet Emanuel Geibel:

> "Und es mag am deutschen Wesen
> Einmal noch die Welt genesen."

You may hear the threat to use dishonest and lawless means in the words of the German Chancellor to the Reichstag:

"The injustice we commit [in invading Belgium] we will try to make good as soon as our military aims have been attained. He who is menaced as we are . . . can only consider how to hack his way through (*durchhauen*)."

You may judge the enormity of the claim advanced by the words of General von der Goltz:

"The nineteenth century saw the German Empire: the twentieth century shall see a German world."

Now the existence of national leaders capable of entertaining and avowing such sentiments, and of a vast and prosperous people ready to accept and support their plans, and of an army of well-trained, obedient and fanatical millions of simple soldiers eager to carry out their predatory designs upon the world, was due, in my opinion, to the essential intellectual and moral vice of German Kultur, which is diametrically opposed to the humane ideal of culture.

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Doubtless there were many economic, political and geographical motives and causes in the great war of 1914. But from the point of view of an humble disciple of philosophy, art and letters, I can see but one really important thing in it—the attempt of a narrow, racial, megalomaniac Kultur to impose itself upon mankind, not by the persuasive influence of sweetness and light, but by the developed force of a national "will to power."

It was a separate and separating kind of civilization. As a system, clearly conceived and worked out, in school, university, community, industry, army and court, it was wonderful. But the value of any system depends upon the ruling ideas which are at the heart of it. There were three false assumptions at the root of German Kultur which put it in antagonism to humane culture and made it a menace to mankind. First, the assumption that the Almighty made the German race superior to all other races of the world. Second, that God chose the House of Hohenzollern to rule the German race. Third, that under this predestination the German race had a right to do what it pleased to work out its claim to the domination of the world.

It would be absurd to say that all Germans have ever accepted these three superstitions—these *Aberglauben*. But it would be senseless to ignore the fact that they have permeated and poisoned the extraordinary system of German Kultur.

Recall that luminous description of the aim and ideal of education which was given by Matthew Arnold in his simple, colloquial English way some forty years ago.

"Culture," said he, "means the acquainting ourselves with the best that has been known and said in the world, and thus with the history of the human spirit." That was a humane and liberal conception, at once conservative and progressive, recognizing the unity of the human race, the value of universal standards, and the necessity of knowing what was best in the past in order to advance to something better in the future. It was based, obviously, not on outward authority, but upon the appeal of right reason to the individual.

German Kultur, on the contrary, was based on the authority of the state over the individual. It was a closely organized system of education and discipline, scholastic, social, political, and military, specifically designed to produce obstinate adherents and obedient servants for distinctively Teutonic ideals and ambitions.

I happened to be a student in Berlin, about 1878, when the so-called *Kulturkampf* was in progress. It was a struggle between Rome and Prussia for control of the educational system. I felt as the woman in the classic story did about the fight between her husband and the bear. It was important, perhaps, but not interesting. Bismarck won.

It was at that time that one could see clearly the cleavage between Culture and Kultur.

The professors whom I most frequented, Dorner, and Weiss, and Hermann Grimm, belonged to the liberal Germany of the brief past. But the popular idol of the university at that moment was Heinrich von Treitschke. In order that you may understand the significance of this man and his followers in German Kultur, I give a few quotations from their writings.

"The German is a hero born, and believes that he can hack and hew his way through life." (H. v. Treitschke, "Politics," vol. I, p. 230.)

"The appeal to arms will be valid until the end of history, and therein lies the sacredness of war." (*Ib.*, p. 29.)

"No state can pledge its future to another. It knows no arbiter, and draws up all its treaties with this implied reservation. . . . Moreover, every sovereign State has the undoubted right to declare war at its pleasure, and is consequently entitled to repudiate its treaties." (*Ib.*, p. i, 28.)

His disciples and followers, Bernhardi, and a nameless crew of generals, university professors, high-school teachers, and preachers, went far beyond this.

Take a few words from General Bernhardi:

"The proud conviction forces itself upon us with irresistible power that a high, if not the highest, importance for the entire development of the human race is ascribable to this German people." (General Bernhardi, "Germany and the Next War," p. 72.)

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"*World-power or downfall!* will be our rallying-cry." (*Ib.*, p. 154.)

"War is a biological necessity of the first importance, a regulative element in the life of mankind which cannot be dispensed with." (*Ib.*, p. 18.)

"Might is the supreme right, and the dispute as to what is right is decided by the arbitrament of war. War gives a biologically just decision." (*Ib.*, p. 23.)

Take a few more words from German preachers and instructors of the young.

"What does right matter to me? I have no need of it. What I can acquire by force, that I possess and enjoy; what I cannot obtain, I renounce, and I set up no pretensions to indefeasible right. . . . I have the right to do what I have the power to do." (M. Stirner, "Der Einzige und sein Eigentum," p. 275.)

"Our belief is that the salvation of the whole Kultur of Europe depends upon the victory which German 'militarism' is about to achieve." (Manifesto signed by 3,500 *Hochschullehreren* [professors and lecturers], quoted by Professor U. v. Wilamowitz-Mollendorf, "Reden," part II., p. 33.)

And take as a final specimen this extract from the *Weekly Paper for Young Germany*, January 25, 1913:

"When here on earth a battle is won by German arms and the faithful dead ascend to Heaven, a Potsdam lance-corporal will call the guard to the door, and 'old Fritz,' springing from his golden throne, will give the command to present arms. That is the Heaven of Young Germany!"

But it may be said that I am quoting private writers, personal teachers, to condemn the German education which led to the late abominable war and lost Germany the friendship of mankind. Well, then, let us quote a late imperial authority, the Wilhelm Hohenzollern himself.

He was a voluminous speaker, sometimes good, but always copious. In 1890 he assembled a so-called educational conference at Berlin. To this conference he said that "*the School ought first of all to have opened the duel against Democracy.*" To this conference he declared: "Gentlemen, *I am in need of soldiers—we ought to apply to the superior schools the organization in force in our military and cadet schools.*"

Well, the Emperor Wilhelm got what he wanted. He got a government system of education which blotted out the old German love of liberty and produced the new German adoration of autocracy. He got a system of education which impregnated the soul of his fold with the superstition of an almighty state, above morality, beyond responsibility, supreme over humanity—a state not founded on the people's will, but absolute in power over the people's life—a state not answerable to other states for its conduct nor to the conscience of mankind for its actions—a state whose sovereign law was its own necessity, whose great destiny was the empire of the world, and whose highest function was war. He got a system of education, wonderfully organized and co-ordinated, marvellously perfect in routine and detail, and completely designed to produce in the German mind as the result of science, philosophy, and literature misapplied, two monstrous false convictions, two fetich-faiths. First, that Germany is over all — *Deutschland über Alles;* second, that the Kaiser is the All-Highest —*der Allerhöchste!*

Here are these fetich-faiths announced in his own words:

"Remember that the German people are chosen of God. On me—on me as the German Emperor, the spirit of God has descended. I am His weapon, His sword, and His vice-regent."

The effect of such a Kultur on literature and the other arts was lamentable. The architecture of modern Berlin, the sculpture of the Siegesallee, the alleged poetry of Hauptmann and Süderman are not things of beauty, but pains forever. The distance from Kant to Nietzsche measures a vast downward slope. Lessing and Goethe and Schiller have no posterity; they were all caught and devoured by the Ogre Kultur.

But while the effect of this system on letters and the fine arts was such as to leave the stage free for the display of the Kaiser's own talents, it also gave him what he said he most needed—soldiers, millions of them! Soldiers ready to sink their conscience in their obedience to the Almighty State, and the All-Highest Kaiser. Soldiers ready under orders to violate all international pledges, all civi-

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lized rules of war, all restraints of humanity. Soldiers ready to invade neutral territory, to devastate and ruin peaceful lands, to burn villages, to poison wells, to attack hospitals and kill Red Cross nurses, to shoot old men and women and priests, to sink merchant ships without warning and drown helpless passengers and crews, to butcher little children, to rape women, and to carry away girls into white slavery. Soldiers who answer to the words which the Kaiser spoke to his guard: "You have given yourselves to me body and soul. For you there is only one enemy, and that is my enemy. It may happen—I pray that God avert it—that I order you to shoot down your relations, your brothers, nay, your parents; but then without a murmur you must obey my commands."

We may see, then, without any academic obscurity, what German Kultur—a narrow, selfish, immoral organization of education, means. It had an ingrowing mind, and a barbarous spirit. It has been beaten, absolutely, on its chosen field of battle. Now the question is, what shall be the fruit of victory?

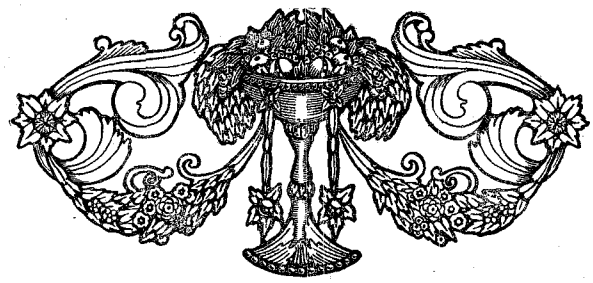
Shall it be a relapse into the ancient chaos of international antagonisms based on mutual hatred and mistrust? Or shall it be an advance into a society of free nations pledged to maintain and enforce the pacific settlement of quarrels between nations on the basis of reason and justice?

We should hold fast to the ideal of Culture, the knowledge and application of "the best that has been thought and said in the world." As we have approved the call to arms against barbaric Germanism, so we should approve the effort to establish a better understanding and a wiser co-operation among the nations. Americanitis should be as repugnant to us as Germanism. The power of our Republic should be dedicated to the good of the world.

"It will be worthy," said George Washington in his Farewell Address, "of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence."

Patriotism we believe in. Patriolatry we abjure and despise. We devote our efforts in art and letters not to any system of narrowing nationalist Kultur, but to the broad ideal of humane Culture, with its four aims of joy and power, sweetness and light.

The light of seeing things clearly and truly. The sweetness of imaginative vision by which we behold things old and new and enter into other hearts and lives. The joy of free and sane thinking for ourselves. The power of resolutely choosing, out of all that knowledge and experience bring, the best to love, admire and follow.



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MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA

THE KINGS AND KERN RIVER REGIONS

BY LEROY JEFFERS, F.R.G.S.

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

EXTENDING for over five hundred miles the great range of the Sierra Nevada of California offers the mountaineer and the lover of nature an unsurpassed variety of beautiful and wonderful scenery. No other mountains of the continent are so exquisitely clothed with light, and nowhere is there greater charm of lake and waterfall, of tree and flower; while the multitude of polished granite domes, serrated ridges, and cathedral peaks offer fascinating work for the mountaineer. Unequalled are its marvellous canyons, its foaming streams, and its power to awaken in all the true spirit of joy. Range of light, of beauty, of wonder, destined in time to be known and loved by the nation!

Year after year the mountains and the flowers have called me westward, and I have wandered and revelled amid their glories in pure delight. As one enters California from the north, over the wooded Siskiyous, he catches far-away glimpses of the glistening, snowy cone of Shasta 14,162 feet in height. For hours one winds back and forth with ever-increasing views of this glorious peak that rises in volcanic slopes and ridges above the forests at its base. Presenting no especial problems to the mountaineer, it is a comparatively simple though somewhat tiresome journey from Sisson to the summit.

If one approach the Pacific by way of a central route, as he journeys across the desert in Utah, he is ever in view of distant mountains etherealized in the heat and blending with the white and purple cloudlands of the sky. Nearing Salt Lake City, the snowy Wasatch refresh him with their pure elixir of mountain air. Leaving the deserts of Nevada we climb the Sierra, pausing to visit Lake Tahoe, and to ascend Mount Tallac for its beautiful view; or we surmount the divide by another route and follow the fine scenery of the Feather River Canyon for hours before we reach the great central valley of the Golden State.

No true lover of the beautiful can ever tire of the views of hills and sea which surround San Francisco. From the summit of Twin Peaks the city and the bay lie mapped beneath one in the sunshine, flecked here and there with passing shadows of the clouds. Again of a summer morning I have struggled up their grassy slopes barely able to stand against the gale that swept in from the Pacific laden with whirling mist.

Enticingly the hills gather around Berkeley, calling us to wander over their flower-strewn summits. Crossing the bay from San Francisco, we journey through streets lined with masses of scarlet, white, and pink geraniums, while climbing roses embower the homes and luxuriant sweet peas and heliotrope everywhere delight the eye. Within the grounds of the University of California the pungent odor of eucalyptus pervades the air, and we reluctantly leave the shade for steep brown grassy slopes that burn in the sunshine. As we surmount ridge after ridge the waters of the bay broaden and lead the eye through the Golden Gate to the ocean, while the Marin hills loom purple and high upon the horizon. From the summit of Grizzly Peak we look eastward across wooded canyons and sunny hills toward Mount Diablo. On smooth, grassy slopes affording scarcely a foothold we fairly slide into Strawberry Canyon and follow it down to Berkeley.

To leave San Francisco for the East is to part from a friend. Crossing on the

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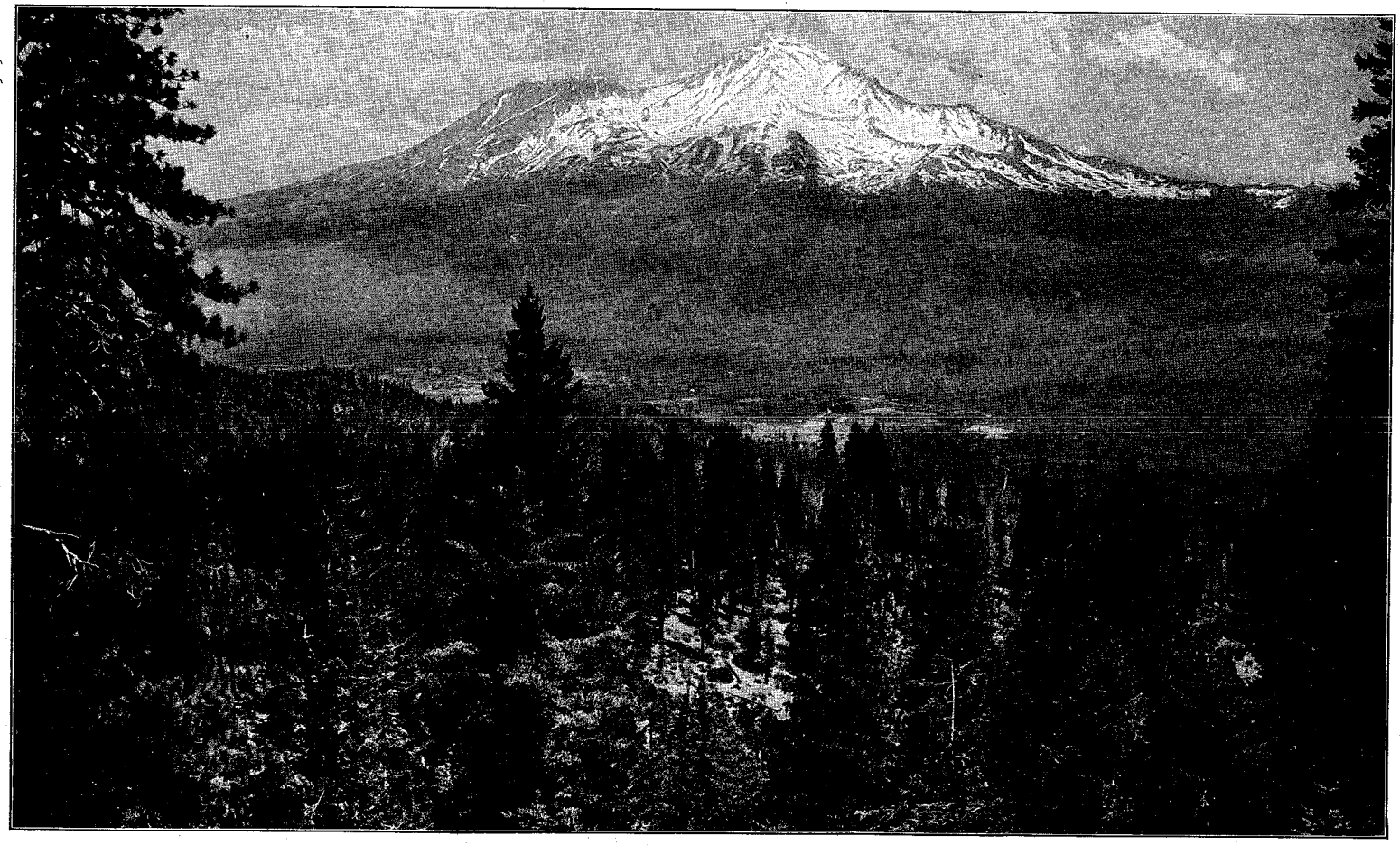

Mount Shasta, 14,162 feet, Northern California.

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From a photograph by S. H. Willard.

Mist Falls, South Fork, Kings River.

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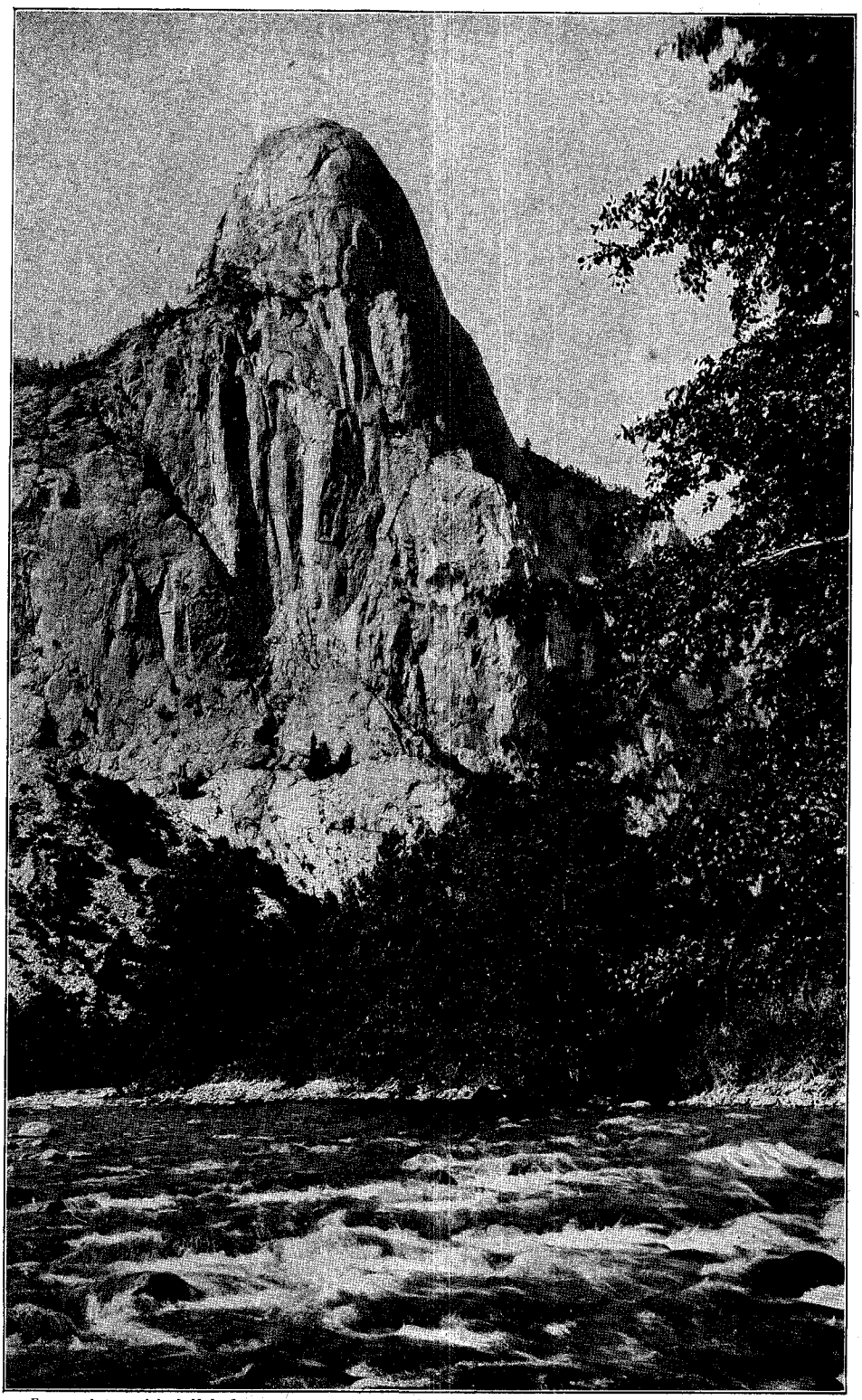

From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.

Tehipite Dome, 7,713 feet, Middle Fork of the Kings River.

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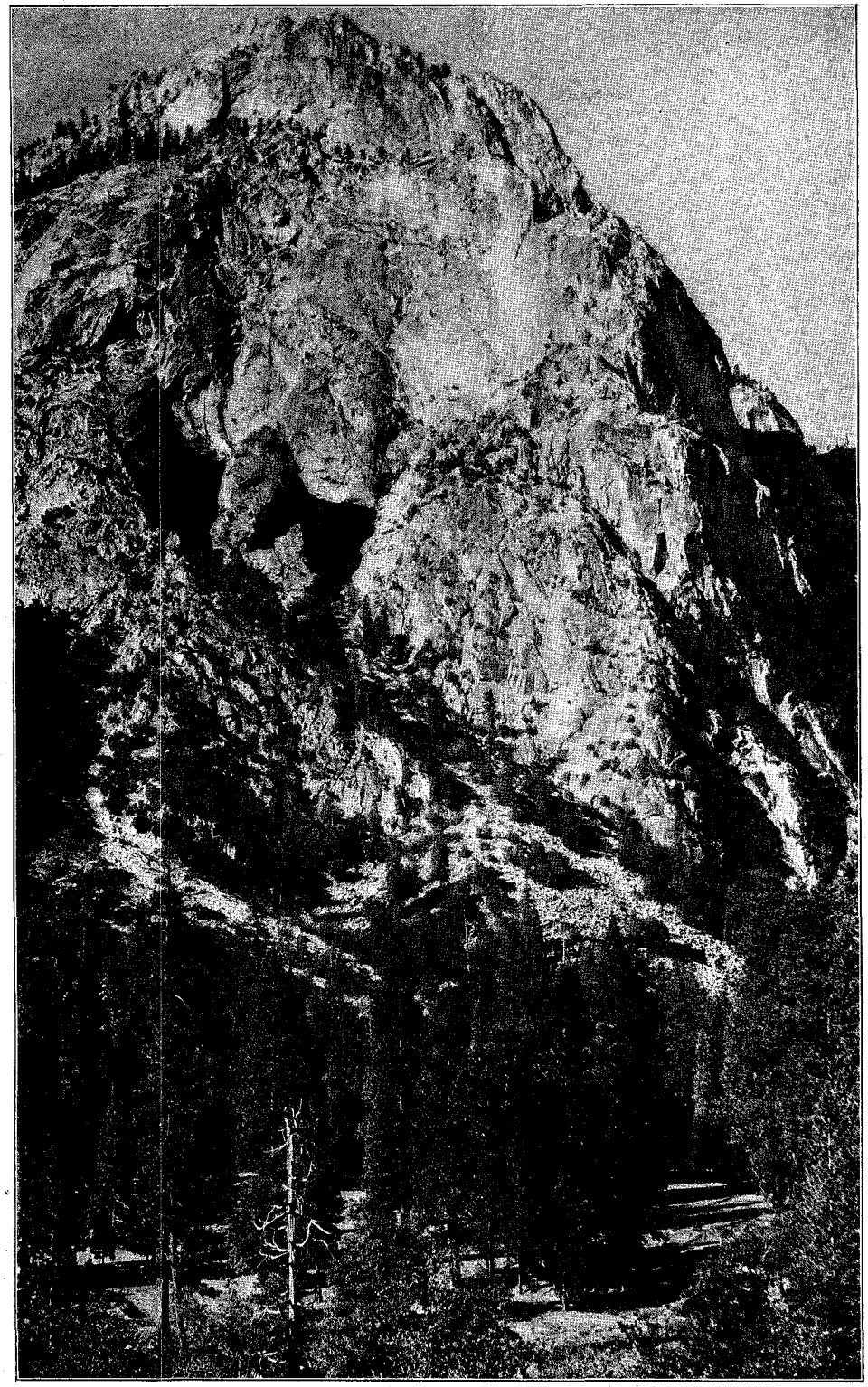

From a photograph by W. L. Huber.

The Grand Sentinel, 8,514 feet, Kings River Canyon.

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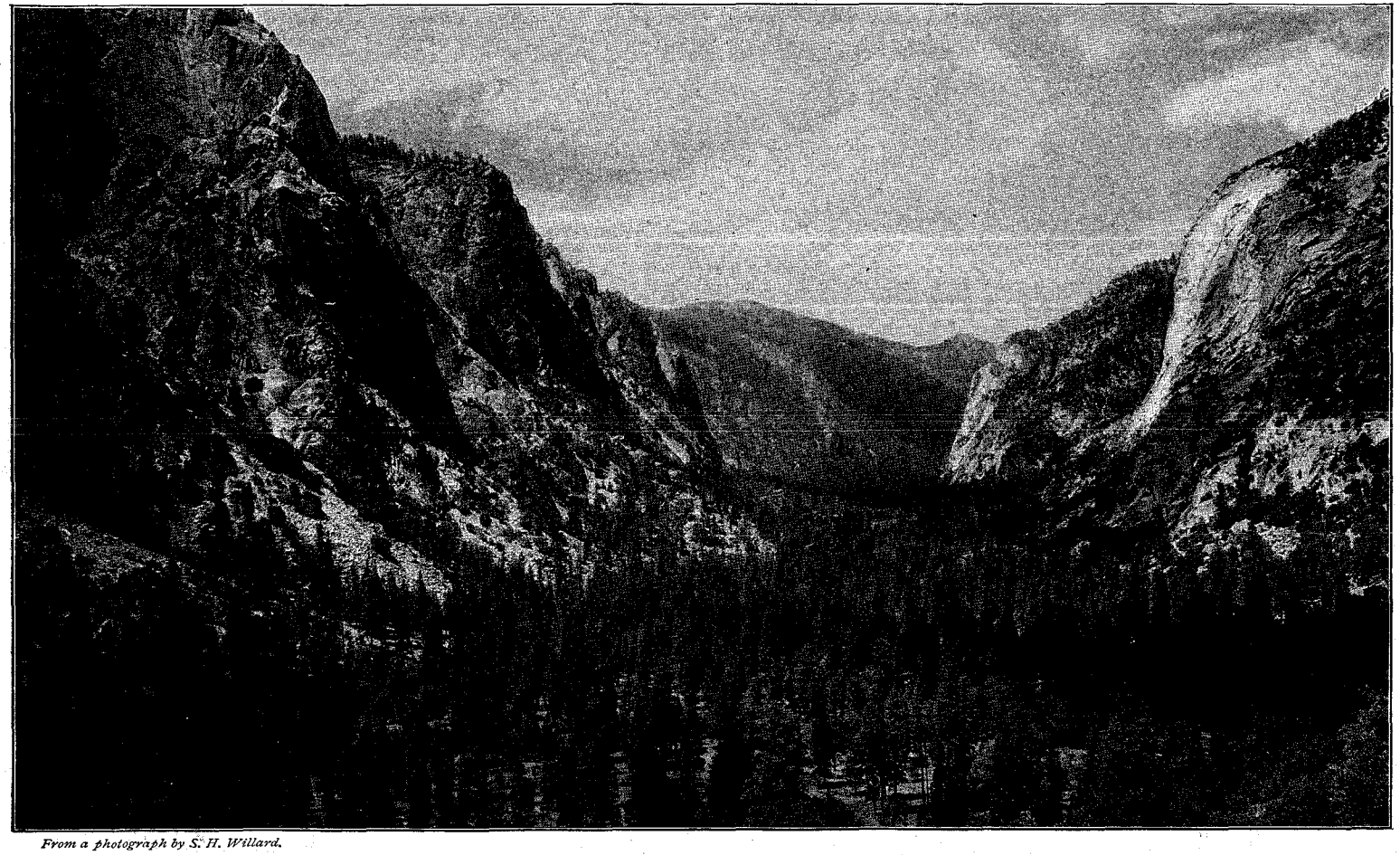

From a photograph by S. H. Willard.

Kings River Canyon from Bubbs Creek.

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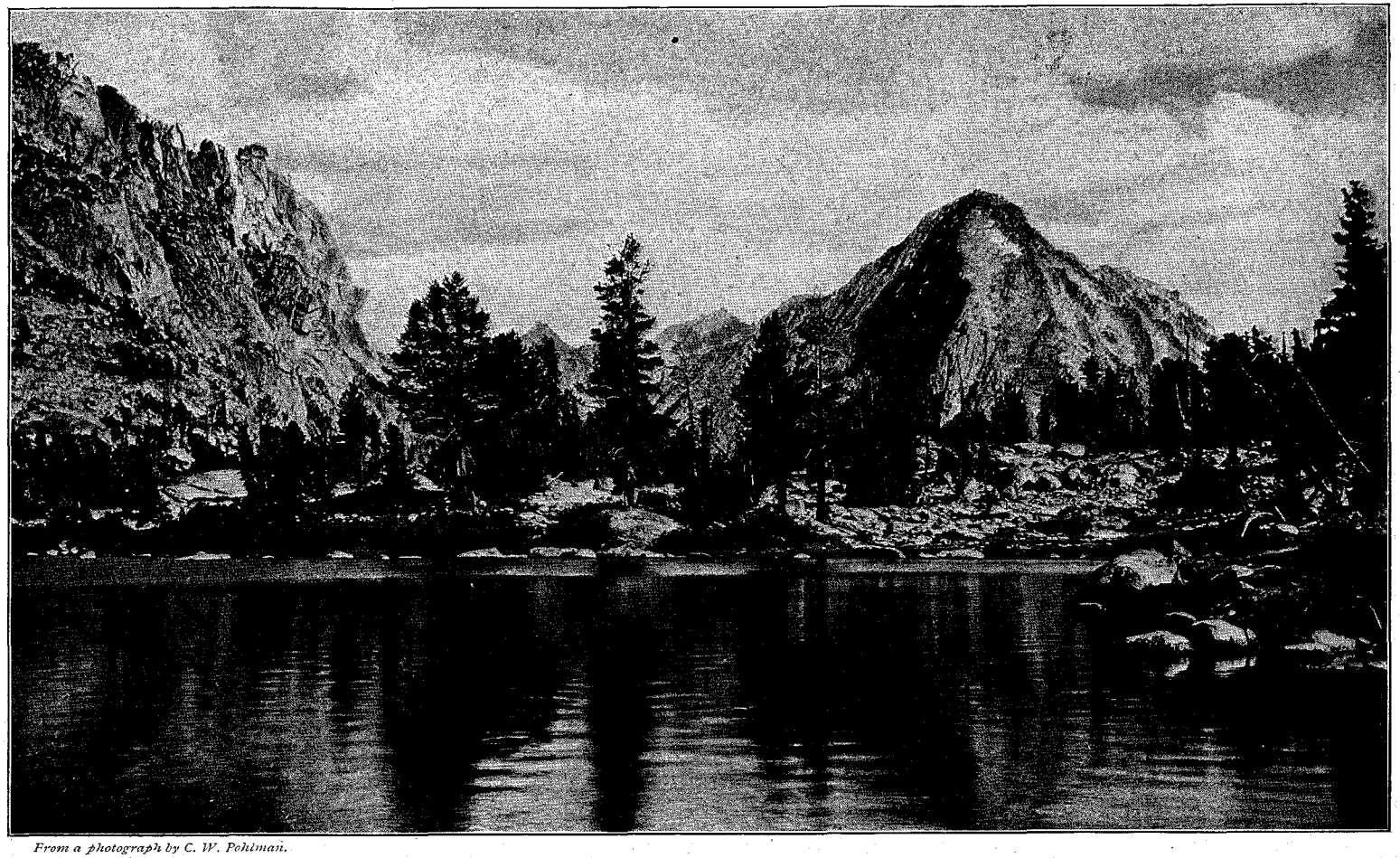

From a photograph by C. W. Pohlman.

Bullfrog Lake and the East Vidette, 12,742 feet.

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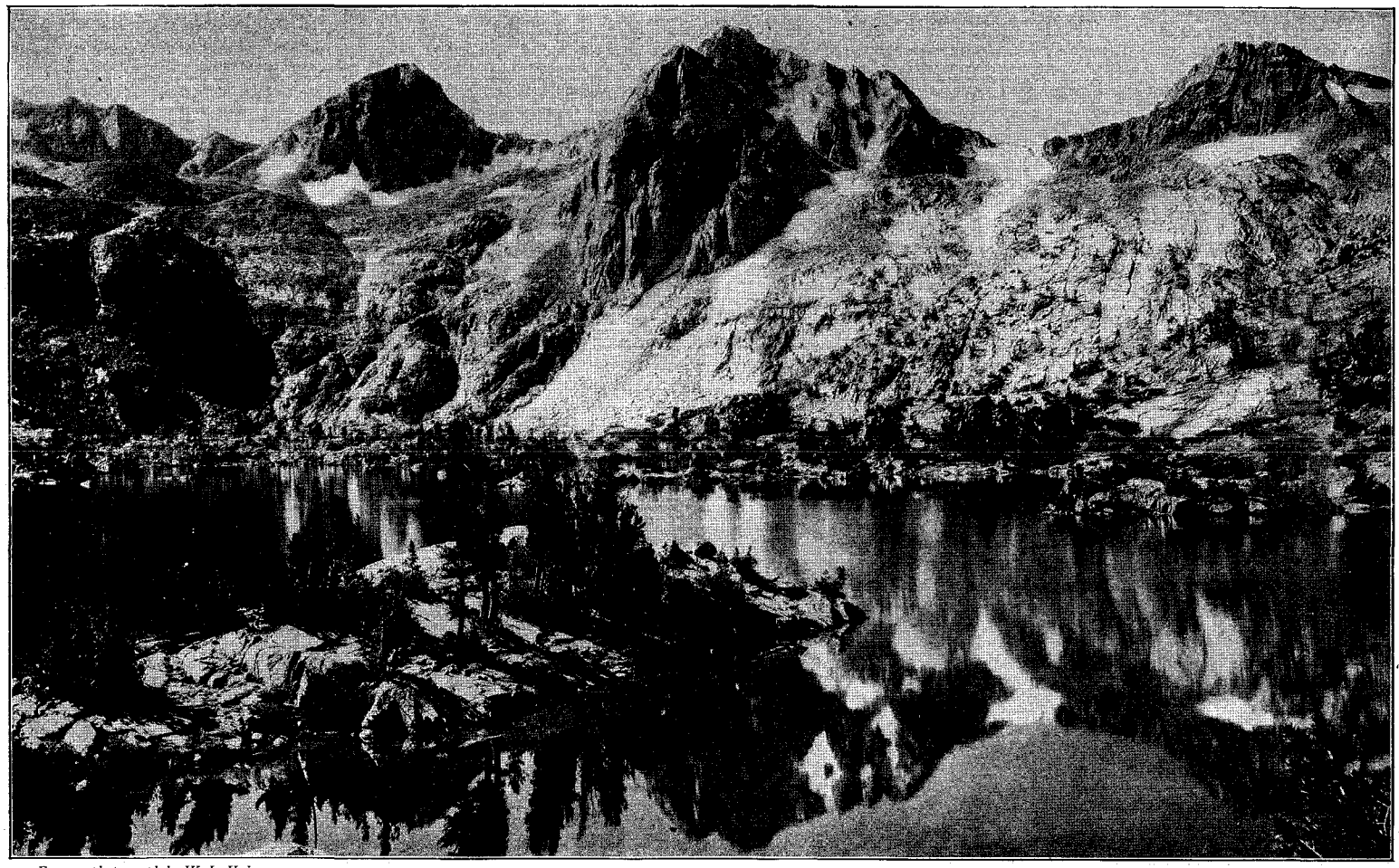

From a photograph by W. L. Huber.

Bee Lake and Mount Bixford

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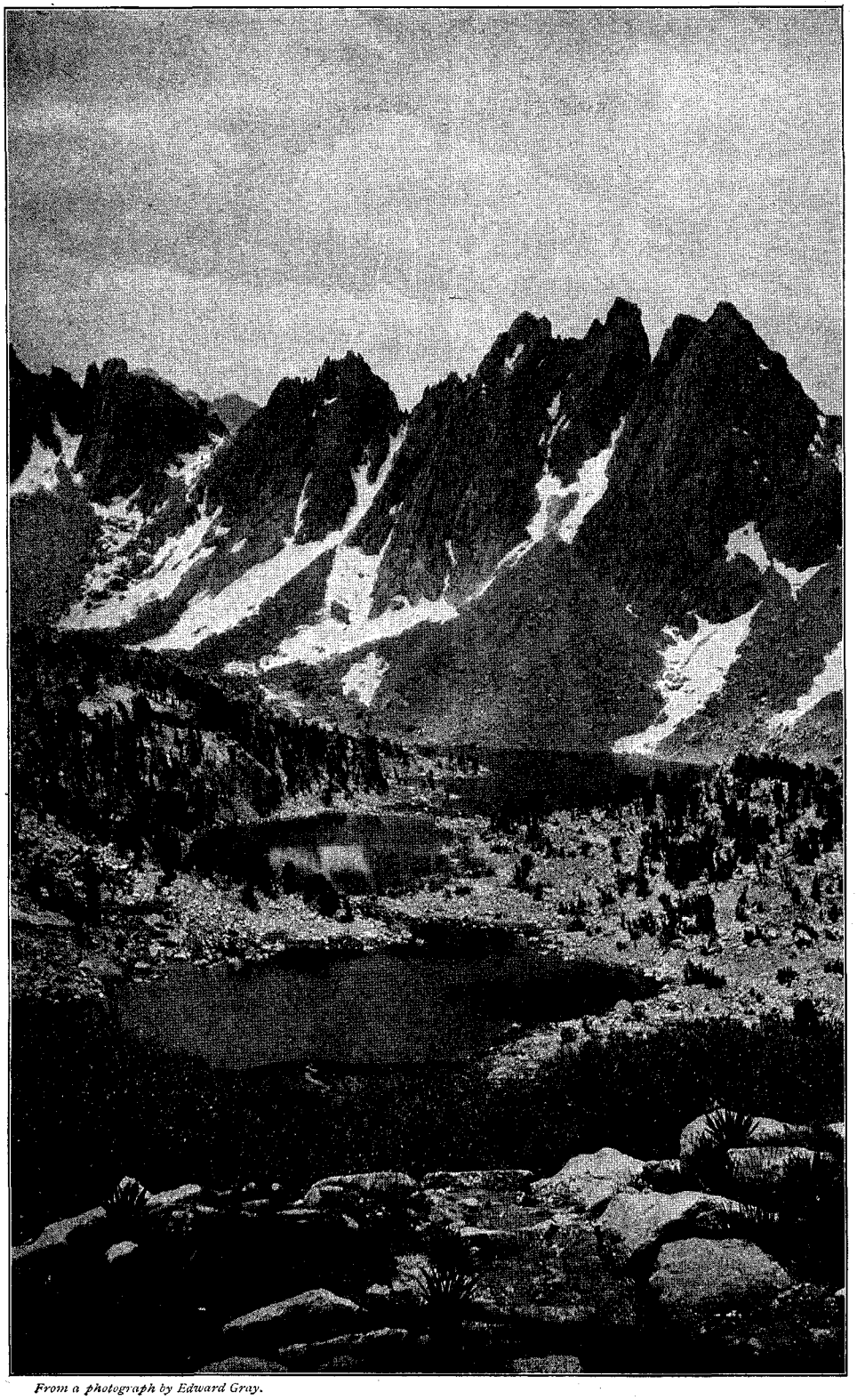

From a photograph by Edward Gray.

Kearsarge Pinnacles.

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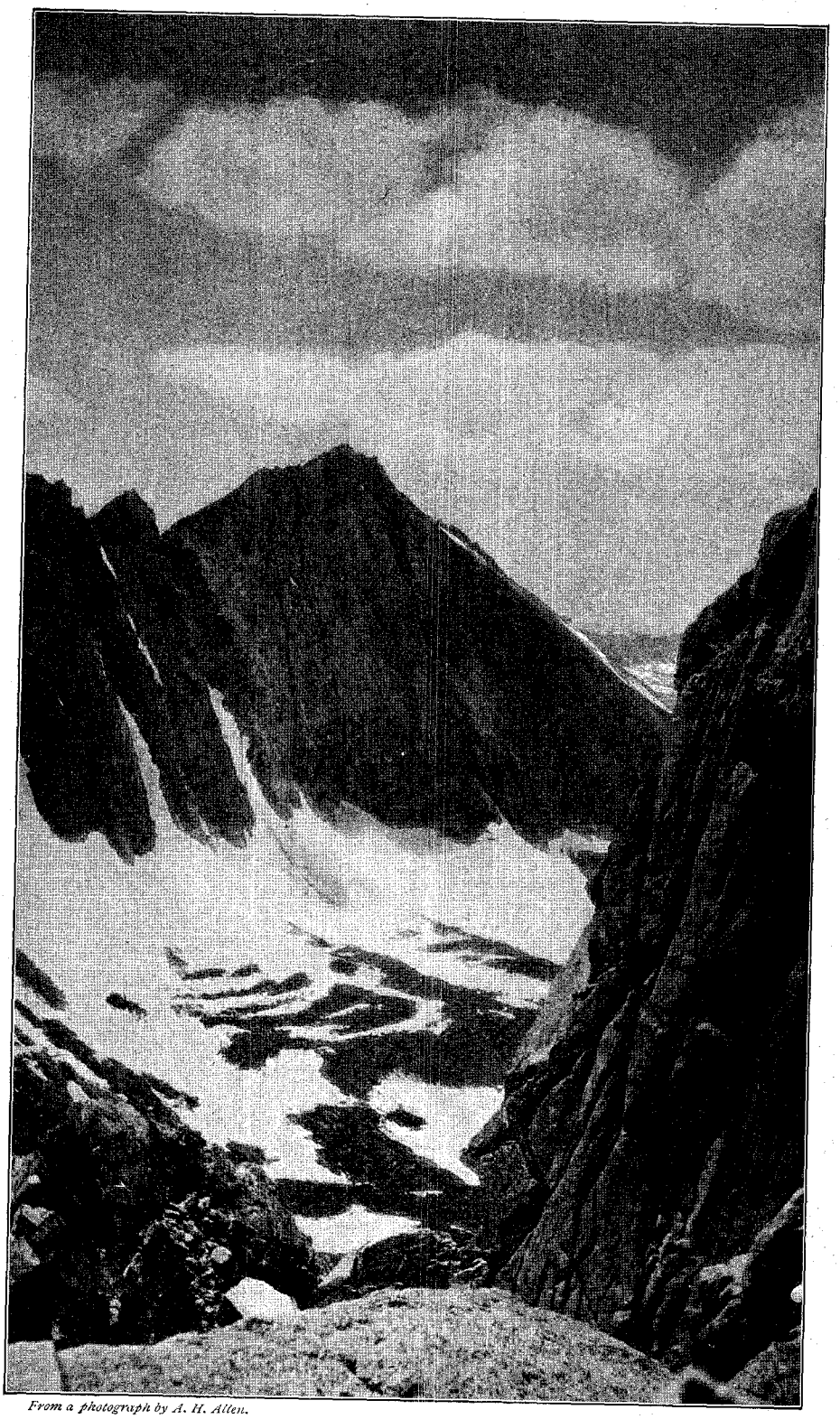

From a photograph by A. H. Allen.

Mount Tyndall, 14,025 feet, from the cliffs of Mount Williamson.

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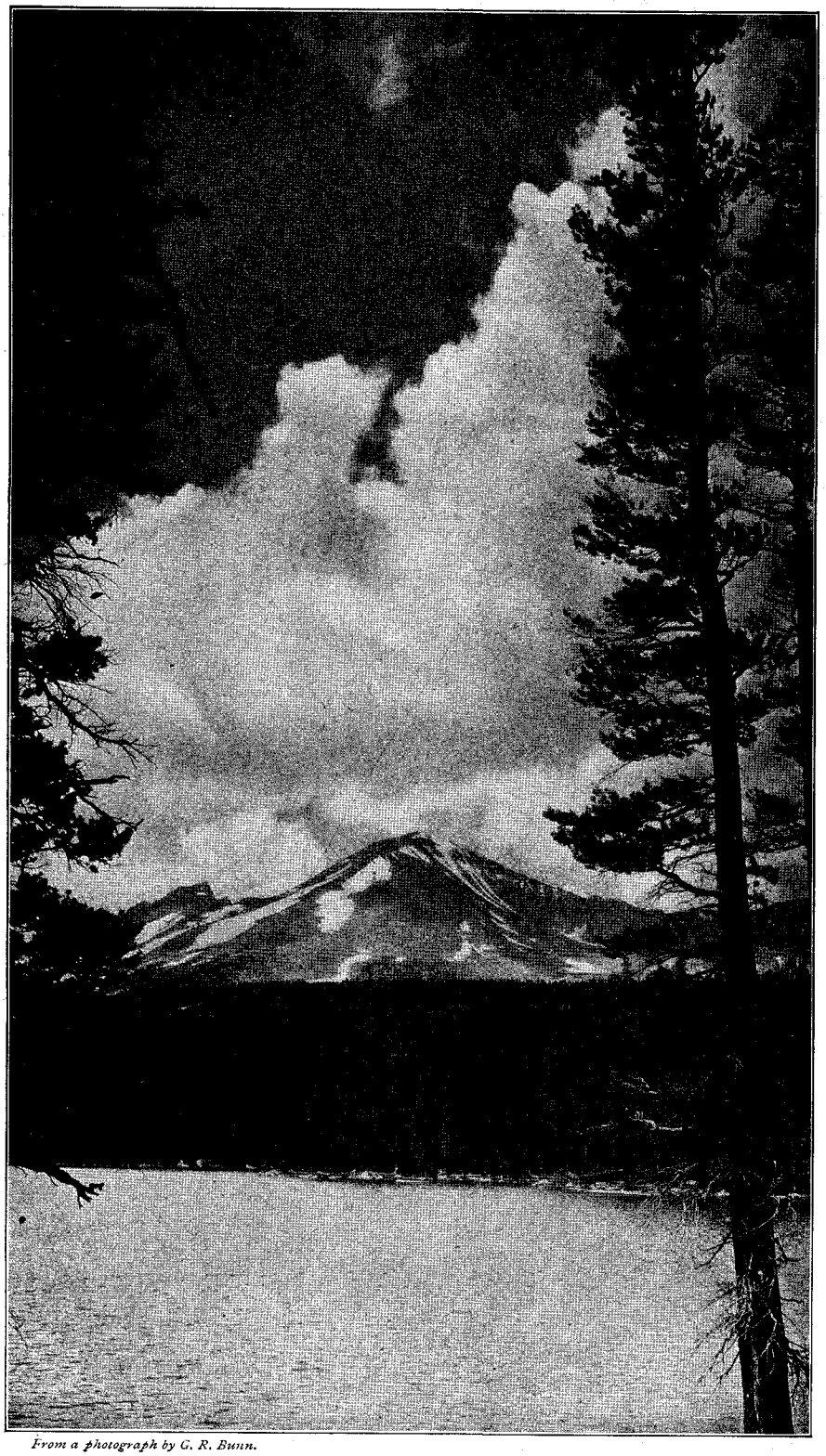

From a photograph by G. R. Bunn.

Moraine Lake and the Red Kaweah.

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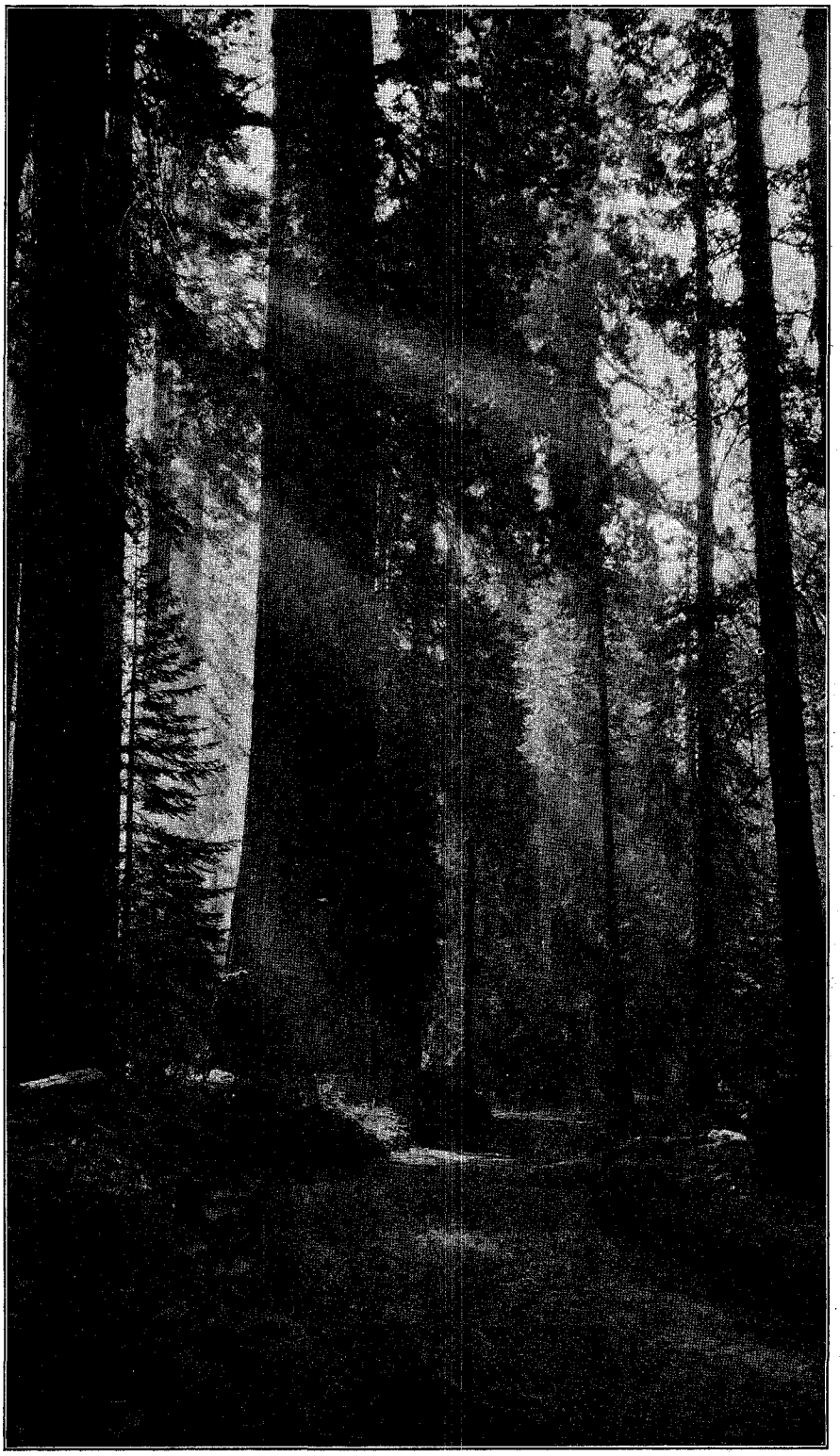

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Sunbeams amid the Sequoia, Giant Forest, Sequoia National Park.

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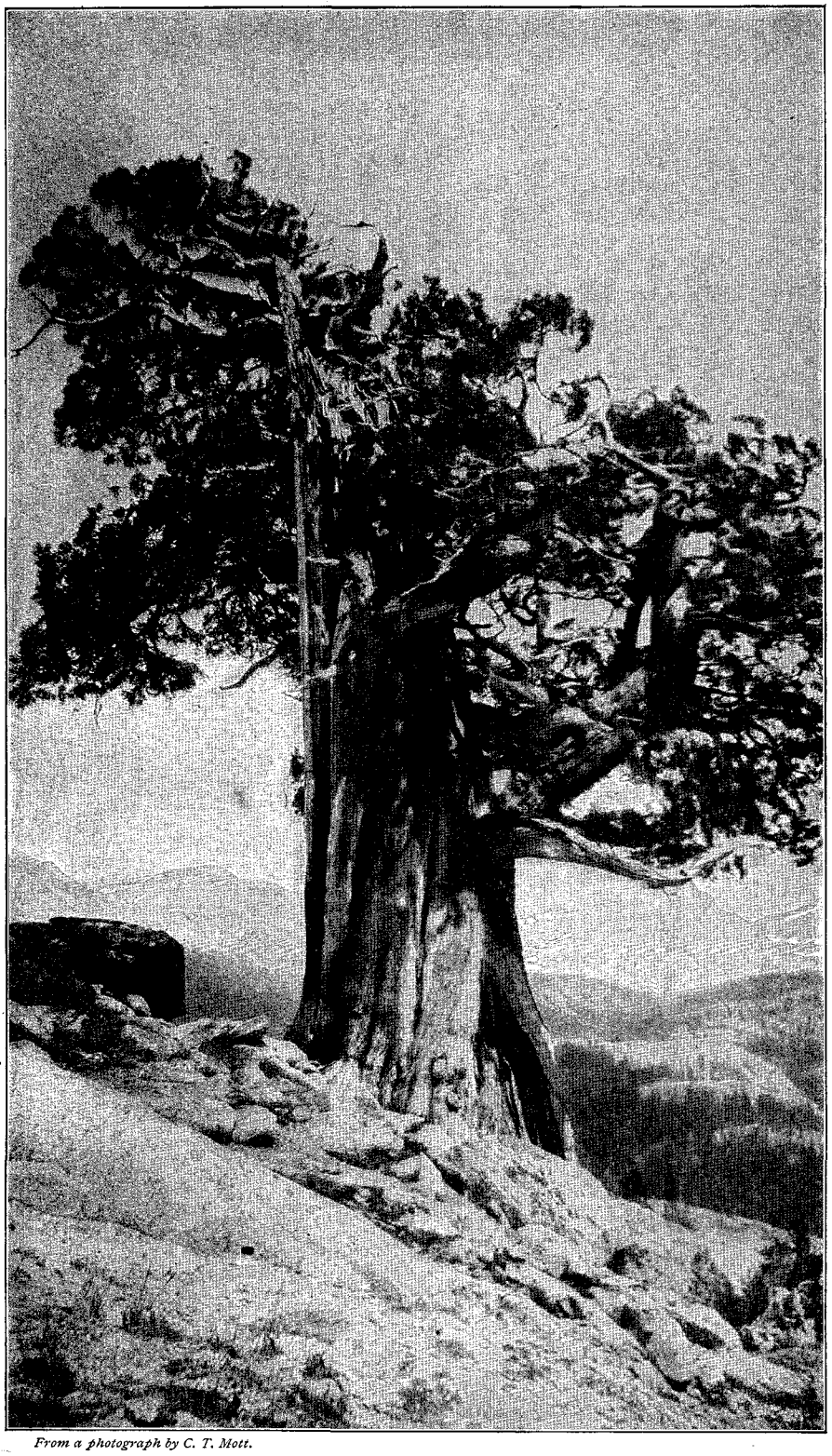

From a photograph by C. T. Mott.

Juniper, or Red Cedar, on Wildcat Point, Tuolumne Canyon.

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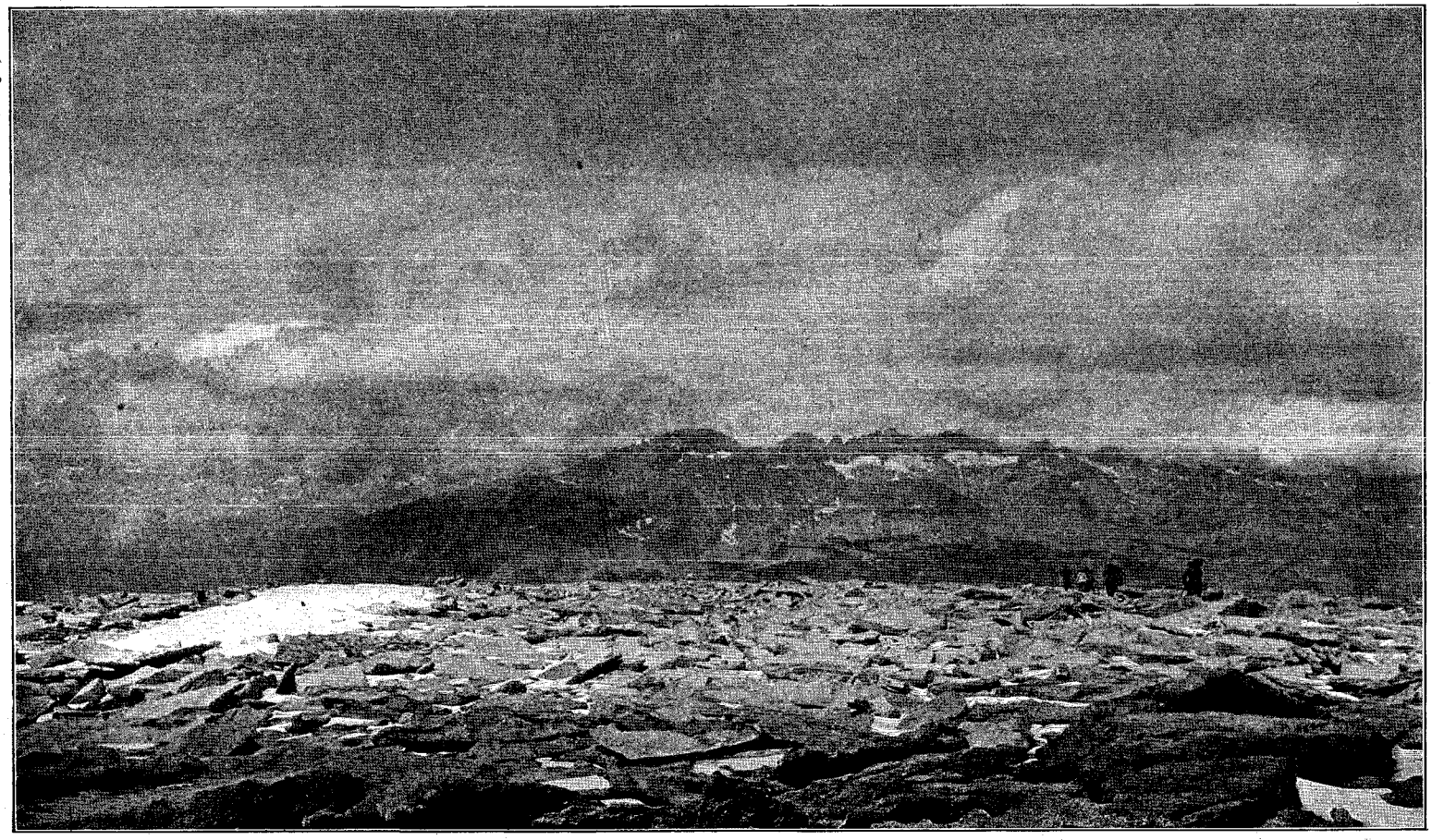

From a photograph by C. T. Mott.

Summit of Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet.

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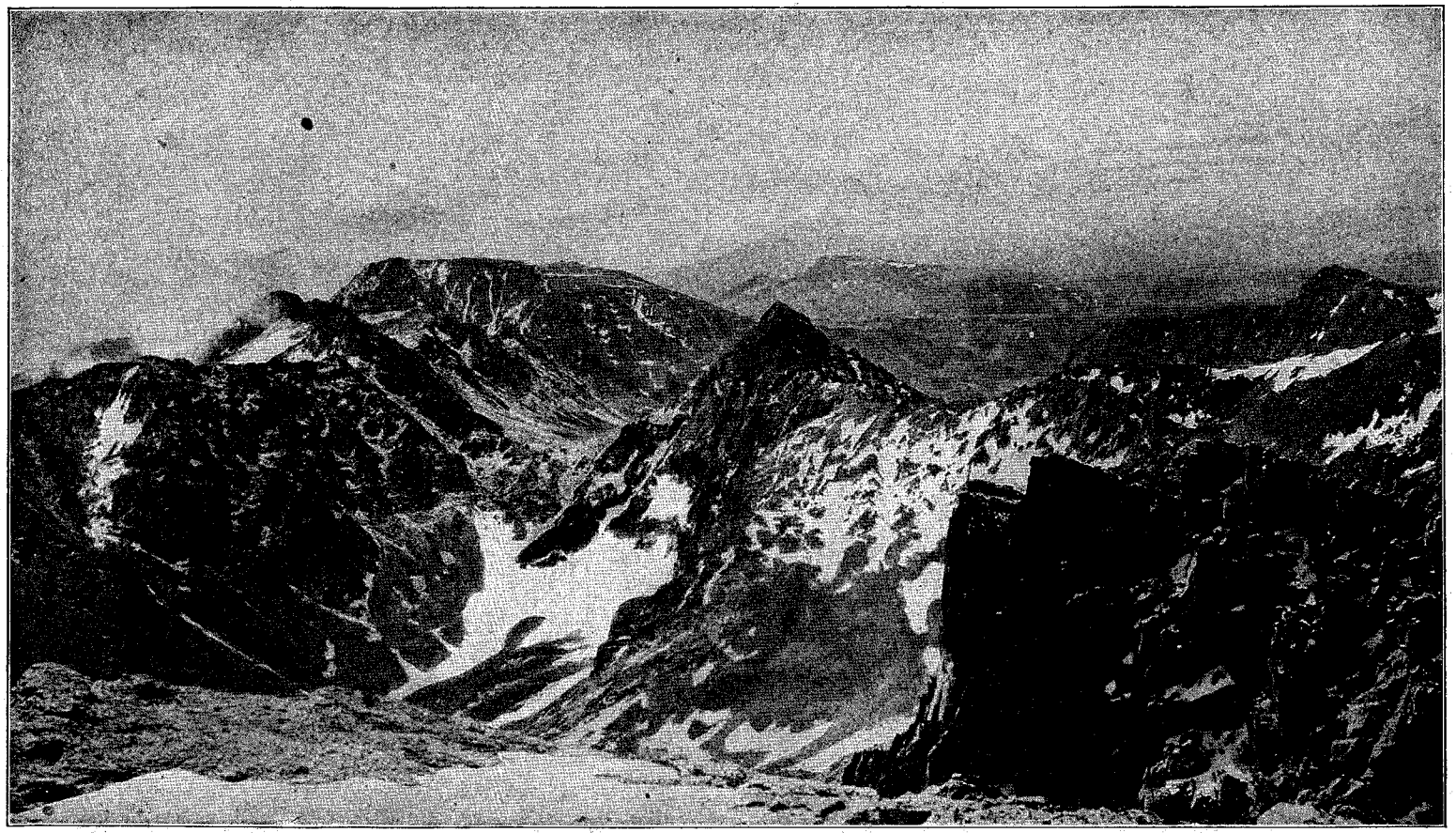

From a photograph by C. T. Mott.

Looking south from the summit of Mount Whitney.

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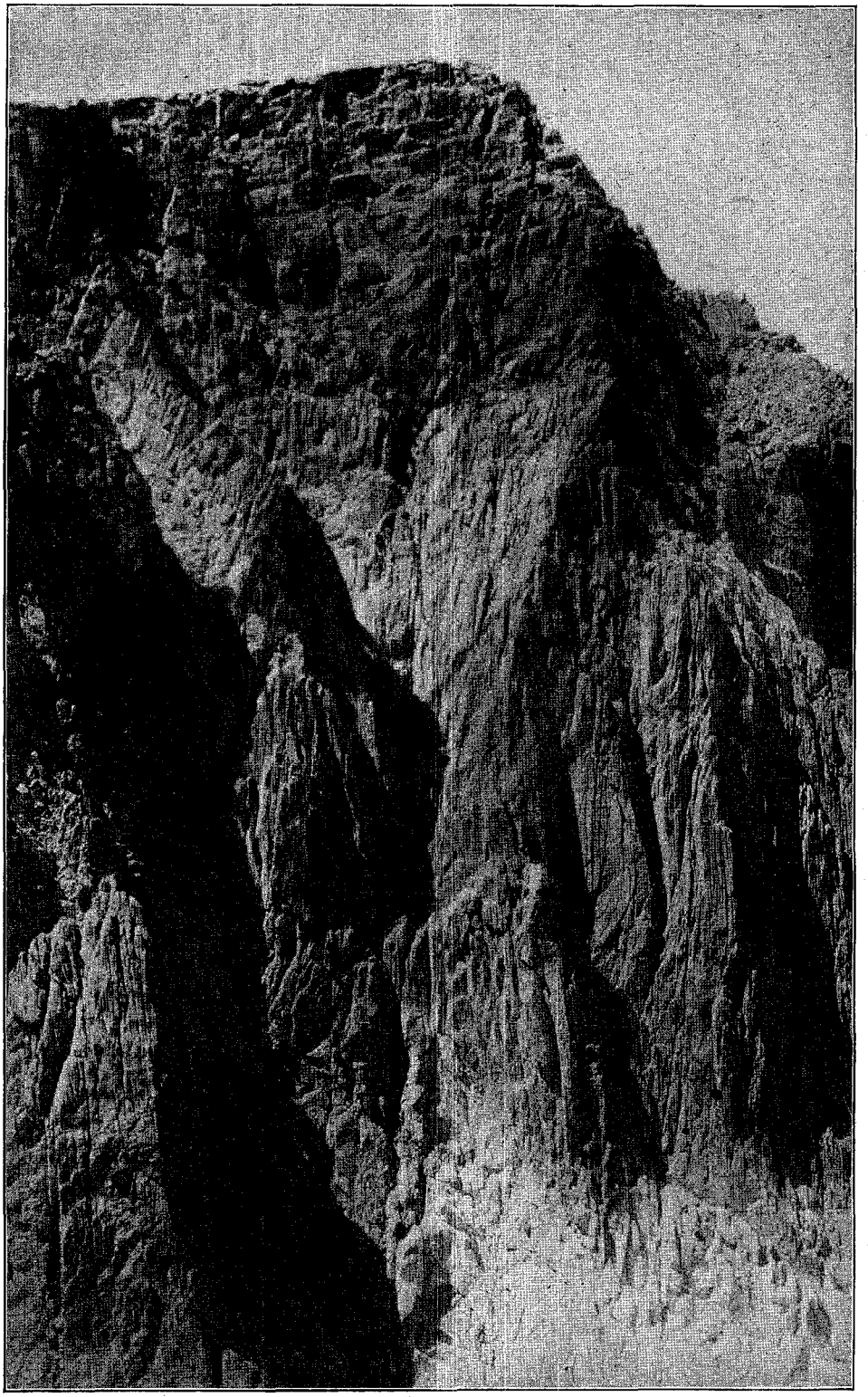

From a photograph by J. N. Le Conte.

Eastern Cliffs of Mount Whitney.

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ferry in the evening the myriad lights of the city outline the summits of its many hills and form sparkling pathways in the dark waters of the bay. Taking the train for Sanger I arrived in the morning and started by auto stage for the great lumber-camp at Hume, about sixty-five miles distant. Travelling upward over the foothills of the Sierra through oaks, manzanita, and chaparral one enters the great forest belt of the range with its magnificent sequoia, sugar-pine, yellow pine, and incense cedar. This road passes through a section which has been lumbered and where only the gigantic stumps of the finest and noblest guardians of the forest remain to give one a sense of desolation like none other in nature. If people in general could see the result of indifference, adequate support for the creation and protection of our national parks and forest reserves would be assured. Stopping at the General Grant National Park I found a group of people gathered around the largest tree—thirty-five feet in diameter—singing ragtime! How impossible for them to understand the life experiences of sequoia!

We reached Hume by evening, seeing in the distance the great Tehipite Dome on the Middle Fork of the Kings River. This is one of the most remarkable of the glacier-polished domes of the Sierra, and will be visited by many when the region becomes more accessible. Starting with a horse at moonrise after ten o'clock, I travelled all night over steep ridges, frequently walking to keep awake, but was repaid by the long moon shadows of the sequoias and the fragrance of many azaleas. At four A. M. I had covered sixteen miles, reaching Horse Corral Meadow, where I left the horse, shouldered my thirty-five-pound pack, and strolled on through groves of silver firs and giant yellow and sugar pines into the Kings River Canyon, climbing Lookout Peak, 8,547 feet, on the way. The view from this point is very comprehensive, extending from the tree-covered floor of the canyon 4,000 feet below to the snow-capped high Sierra of 13,000 to 14,000 feet. Deserting the winding trail and dropping rapidly down the precipitous slopes of the canyon, I reached the foaming river and crossed to its northern side. Following the sandy floor of the canyon for mile after mile between increasingly wonderful walls that reflected the sun was warm work, but I arrived at Camp Kanawyer for lunch, having come fourteen or fifteen miles since morning.

The various forks of the Kings River leading into the heart of the high Sierra comprise much of the grandest and wildest scenery of the entire range. In the South Fork or main Kings River Canyon the surrounding mountains are considerably higher than in the Yosemite, but for the most part are not of as striking appearance, while its falls are generally in the form of magnificent cascades. Most impressive of the rock walls of the canyon are the North Dome, 8,657 feet, with its sheer white precipice, and the tremendous mass of the Grand Sentinel, 8,514 feet, which lifts the eye and holds it with its vastness of detail, while at the head of the valley Glacier Monument, 9,903 feet, rises majestically with a multitude of sculptured forms. Tumbling into the canyon from the south through a narrow cleft in the wall comes the white torrent of Roaring River. Following up the South Fork beneath 3,000 to 5,000 foot walls, we pass Mist Falls with its thundering clouds of spray, and finally come to Paradise Valley with its wild luxuriance of flowers.

On this trip I intended to join the Sierra Club in the Kern River Canyon, so I left Kanawyer's in the afternoon and crossed the South Fork on giant logs which took the place of the bridge that had been washed away. Winding back and forth in the sun on the zigzags of the Bubbs Creek trail as it climbs to the summit of the range, my pack seemed to increase in weight; but I had only to look back at the charmingly forested floor of the canyon and up at its mighty walls to receive new inspiration. What temptation for lingering long by the foaming cascades of the creek, resting beneath its fragrant azaleas, watching the happy water-ouzels diving amid its spray! By evening I had covered a dozen miles and was ready for sleep, as I had journeyed continuously for three days and nights with only three or four hours' rest the first night on the train. Amid the glorious scenery, air, and water of the Sierra one feels little fatigue.

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Early in the morning I found myself near Kearsarge Pass in company with the giants of the range. In the distance loomed Mount Brewer, 13,577 feet, while near at hand the great pyramid of the East Vidette guarded the entrance to the new John Muir trail, which I was soon to follow. Just beyond Glen Pass lies Rae Lake at an elevation of 10,560 feet, perhaps of all Sierran lakes the most beautiful. It is surrounded by a magnificent company of snowy peaks, while tiny tree-clad islands seem to float upon its placid surface.

Until 1916 no route existed from the upper Kings River region to the headwaters of the Kern, save one, impossible for animals, over Harrison Pass. But now a section was nearly ready of the great trail named in honor of John Muir, which is to open the very heart of the highest Sierra. Following up the stream toward Centre Basin I passed the Kearsarge Pinnacles, whose summits are so picturesquely serrated that the mountaineer may hardly hope to traverse them. The basin shelters a chain of exquisite blue and green lakes whose water lies so clear upon the glacier-polished rock that it remains invisible until one unexpectedly steps into it. As one approaches the forbidding wall of Junction Peak the wild grandeur of the surrounding mountains grows upon him. University Peak, Mount Bradley, Mount Keith, and others unnamed are all between 13,000 and 14,000 feet in height. Junction Pass, over which the trail is lost amid the snows, is about 13,200 feet, while Junction Peak is 13,903 feet. From its summit a wide expanse of rugged peaks stretches far to the north, while close at hand is the sheer precipice of Mount Stanford. Down through the snows the long trail drops into the moraine fields of Shepard Canyon, where a thousand-foot wall of snow must be surmounted to gain the summit of Shepard Pass.

Desiring to climb Mount Williamson, 14,384 feet, reputed to be the most difficult to ascend of any in the region, I approached its forbidding cliffs by way of Tyndall Basin. Here was the most wearisome travel imaginable, for great ridges of loose granite blocks were mingled with snow-fields filled with deep cups whose edges failed to support me. Anchoring my sleeping-bag behind a rock in an unsuccessful attempt to escape the incessant wind that came from every direction, I studied the inhospitable cliffs for a possible method of attack. At daybreak I was on my way over slopes of shale, and up a long, steep gully of loose rock and hard snow that ended at a thirty or forty foot chimney which proved to be the key to the mountain. Finding possible hand and foot holds it was soon conquered, and I surmounted precipitous granite blocks and snow to the twin cairns upon the summit, arriving at about 7.30 A. M. The view from Williamson is particularly impressive, as the peak rises to the east of the main crest of the Sierra and commands a view to the north of wonderful extent and sublimity. Five miles to the south the giants of the range culminate in Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet. In the west are the jagged Kaweahs, red and snow-patched; while to the east tremendous canyons cleave the heart of the mountains, carrying their melting snows to the desert. In the foreground the lower peak of Williamson, 14,211 feet, which is said not to have been climbed, invited my attention. Its smooth, beetling crags appeared impossible, but, on crossing the arête leading to the peak, I was able to force a route to the topmost gigantic block of granite. Almost overhanging the Owens Valley, more than 10,000 feet below, I felt as if I were viewing the landscape from an aeroplane.

Returning to the head of Tyndall Creek, I followed it toward the Kern River Canyon, finding the Sierra Club camped upon its banks. That night at the roaring fire I told the story of my trip; and early the next morning retraced my steps to Shepard Pass and followed down the creek to the desert. Although the canyon walls were grand, I fear a greater impression was made upon me by the merciless sun and the interminable trail that almost climbed a mountain to find its way out by another canyon. No one will ever forget his experience who has travelled afoot with a pack across the California desert, struggling through its deep, burning sand with only the lizards and the cactus for companions, longing for a cloud or a tree to dim the white fury of the sun that far exceeds 100°, praying

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for strength to endure the weary miles to life-giving water. In this way I came at last to the oasis of Independence in Owens Valley.

The Kern River Canyon extends from north to south, and draws its water from the highest summits of the Sierra Nevada. Frequently the Sierra Club has visited it by way of Springville, Nelson's, and the trail to Little Kern Lake. On this route are many remarkably fine individual sequoias which gladden the heart of the traveller. On one occasion I joined the Sierra Club in the canyon, journeying by way of Lemon Cove and the Middle Fork of the Kaweah to the base of Moro Rock. After viewing the Indian pictographs I ascended the steep trail to the Giant Forest, finest of all the groves in the Sequoia National Park and comprising the most wonderful trees that are known to man. The sequoia selects the clear mountain air of 6,000 to 7,000 feet in which to live for thousands of years, and here reaches its greatest development in trees that are nearly 300 feet in height and from 30 to 36 feet in diameter. In the Giant Forest are 500,000 trees, over 5,000 of which exceed 10 feet in diameter. Here and there a lofty tree has grown over the trunk of a fallen sequoia whose wood remains undecayed. Beneath one's feet the centuries have laid a rich brown carpet embroidered with ferns and with mosses. Even the birds respond to the silence of this mighty forest, and the sunbeams filter softly through its shady aisles, while into the soul of the weary traveller sequoia breathes the spirit of peace.

Taking the trail to Alta Meadow, a grassy flower-strewn mountain slope at 9,000 feet, I forced my way through thickest thorn-bush and manzanita into the depths of Buck Canyon, climbed out, and continued by starlight to the great trees of Redwood Meadow. In the morning I ascended the long slope of Timber Gap, and then dropped suddenly down to the little hamlet of Mineral King. The most interesting route into the Kern is over Franklin Pass, as it leads one rapidly upward to a high, snow-covered wall near the summit of a 12,400-foot peak. This is the Great Western Divide, which overlooks a wild, untravelled region of rugged mountains and snowy lakes. After resting overnight on the rocks at the head of Rattlesnake Creek I followed it down past miles of striking walls that tower above its flowery meadows. After the cold and the loneliness of the mountains I was quite ready to enjoy the summerland of the Kern Canyon, and I strolled along its beautiful river to the lake where the Sierra Club was encamped. Kern Lake is fast being filled with islands, which will some day change it into a valley floor.

One of the most remarkable views of the canyon is that from Tower Rock, 8,512 feet. From this height its great trees seem small and its river like a silver thread. Near by is Golden Trout Creek, bordered by volcanic cones and lava flows, and filled with the most wonderful trout, that glisten in the sun with hues of red and gold. The Sierra Club has transplanted these to some of the high mountain lakes, and I have seen a golden trout weighing eight and one-half pounds caught in Moraine Lake. Journeying up the Kern Canyon, which is unusually straight for twenty miles, the walls become increasingly high, and are sculptured and colored most interestingly. We leave the canyon to ascend Chagoopa Plateau, pausing at Sky Parlor Meadow to admire its flowers surrounded by dark pines, and its inspiring views of Mount Needham, Sawtooth, and the many-colored Kaweah Peaks. We camp at 9,500 feet, on the shore of Moraine Lake, and wander up to the rim of the Big Arroyo for its wonderful views of snow-clad cirques and of the vast canyon below. On the rocky, inhospitable slopes of these mountains the foxtail pine lives in perpetual struggle with the winds and the storms. Among the last outposts of the forest, at nearly 10,000 feet, is the juniper, diminutive and stunted of form but indomitable in courage, often overcoming the utmost difficulties of existence for more than a thousand years.

One morning I left Moraine Lake for the summit of the Red Kaweah, 13,816 feet, climbing its steep granite blocks that are tumbled together at every angle. Members of the Sierra Club had made the ascent by the longer slopes, and we all gazed in silence at a wilderness of moun-

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tains extending in every direction. What wonderful blues and purples and violets were in the illimitable spaces about and above us! Often in the afternoon the grandeur of the Sierra Nevada is immeasurably heightened by white clouds high-flung like surf above their summits.

No one in search of wild and beautiful scenery undisturbed by man should omit a trip up the Big Arroyo and down the Kern Kaweah to Junction Meadow. At first one fairly tumbles down the tangled slopes from the Chagoopa Plateau into the Big Arroyo; then up its stream to polished granite pavements, tiny lakes, and the high walls of its ancient glacier cirque. There is no evident route over the divide to the headwaters of the Kern Kaweah, but I found a comparatively easy one for the active mountaineer which I traversed alone in 1912. After reaching the river I climbed out of the canyon to the north and ascended an unnamed mountain of 13,350 feet, forming the westerly wall of Milestone Bow. The northern face is a sheer precipice of several thousand feet, over which I tumbled blocks of granite. From this a jagged arête leads to the curious tower of Milestone Mountain. Rapidly I journeyed down the Kern Kaweah Canyon, through thick tangles and past unforgettable walls that increase in magnitude as they approach the Kern River. Descending by the side of cooling falls, I came at last to the mariposa and tiger-lily fields and to the restful forest at Junction Meadow where the Sierra Club was camping.

On the following afternoon I started alone for the summit of Mount Whitney and the desert. At first the trail goes up the river, and then winds back and forth on the canyon wall, affording glorious views of the surrounding mountains. Then for mile after mile it wanders upward to over 10,000 feet at Crabtree Meadow, where I spent the night. At dawn I followed Whitney Creek for five miles to the mountain, climbed some of its western cliffs for the exercise, and reached the top in time for a late breakfast. Mount Whitney, 14,502 feet, is the highest point in the United States, and from it one looks down on the region of Death Valley 280 feet below sea-level, which is the lowest in the country. The summit is strewn with granite slabs and snow patches which allow unhindered views in every direction. To the west rise the wild Kaweahs; to the south the rounded mass of Sheep Mountain, first climbed by Clarence King, who supposed it to be the highest of the Sierra. Extending far to the north, a multitude of 13,000 to over 14,000 foot peaks form the backbone of the Sierra, and a galaxy of giants clusters around the headwaters of the Kern and Kings Rivers. Fascinating beyond description is the view to the east, for the eye leaps from the snows about one to the burning desert shimmering in richest purples, reds, and browns nearly two miles below. On the far side of the valley winds the green thread of a river, pausing here and there at a cluster of trees before losing itself in the opalescent waters of Owens Lake. Across the valley are the mystical, richly colored Inyo Mountains, while beyond are desert ranges rising ethereally in the sky.

Traversing Mount Muir, 14,025 feet, I came to snow-covered Whitney Pass, and glissaded down an exceedingly steep and long ice-gully into the amphitheatre of Lone Pine Canyon. Here are magnificent rock walls, the majestic eastern face of Mount Whitney being a perpendicular cliff of about 2,000 feet. Working my way down amid the gigantic desolation, and skirting beautiful little lakes, I was welcomed by the venturesome foxtail pines and by charming clusters of mountain flowers. In the twenty miles from the summit of Mount Whitney to Lone Pine one descends about 11,000 feet, passing from snow-banks through all the zones of tree and plant life to the tropical desert. Through luxuriant meadows, by foaming falls, under the shade of Jeffrey pines and red and white firs, always in view of the splendid walls of the canyon, I pressed forward. With backward glances at the mountains, over which a thunder-storm was raging, I struggled across the hot sands of the desert, found my way through the dark-brown labyrinth of the Alabama Hills, and rested at last at the oasis of Lone Pine.

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SOME CHINESE LETTERS OF WILLARD STRAIGHT

By Claude Bragdon

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM SKETCHES IN MR. STRAIGHT'S LETTERS, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

WILLARD STRAIGHT died of pneumonia in Paris on December 1, 1918. In his thirty-eight years of life—or rather in the final fifteen years of it—he achieved distinction in various fields: art, diplomacy, international finance. His brief, brilliant career abounded in amazing antitheses and dramatic contrasts. He steeped himself in the magic and mystery of the East, thereafter to immerse himself in the social and financial vortex of Western civilization. He was in turn an illustrator, a newspaper correspondent, our consular representative in Manchuria, a member of America's most famous banking-house, an exponent of more enlightened trade relations, and a major in the American Expeditionary Forces, attached to the staff of the First Army. He was equally at home in Buddhist monasteries and at London dinner-tables, yet through it all he preserved an utter simplicity and directness—he was never guilty of an assumed emotion or of an heroic gesture.

Last picture of Major Straight. Taken just before he sailed for France in 1918.

I first knew Straight as an architectural student in Cornell University. One of the requirements in order to graduate was a certain number of months of actual experience as a draughtsman in an office. Accordingly, he applied to me for a position during the long summer vacation. These negotiations led to nothing in that direction, but established a relation which soon became a friendship. I remember him as a modest, charming boy, with a clever knack for sketching. At that time the art aspect of his manifold talent was uppermost and covered his whole sky.

Straight was born in Oswego, New York. His father, who was a professor of zoology, died when the boy was six years old, leaving the mother to provide for the two children. She bravely carried on her husband's work of teaching, and being offered a promising position in Japan, at the Girls' Normal School in Tokyo, she went there with her children, remaining for a period of two years.

He thus experienced the seduction of the East when he was very young. He woke up, as it were, in a wonderland of sights, sounds, odors, from the sweet tyranny of which he was thereafter never able to escape. A born artist, the most powerful appeal the East made to him was the æsthetic appeal. As this happened to be mine also, I encouraged him in his ambition to go to China after leaving college, and there render the perpetual pageant of the Oriental world in terms of paint; for he saw the world at all times as the painter sees it—multicolored, coruscating, in the camera obscura of the eye.

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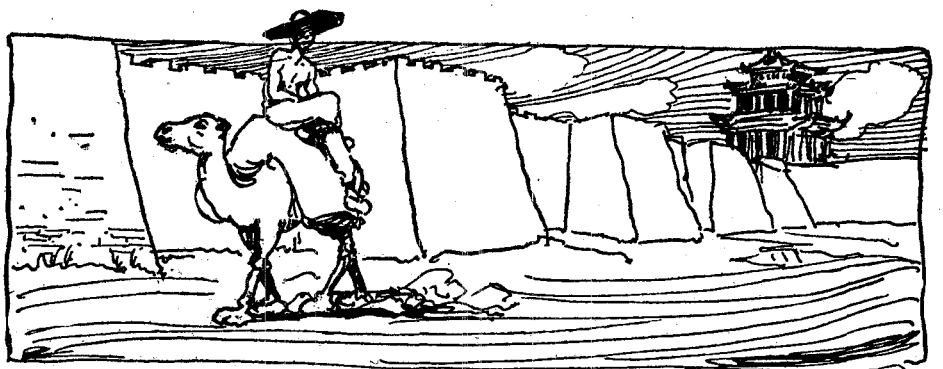

THE · WALLS · · OF · THE · TARTAR · CITY ·

Not long after his graduation I began receiving letters from him from China, where, a clerk in the Chinese Imperial Customs under Sir Robert Hart [1902–4], he was soaking up the life around him like a sponge, and squeezing it out again in the form of pen-and-ink and water-color sketches of a charm and distinction which can only be characterized as rare. The following letter, adorned with spirited pen-drawings, well indicates the quality of his reaction to the spirit of the East.

"My dear Mr. Bragdon,

"As you'll see, again, by the above" [a sketch of the walls of the Tartar city], "I am in the Northern Capital, Peking, most rudely torn away from Nanking and its steaming summer. But in this case I pardon the impoliteness of the Inspector General in ordering me away from my Chinese studies in the south, for he has very considerately put me at them again up here, and with a better house, better climate, and what's more to the point, better teachers.

"Then, too, I am well pleased because the place in itself, so many years the seat of empire, and latterly of the Boxer horrors, is full of ancient monuments, and, unfortunately, modern ruins. There are temples of all sorts and descriptions, tombs, and monasteries. At any time as one wanders through the crowded streets, one is likely to come unexpectedly upon some new wonder.

"Then, too, the streets themselves are great unworked mines, from an artistic standpoint. The contrasts one sees thereon: rumbling Peking carts, rattling slat-sided rickshaws, great lumbering goods wagons drawn by three or four mules, or shaggy ponies—or both, and then again, winding in and out, a string of camels, dirty, reeking with their own peculiar odor, blinking, as they pad softly along the way.

"Legation quarter itself is a veritable fortress, surrounded by a glacis on three sides, and the Tartar City wall on the other. The weary diner-out, wandering homeward in the wee sma' hours, is halted every now and then by a sentry, and must answer 'Friend,' and be told in Russian, or Japanese, or Italian, or whatever else it may be, to 'advance and be recognized.'

"The streets are policed by the troops of all nations; the duly appointed native guardians of the peace being by their own firesides, and the breakers of it everywhere throughout the Chinese City. The Russians are great, hulking fellows, bronzed and hardened by exposure and much vodka. The Japanese and English are smart and natty, our own men a bright-looking crowd, the French, undersized, dirty little beggars, the Italian and Austrian sailors a fine lot of men, but the Germans! Ai ya! Such a bargain-sale crowd I have never seen. Worse fitting clothes couldn't have been especially designed for them. Stupid and heavy, they are absolutely the worst crowd in Peking, and, for that matter, in all China.

"I am following your advice, and sketching incessantly. I spend many of my afternoons wandering through the streets sketching and gossiping with the

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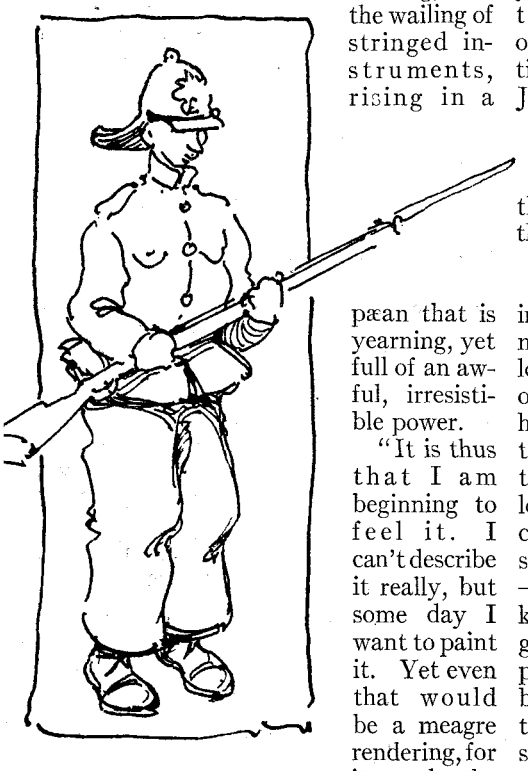
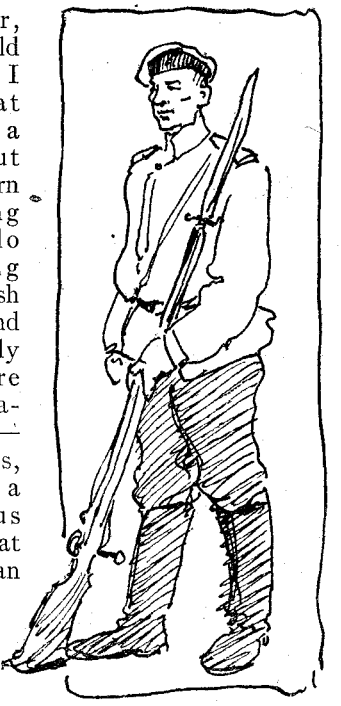
people, and on Sundays nose in and out among the temples, and about the country which hereabout is charming.

"There is a Spirit of the East. I feel it, all the time, and the feeling grows in me. It is indefinable yet, but there is something overpowering, crushing in its terrible strength, its disregard of human life. Here, where one falls and a hundred take his place, the Divine Spark is but a cheap commodity. There is not the Individual, rather, there is the Mass. This Essential Being is wild and ghostly—like the music, now low, now soft, thrumming, now shrill, screeching up and down the scale. It is full of self-abnegation, of fanaticism, of demoniacal cruelty, and Divine Pity, and there is a mist about it, a mist that swirls and eddies incense-laden, thinning for an instant to unveil the vision that is wrapt again, ere one can realize its full portent. And the colors are gorgeous, yet subdued and softened, the light is dim, there are the passing reds of human blood, tainting now and then the heavy incense-perfume, and there are wild bursts of song, and the wailing of stringed instruments, rising in a pæan that is yearning, yet full of an awful, irresistible power.



But the Germans!

"It is thus that I am beginning to feel it. I can't describe it really, but some day I want to paint it. Yet even that would be a meagre rendering, for it needs the heavy air, and the wild music too. I know that there is a chance out here to learn something and to do something but the flesh is weak, and occasionally—yes, more than occasionally—one slumps, and needs a strenuous kick. That kick you can administer if you will, for as I said before, you started me off some time ago when you told me to work at the Japanese side of it all. So if you would make a good finished product of the rough material, you must stir the clay a bit now and then, and I assure you, the clay will appreciate the stirring, and the stirrer. . . ."



The Russians are great, hulking fellows.

The next letter (also illustrated) opens in much the same strain of confidence mingled with that natural self-distrust of lonely youth craving reassurance. In his own form of words, and confronted with his own æsthetic problem, he gives voice to the ancient plaint of every sincere artist: *Ars longa, vita brevis est.* Then follows an extended description of a temple ceremony which shows his extraordinary susceptibility to the purely visual appeal—to color, light, sound, movement. His knowledge of the Chinese language, together with his sympathetic and engaging personality, enabled him to penetrate deep below the surface of Oriental life, and the temple priest, so amusingly described, who served him both as a model and as a purveyor of ancient scrolls, was only one of

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A · PROCESSION · OF · LLAMA · PRIESTS

an almost endless procession of picaresque characters fixed by Straight's clever pencil and sensed by his impressionable and ever-curious mind. Years afterward he entertained me with the recital of adventures as preposterous, amusing, and dramatic as those of Haroun-al-Raschid himself. I remember in particular one tale about the effort of himself and a friend to discover, by means of Eastern magic, the author of the theft of a valuable photographic lens. The commonest method—the questioning of an adolescent under hypnosis—having given no satisfactory result, a veritable high priest of the art of necromancy was persuaded to make the attempt. In semi-darkness, amid the most outré surroundings, after the performance of all manner of magical rites, the necromancer succeeded in evoking before their eyes a flat image—a picture—of a man with averted head. Straight affirmed to me that to his amazement and that of his friend this pictured head was then made by the magician to turn—hesitatingly, as though unwillingly—half toward them, and that it revealed a profile which they recognized as that of the particular Chinese official whom they had suspected of the theft from the first.

Long, flowing, purple, with the embroidered ribands down the back.

"My dear Mr. Bragdon,

"It has been some time since I received your letter, much longer, in fact, than I had supposed, and I trust that you will not consider my tardiness due to any lack of appreciation on my part, of your kindness in writing me so promptly. As I wrote you before of your first letter, your second was very helpful in that it started me off with an idea that there was something to be done, the goal to be reached by steady work ahead still within the range of the Possibilities, at least, and not to be considered absolutely unattainable. That is the great thing out here in the dozing East. One forgets the constant striving that is apparent everywhere at home, and is tempted to let matters run their course more or less, trusting to luck. 'And when they ain't pretendin', they are good.' Flesh is weak, and some weaker than others. In this particular case, a rather constant prodding would be most beneficial, not to say absolutely necessary. You have kindly consented to assist in the pricking proc-

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ess, and I assure you, I am very greatly indebted.

"There is so much to see, so much to paint, and to think about, that the immensity of the task is almost appalling. One wishes for a lifetime of bright blue days, and even then it would seem hopeless, for it could be done so well, and the technical difficulties are so hard to master and overcome. However, these may be a bit accomplished even 'in the ride,' and there's a deal of pleasure in trying.

"Of late I have been Llamaizing, I suppose you might call it, lurking about in Buddha-decked nooks and corners in the great Mongol monastery, listening to the droning, chanting, mumbling voices of the priests—some of them rumbling in heavy bass, others giving their clear little boy-notes to the Song of Praise. There is a continual dum-dum-dumming of drums, the rising and falling notes of the trumpets, the squawking of flutes, the clank-clank of the cymbals, slower at first, then all finishing the measure with a terrible clash of sound. The service finished in one side-chapel, the Llamas file out, in their flowing crimson mantles, and their old-gold felt caps, like the horse-hair plumed helmets of the ancient Greeks. These men gather about the doorways or scurry through the courts to their cells, and the never-ceasing hum passes on to the next chapel. It is strange how very like the robes of the Catholic priests the garments of the Tali-llamas are—long, flowing, purple, with the embroidered ribands down the back.

Mongols, skin-clad, heavy-shod, unwashed.

"One Sunday morning I went early to the temple. They were preparing for a feast, for the courts were full of orange-robed priests; their crimson scarfs were fresh and clean, and they wore fur caps with yellow tops and red buttons of twisted silk. Friends of mine, from other temples outside the city were there, looking cleaner and more respectable than I have ever seen them look before, and beside them were many white and blue button men, magistrates in the city. I went in past the great bronze lions at the gates, on into the inner temple courts, and into the first great hall. Here was a yellow silk canopy, covering a great map-like affair. Six or seven men were sifting colors, red and blue and green and yellow, in lines and scrolls and broad fields. 'Twas the map of heaven, they said, and showed me the Palace of Lord Buddha in the center thereof. Moving in towards the other side of the room, I looked back over the group squatting and working. Around them were a crowd of onlookers, priests in purple, officials in silks and embroidery, laymen in the omnipresent blue. A shaft of light came slanting through the doorway, bathing them in yellow splendor, and deepening the shadows. In the full light several orange-clad men were standing, and their gowns shone and whitened. Beyond was the shadow, the green-gray, picked out by the glint of gold, or a bit of red, in the garments of the painted Buddhas on the walls. Rows of idols massed themselves dimly, scarcely losing themselves in the twilight.

A priest of the temple.

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"Then as I stood there, drinking in the color, two mongols, skin-clad, heavy-shod, unwashed, came slouching in, their astrakhan caps in their hands. They threw themselves on their faces before the great smilingly impressive image, and prayed, their voices rising and falling, while from the chapel without came the low hum of the chanting priests. It was a picture to be painted, if there ever was one.

"Today I have been doing an oil sketch of a priest of the temple. A most disreputable individual he is, a thief and a blackguard—but useful. Already he has brought me four splendid scrolls, two of them from Thibet, painted in a sort of oils, on canvas, faded and worn and dusty. Two of them are of Buddhas, on silk, dating back two hundred years and more, for the date is written on them in Chinese. The colors are mellowed and blended and softened by time. When I come across a good one I will send it on to you, trusting that it may be honoured with a place in your brown and orange and blue room. . . ."

The following brief letter was written at the moment when Straight was just about to forsake forever the Primrose Path of art for one more dusty and adventurous, leading finally into high places and among great figures. Thereafter, he was to become an actor rather than a spectator in the world-drama of West and East. He makes me his executor, as it were, in the matter of disposing of six charming water-colors of Chinese types. These suffered the fate which so often attends things beautiful and rare: though much admired by connoisseurs they found no purchasers. Whether the series was ever completed or not, I do not know, but in any case this letter marks the end of his absorption in the East as material for art and the beginning of his absorption in its political, economic, and financial problems.

"My dear Mr. Bragdon,

"It has been a very long time since I have written you how the Far Eastern world was turning, and as a matter of fact, any letter that I might have written would have been more of the nature of a political treatise than a bit of respectable correspondence. Our minds have been wholly wrapt up in the wonderment which the rapid course of events must have caused anyone who followed them, and which to us who are out here, of course, has been absorbingly interesting. And now as a result of this mental development, or deterioration, whichever you choose to call it, I have burned my bridges —whist!—and am off to the wars as a correspondent for Reuter and the Associated Press, with a sketch book in one hand and a pad in the other and a telegraph wire around my neck. I am off to the front in high fettle, for I see chances for much exciting experience, and many real sketches.

"I am therefore sending you six drawings of as many different sorts of Chinamen; the series I started was to consist of twelve, but some have fallen into the hands of friends and some went as Christmas presents. If you could do so, and think the subjects and the execution worthy of such a distinction, I should like to have you have them suitably mounted and framed, and sent to the American Water Color Society's exhibit or any other. My original idea, when I had hoped to go to St. Louis as Secretary to the Chinese Commission, was to have taken them there, but that now hardly seems worth while. However, I put them in your hands for better or worse, and if you could exhibit them or sell them, or both, I should be greatly obliged. Some day I shall finish the task I was forced to drop in its more or less initial stage, and the final results may be more deserving of your consideration. But such as they are, I will turn them over with many prayers for their successful venture into the public gaze.

"I trust that you are well and are finding the life of a Benedict all that the poets have claimed for that blissful state. I cannot write at greater length for I am off at a moment's notice and frightfully rushed. Thanking you in advance for your trouble, and trusting that you will not find the task a perfunctory one, I am with kind regards,

"Sincerely yours,

"W. D. Straight."

The next is written on the somewhat

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Picture of Willard Straight [centre], taken at the American Consulate at Mukden in 1908.

florid letter paper of the Hôtel du Palais (L. Martin, Propriétaire) at Seoul, Korea, and bears the date of June 4, 1904. Straight is now a seasoned and accredited war-correspondent "in charge," as he says, of Korea, and contributing despatches on the Russo-Japanese War to the leading newspapers of the West, and sketches to the *London Graphic*.

"My dear Mr. Bragdon,

"Many thanks for your kind letter. I was extremely glad to hear from you again, and to know, also, that you approved of my pictures. Your approval quite braced me up. Now this can scarcely be called the Front, though it's much nearer than most people have been able to reach. I have been here for the past

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three months, and if you've been reading the papers you've probably seen some of my stuff. Bare cable messages can scarcely be called literary efforts. However, it means something to have been 'in charge' of Korea.

"I am now off on the most wonderful expedition ever arranged by any government. The Japanese are sending members of the House of Peers and the House of Commons, officials from the Foreign Office, the Foreign Naval attachés and several military men, with ten European and American correspondents to see the theatre of the war. The expedition goes on the 'Manchuria,' formerly of the Russian Volunteer Fleet, and captured in Nagasaki by the Japanese at the outbreak of hostilities. The humor of the situation is tremendous. Think of running a naval picnic in wartime, sending out sightseers by a government steamer timed to arrive at Port Arthur as the Japanese land and sea forces make their final attack. Isn't the situation attractive?

"Up to date I have done very little drawing—some sketches in the *London Graphic*, and that's about all. One's time is very much occupied in chasing from Legation to Legation in a wild hunt for the desired news item. However, the experience has been most interesting and I have enjoyed every minute of it. Korea is more like a comic opera than anything I have ever seen. Some day I will write you of it—some day when I have a little more time. Just now I am busy packing Korean chests and other truck I have laden myself with during my stay here.

"I am glad to hear that architecture and magazines are booming—that's fine. One of these days I shall drop in on you again. Till then, believe me,

"Sincerely yours,

"W. D. Straight."

An interval of three years appears to have elapsed before I heard from Straight again directly. The ever more swiftly flowing current of affairs in the East absorbed his attention and his energies. By this time he had attained to the position of consul-general at Mukden, an office in which, by reason of his intimate knowledge of Eastern affairs, his tact, his ability, his scholarship, he performed distinguished service. The tone of this letter, dated May 12, 1907, from Mukden, is noticeably different from that of the others. It is more mature and reflective. His attitude toward art has changed from that of a participant to one of interested, critical observation. He has glimpsed the truth that art cannot flower in any community torn by war and trade rivalries, and he has now definitely foresworn his earlier ambitions in order to do his part toward bringing about needed adjustments. In an article on Straight, published in the *New Republic* shortly after his death, he was characterized as pre-eminently a pioneer, and this is a true characterization. Yet how few pioneers are called upon to make just his sort of a renunciation—not of a country in which life has become intolerable, but of a sweet demesne in which his spirit was perhaps more at home than in any other.

Mukden, *May* 12, 1907.

"Dear Bragdon—

"Now that is temerity indeed. I wonder if you know the feeling that one has when one wonders about tacking on the tail to a name, or letting it drop in a desire not to be thought too formal—yet regretting the amputation as possibly an over-hasty claim of familiarity. However, I should have written you long ago, for I want to congratulate you on being a father. It must be a rather strange and yet a very wonderful thing to look such a problem in the face. For it is the making of one cannot foretell how much that is in one's hands, and the benefit of all manner of experience that should be given, and which one would so wish to impress upon the growing mind, but which will, I suppose as long as we are human, be disregarded by Youth who prefers to learn from nature and not from a parental text-book. I've often wondered whether a boy ought to be taught to fight, and I rather think he had. Don't you? Don't you believe that beautiful instincts will come with age—control and regulation—while if the natural, primitive manifestations of a desire to excel or to conquer (which in the human male as in the other nobler animals must be exhibited in physical strife, more or less) are suppressed and discouraged, isn't the

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result more apt to be a weakling? And isn't it easier to control strength than to virilize weakness? If I ever have a boy I think that I should make it a point that he should never fight in a wrong cause, or without reason, but that if he did he would have to win! Is that Christian, or not?

"I have just re-read your letter in which you speak of Maxfield Parrish's decoration for the Knickerbocker hotel. I should like to see it. One admires his work tremendously—though as you say, it is too literal, in a way—there's no sweep of action. His people are all mural decoration people, and not of real flesh and blood. Yet after all is it not possible that as decoration they are more honest and frank admissions that they are decorations—color schemes embodying natural and human forms as the patterns?

"I should like very much to see your designs for the leaded windows. Haven't you a rough sketch thereof that you could send me? You've no idea how barren one becomes in this part of the world—how much a machine—or an ambitious sponge-like being, dipping into Treaties, and Regulations, and questions of procedure, or policy, or trade, with never an instant hardly in which to think even of the better things—they are higher you know for they are enjoyed by those who have won the right to do so after having passed through all this travail which we are watching now—commercial readjustment. I mean of course from a broad point of view.

"In Italy the Renaissance came, didn't it, at a time when there was a great commercial prosperity, where the tradal relations between cities were fairly well regulated, and when war had been reduced largely to a matter of the purchase and repurchase of mercenaries. Things were more or less adjusted, and people could stop a moment to think or to paint. Am I correct? They couldn't have done these things if they were all clustering around one market, clutching at one another, squabbling and pulling over taxes and freight rates, preferential treatment, and the confusion of political design with commercial ambition—could they?

"In Manchuria, many times, it is fascinating to think of it all in the abstract, but so frequently it becomes such a reality, so near and intimate a part of life, that it is impossible to secure the necessary perspective. In a way, therefore, you who at home have your plays, and above all your music, and your telegraphic connection with all parts of the world, are in many ways more blessed than we who are way at the end—the nerves far away from the center of intelligence and sensation.

"The political problem is a fascinating one, and I wonder what you would think of the fellow-countrymen of Hokusai and Hiroshige if you knew them as diplomats, soldiers and merchants, in a land where they were preceded by folk who had little sense of the finer distinctions between *meum and tuum*. I make no comments.

"What China is going to be able to do in these troubled parts I do not know, but it will at least be interesting to see, unless some sudden changes take place in the capital, which is not unlikely. We are to have a new Governor here—a person who has graduated from Columbia—who speaks English perfectly, who has passed through the Boxer trouble, and is as a result bitterly anti-foreign—but not in the old blood-curdling style—intelligently so, I mean, with a stern resolve apparently to wound them in their tenderest spot—their pocket—by refusing any form of mining or railway concession. He is reputed to be the cleverest diplomat in China and has stood the Russians off in good stead for some months in Peking. What will happen after his arrival, I do not, as I say, know, but that something will happen we all feel quite sure.

"I am sending you some foolish pictures that may interest you. With kindest regards, and hoping to hear from you,

"Yours sincerely,

"WILLARD STRAIGHT."

The latter part of Straight's life, concerned as it was with large affairs both in America and Asia, is beyond the province of this essay, since the letters which portray this earlier phase end here. Few men touched life at so many points, and with such insight. But greater than his achievement in any field was the spirit behind that achievement, and these letters, written at a time when he had that leisure and liberty which is the

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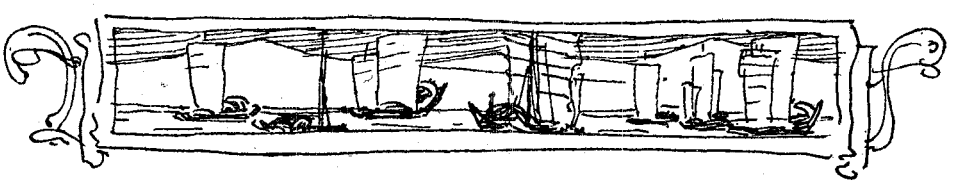
precious prerogative of obscure and untrammelled youth, perhaps portray that spirit more adequately and truly than others written amid the dust and heat of the arena in which his greater battles were fought. He died young, and his career was meteoric, but he was captain of his soul—the bow and not the arrow—and the aloofness from those passions which commonly muddy the wills of men who mould the lives of other men was held by him to the end.

To me he always seemed to be one of the vanguard of that younger race which is yet the elder, by reason of its greater wisdom, detachment, artistry in life—a race destined to unite not alone the East and the West, but continents not geographical: those hemispheres of thought and feeling indifferent, or actually hostile to one another now. Straight's work in promoting a better understanding between America and Asia was only the outer symbol of a reconcilement of ideas and ideals which he in his own person represented, and these are coming more and more into acceptance by free spirits everywhere throughout the world.



PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF WALT WHITMAN

By William Roscoe Thayer

Author of "The Life and Times of Cavour," "Life and Letters of John Hay," "Germany vs. Civilization," etc.

I FIRST came to know Walt Whitman in 1885, when he was sixty-six years old. I had been living for several years in Philadelphia, where Whitman, who had a little home in Camden, across the Delaware, was a conspicuous figure. One used to see him of an afternoon shuffling down Chestnut Street, a man so unusual that even if he had not dressed to attract attention, you would not have passed him by unnoticed. Although he leaned somewhat sideways owing to his crippled leg, he must have stood nearly or quite six feet tall. His shoulders were broad, and neither age nor infirmity had broken down the original robustness of his frame. But what impressed you most was his face, with its fresh, pink skin, as of a child, and the flowing beard, white and soft and patriarchal, like that of one of John Bellini's saints. He wore a gray suit—sack coat, waistcoat, and trousers—which might have been of homespun—but was not, and a white unstarched shirt with collar carefully turned over on either side and unbuttoned, so that you saw his sinewy throat and a span below it of his chest, which also had its fledge of whitening hair. The broad brim of his soft, gray, felt hat shaded his eyes so that you were not sure whether they were light blue or gray, but you could not miss seeing the perfect arch of the brow over each of their sockets.

And so Walt made his slow progress down the street, dragging his lame foot along with a shuffling sound, and supporting himself on his stout stick. This was his parade. Nearly every one knew who he was; many nodded or said, "Hullo, Walt!" and now and then some pal or acquaintance would stop and speak to him. He answered all salutations cheerily and looked at the throngs which swept toward him with the same searching interest with which in earlier days he had scrutinized the crowds on the Brooklyn ferry-boats. His eyes were dimmer now, but his heart kept its old zest. Occasionally, he would stop to peer into a win-

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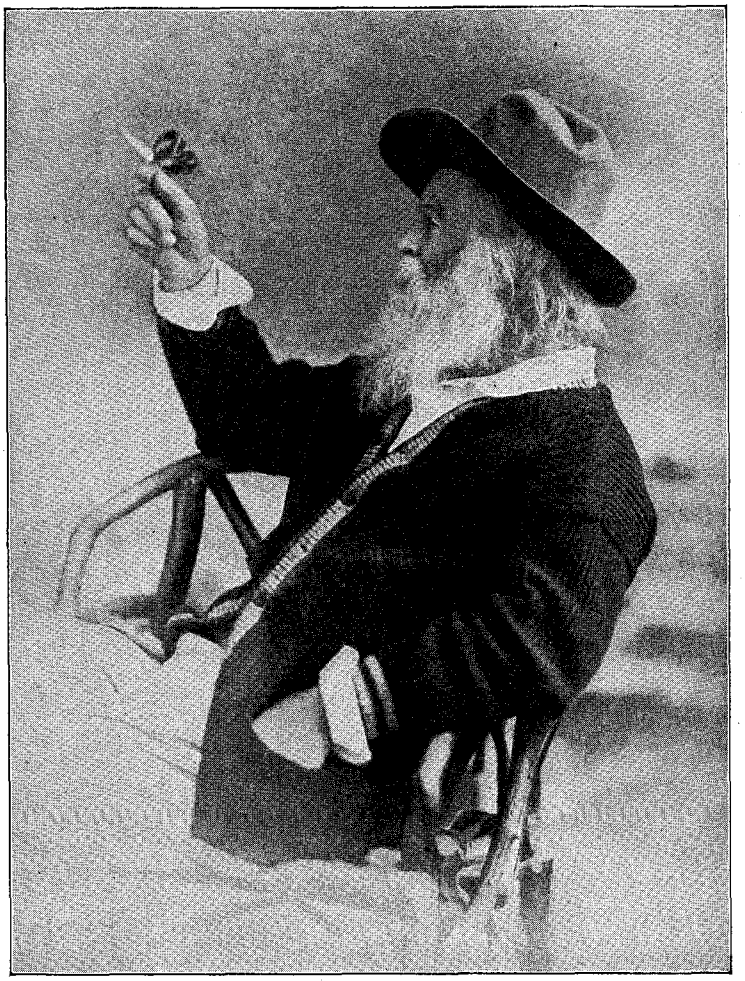
dow or to make a brief call at some shop where he had a crony. Sometimes you ran upon him at the little musty old bookstore of David McKay, on Ninth Street above Chestnut. McKay, an enterprising Scot, had undertaken to publish Walt's books after the attorney-general of Massachusetts declared them to be unfit for the readers of that Commonwealth, and Osgood, the Boston publisher, had hastily thrown them over. McKay, I think, would have welcomed further persecutions as an advertising asset.



Walt Whitman.
From a photograph presented to Mr. Thayer by Whitman.

Having finished his outing and received his homage for the day, Walt got into a street-car—they were horse-cars then—and went down to the Market Street Ferry, which carried him back to Camden.

From the first, I looked at him in these casual sidewalk passings with much curiosity; for I have always been eager to see the very form, complexion, and bearing of persons who for any reason have won notoriety if not greatness. In Walt's case there was something of the added piquance of forbidden fruit. I had grown up in the belief that he was a strangely dissolute man who, unlike most of his tribe, shamelessly spread the records of his debauches on the printed page. Nobody

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had forbidden me to read him; and at college I had dipped into "Leaves of Grass," but in the spirit of one looking for confirmation of an unintelligent prejudice, and I found the uncouthness of Walt's so-called verse intolerable. The utter openness of the passages which had stirred the attorney-general were, I had sense enough to see, not deliberately erotic, but physiological, an offense against taste rather than morals.

It happened that I spent an August Sunday down at Wallingford with Dr. Horace Howard Furness, an old friend of mine, or at least one whose human kindness was so genuine and so winning that it made even a young fellow like me feel that we were friends. At any rate, so far as expressing opinions went, I spoke quite freely, and he listened with a wonderful courtesy to what must have often seemed to him—with all of Shakespeare's characters for interlocutors—crude if not callow.

Dr. Furness himself was one of those rare persons who produce an impression on those who know them that cannot be communicated in writing—an impression immediate, sweet and yet vigorous, almost elusive at the moment, but indelible in memory. He was then a man of fifty one or two, short, with rather a large head already bald, a smooth-shaven face, except for the closely trimmed mustache, a Roman nose, and scholar's brow. Through his gold-rimmed spectacles he looked at you hospitably with that expectancy common to the deaf, and his mouth, too, serious when in repose, quickly lighted up with a smile when he welcomed you, or listened to your talk. He used to sit astride of a chair, leaning his left elbow on its top, where he had contrived a box with a lid for his pipe and tobacco—and having placed you as near as possible in front of him, and lighted your pipe and his, he would hold toward you his beaten-silver ear-trumpet. And then the talk would begin, and as you listened, you took little note of time.

That Sunday we rambled for hours among many fields of literature, he leading, I following, in that unpremeditated way which is one of the conditions of delightful conversation. By chance Whitman was mentioned. "Do you know Walt?" Dr. Furness asked. "No," I replied; "I've often seen him on Chestnut Street and I have dipped into his 'Leaves of Grass,' but the stuff isn't poetry, and I don't like his dirt and vulgarity." "That is only a part and not the most important part of it," said Dr. Furness, in substance. "In his way, Walt is the most remarkable old creature alive. There will not be another like him in five hundred years. Go and see him. Talk with him."

Dr. Furness got up, went to a shelf, took down a volume, came back and opened it. "As for poetry, my boy, listen to this." And then he read to me from "Leaves" a dozen or fifteen lines beginning:

> "I am he that walks with the tender and growing night."

When he finished, he paused a moment, waiting for the rich sounds to soak in, and then said: "Whether you call it poetry or not, that is great."

Dr. Furness was a reader of such magical power that I believe he could have made you laugh or cry at will over a time-table. His voice was not massive, nor had it in high degree the ventriloquizing quality which enables dramatic readers to feign different parts; but there were in it certain notes of surpassing tenderness and pathos and others of passion, which fitted it perfectly to express the mingling of personal desire and cosmic emotion in that passage from Whitman.

A few days later I took the ferry to Camden, a town which, so far as one could judge from its water-front, was an unlikely abode for even a minor poet. A few minutes' walk across railroad-tracks brought me to Mickle Street, on which Whitman lived. It was a street of small, cheap houses, some of them serving both as little stores and dwellings, with here and there a larger building and, at a street-corner, a beer-saloon. An occasional tree, lean and starved and homesick-looking, threw a feeble shade on the sidewalk and gave the only hint of nature to that scene. Poor but respectable, with a suggestion that unrespectability was just round the corner, is the impression I recall of Mickle Street. Number 328 was only a few blocks away. I still remember the trepidation with which I approached it, for I

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have always felt shy at breaking in uninvited on a celebrity. At the last moment, before ringing the bell, a sense of the absurdity and of the impertinence of the situation came over me. What had I to say to him? I could not flatter him. It would hardly be polite to admit that I came out of curiosity. I certainly did not go merely to boast afterward that I had shaken his hand. My real motive was that of the naturalist, who wishes to see with his own eyes a unique specimen of mammal, but I could not with delicacy intimate to him that I regarded him as if he were a freak in our fauna. Afterward, on knowing Walt, I saw that he was the last person in the world to justify such hesitation, for he laid himself out to be a show, and he would have been disappointed if he had failed to draw. He did not ask why you came, if only you came.

So I rang the bell and prepared to take the consequences.

Soon afterward, fresh from the adventure, I wrote to a friend the following description of it, which has at least whatever merit may attach to very vivid first impressions. I reprint it as written, with the signs of haste and the youthful effort to draw a speaking likeness upon it.

UNION LEAGUE, PHILADELPHIA,
August 2, 1885.

While the recollection of it is still fresh I want to give you a description of an hour I spent one day last week with the most singular personage among American writers. Do you guess whom I mean? or shall I tell you?—Walt Whitman. The afternoon was hot and bright and as I crossed the Delaware by ferry to Camden and walked along the straight, level streets I wondered what I should say in explanation of my intrusion, but as soon as I reached the house I lost my perplexity. Even the exterior of Whitman's home, situated at 328 Mickle Street, is simple and friendly enough to dispel formality. The house, or rather cottage, is only two stories high and less than five paces wide. It is of wood, and is shaded by a tree on the sidewalk. The front door was open, and when I rang, a comely housekeeper opened an inside summer door, through the slats of which I had already seen her ironing at the end of a corridor.

I asked if Mr. Whitman was able to see visitors—he had had a slight sunstroke a few days before—and she said: "Certainly." Having seated me in the little parlor—a sort of double room, the back part of which does service as a chamber, being furnished with a bed and a few wooden chairs—she disappeared, and presently I heard rumbling as of slow movements overhead. I looked at the things about me—all simple, neat, and cosey—and felt half-ashamed to have disturbed the old man. Soon I heard shuffling steps and the regular clacking of a stick on the entry floor, and in a moment Whitman moved into sight through the doorway. Very cordial was his handshake, and ere I had made a short apology for interrupting him, his "Glad to see yer" put me quite at ease. He sat in a wicker-bottomed rocking-chair near one window, and I about six feet from him near the other.

I wish I could draw him for you, because if there be to-day a patriarchal-looking man, it is he. His hair and beard are long and very white. His head on the top is egg-shaped, and a not very high forehead stretches down to the bushy eyebrows, in which white and black hairs struggle for prominence. His nose is large, straight, and rather flat, with perhaps a Roman tendency which is buried in the drifts of fleecy hair that cover all the lower parts of his cheeks and face. His eyes are blue, clear and kindly, set in thin almond lids which are so narrow that barely half of each iris is seen. Beneath, the flesh grows in little folds and wrinkles, which are never deep and stiff like those made by suffering or worry. His skin is rosy and as healthy as a child's. He wore a starched cotton shirt, whose broad collar was not fastened at the neck but was left open, exposing his chest. Trousers, that might have been of homespun, and stockings were of his favorite gray color; and worsted-worked slippers completed his dress.

His expression has benignity, tranquillity, and contentment. You miss the deep-set eyes and the aggressive manner that you associate with men of passionate or profound genius; but you have the embodiment of the kindly, receptive nature, which is placid, observant, and inter-

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ested in whatever person or subject is before it.

We soon fell into an easy conversation, in which he showed no wish to take the lion's share, or to utter wise saws. He spoke deliberately, often waiting for a word or a clause, and without any affectation, so far as I noticed.

He asked me whether I had not written him two years ago in regard to a letter which he had received from Sidney Lanier. I answered yes, surprised at his good memory. He said that he had never replied because when my letter reached him he was ill, but that he had found Lanier's letter and marked it to send to me, but that it got displaced again among his disorderly papers. Lanier, he said, wrote "a florid, gushing" letter, and Whitman evidently did not put a high value on him.

After a while we talked about Whitman's own work. I told him frankly that while many parts of his "Leaves of Grass" had given me pleasure, I did not agree with him as to the propriety of publishing in a volume of poetry certain passages that belong in a handbook of physiology. He listened carefully, and replied: "You may be right. Many excellent thinkers hold your opinion. I, however, have always believed the contrary. Now, among the Arabs, if any man should suggest that the absurd custom of veiling the faces of women be abolished, he would be denounced as immoral or as mad. I believe in unveiling. This is the age of *exposé*. Darwinism makes *exposé* in everything necessary. When I think how Darwin was abused before the world came round to his side, I see that it is possible that I may live long enough to behold a similar result in my case. And what makes me hopeful is the fact that of late years there has been an increasing number of pure, fine women, old and young, among my warmest friends. You know when doctors can bring a disease to the surface they are satisfied, but if it remain hidden inside, the prospect is very bad. Still, I recognize there are grave objections. But my doctor forbade me to get into a critical or fatiguing discussion."

So I changed the subject—not wishing to induce a stroke of apoplexy—and mentioned that I hoped some time to write a history of the struggle of the Italians for independence. He seemed interested: asked many pertinent questions, about the character of the Italians, the pope—whose influence he thought was slight—and about Dante. He had read the "Divine Comedy" in Carlyle's translation and in Longfellow's, but he could not quite understand Dante's great position among poets and in the history of Italy. "But I feel sure," he said, "that the trouble lies with me. I haven't got the right clew. If I knew more it would be clear to me." This was his attitude through all our talk. He made no hasty conclusion, but habitually spoke as if he had not yet sufficient data for arriving at a decisive judgment.

I asked him if among the younger brood of writers he saw encouraging symptoms. "I hardly see anybody to tie to," he answered. "But there's plenty of time. America knows what she's about. We must first clear up the farm, and put things in order—the rest will come later. I can't help thinking that in the past, too, America knew what she was about. If I were a young man, I probably should not go preaching to mankind that they are a good deal better than they've been taught to believe—but as an old man that's my firm belief. In old times the idea was that humanity couldn't be trusted. Perhaps the disparagement acted as a sort of spur to make men do better than they would have done otherwise. Now, however, I put my faith in humanity. Even unconsciously, the great bards seem to teach this same truth. America will produce what she needs in good time. We mustn't be too critical. We're critical of the weather, for instance, but at the end of the year the weather has done its proper work. I don't value the poetry in what I have written so much as the teaching; the poetry is only a horse for the other to ride."

Before I left, he promised to send me Lanier's letter as soon as he should find it. I might repeat more that he said—although his ideas and not his words remain in my mind, and what I have given rarely represents his actual words—but I have already furnished you a fair report. What I have not furnished is the patriarchal look, the simple manners, the placidity which bespoke the genial character.

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This old man, partly paralyzed, very poor, lives undisturbed on the edge of a busy world, which he watches, and has a fellow feeling for everybody. I shall long remember him with his white fleece, pink complexion, and friendliness. If he has not taught others wisdom by his disjointed, *devertebrated* effusions, he has certainly found wisdom for himself.

I soon called on Walt again, and although I quitted Philadelphia that autumn, I frequently returned there and never missed going over to Camden for a chat with him. I kept no notes of our talk, but much that he said remains vividly in my memory, and I will set it down here in the miscellaneous fashion which was particularly characteristic of his conversation.

One could not talk with him for five minutes without being struck by two qualities—his rare gift of discerning natural objects, and the ease with which he seemed to improvise opinions on intellectual matters. Except for a few fundamental ideas, which form the substance of his "message" or doctrine, he was not an orderly thinker at all. His mind was like a barberry-bush which catches wisps of wool from every sheep that passes, as Lowell somewhere said of some one else; and at times it seemed to me that Walt was no more able than the barberry-bush would be to assimilate the stray catches. He was unconcerned to hunt for an opinion, if one did not come readily to his mind, and he announced frankly his lack of knowledge or interest and changed the subject.

Walt did not always care to admit the sources from which he borrowed freely. One day, for instance, he talked about Shakespeare's historical plays, which, he said, showed that Shakespeare was at heart a democrat, and that he had written the plays in order to discredit monarchy and kings and the robber barons, and all that other old feudal nonsense. I discovered afterward that he had appropriated this fantastic notion from his own stanch champion, William D. O'Connor.

On another occasion he criticised Ruskin quite in the manner of one who had read widely in Ruskin's books; but when my eyes caught sight of a small paper-covered "Ruskin Anthology" on the little table beside me, I knew what had inspired him.

Once I said to him: "Walt, in 'Leaves of Grass' you have the air of a rough-and-tumble fellow who despises the well-to-do, mannerly people, and especially the learned and the literary. And yet your writings are sprinkled with foreign words (somewhat Whitmanized) and with unexpected references to scientific and other subjects which we don't at first associate you with."

"The fact is," Walt replied, "I used to read all the quarterlies and magazines I could lay my hands on. I read 'em straight through; and so I stored up in my memory all sorts of odds and ends, which I pulled out and used whenever they came in handy."

Being myself already saturated with Emerson, and persuaded that the essence of Walt's gospel of Americanism, and democracy, and, above all, of the supreme value of the individual had been proclaimed by Emerson in imperishable pages long before Walt began his "Leaves of Grass," I was curious from the outset to see whether he would acknowledge any obligations. My own theory was and is that somewhere in the late forties Walt came upon Emerson's "Essays," devoured and absorbed them, found in them a revelation which interpreted American life to him, and deliberately adopted the teachings as if they had been original with himself. When he came to write, he put them in his own language, laying emphasis on this or that particular which most appealed to him, and giving free rein to his wonderful pictorial talent. And just as the disciple usually exaggerates or distorts some non-essential in his master's teaching, so Walt, bent on glorifying the individual, no matter how insignificant it might be, glorified rubbish as if it were the finest gold of the spirit.

At one time, when I was wrestling with the old serpents of fatalism and evil, it occurred to me to go over and consult Walt. Ought not he, if any one, with his genial poise and his apparent acceptance of whatever fortune brought him, to solve these insistent questions?

I attacked him rather too suddenly, in the stand-and-deliver fashion of a much-

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perplexed visitor at the Delphic oracle, craving an immediate reply. I asked him how he explained this terrible reality of evil, when the burden of every page of "Leaves of Grass" and of his other writings and sayings was: "Life's all right." And I began to cite the misery—whether of body or of soul—the pain and sorrow and sin and injustice—from which nobody escapes.

He did not let me go on long, but showed a little impatience, and replied almost testily: "Oh, you can't tackle it that way! This ain't a matter to be settled by yes or no. What you call evil is all a part of it. If you have a hill, you've got to have a hollow. I wish some one—I've often thought of doing it myself—would crack up the good of evil—how it helps us along—how it all fits in."

"That is just what Emerson once said," I interrupted.

"Did he?" said Walt, with what seemed to me unexpected interest. "Did he? Where did he say that?"

I told him the essay which contains the well-known passage, and I think I also quoted the familiar "Evil is good in the making." It seemed to me that Walt was uncomfortable, as if I had unwittingly startled him into furnishing the clew to his inspiration; and whenever in subsequent talks I referred to Emerson's ideas, I thought that he feigned ignorance of them. In early manhood, he made no secret of his discipleship to Emerson, whom he called "master" in a famous letter. He sent one of the first copies of "Leaves of Grass" to Emerson, violated common propriety by printing in the New York *Tribune* Emerson's commendation and by stamping a sentence from it on the next edition of the "Leaves." Later, when he came to be accepted himself as a prophet, I suspect that he was glad to forget that he had ever called any one "master." In my frontal attack on the problem of evil, I made no further progress with Walt that day or later. He was neither a philosopher nor a theologian and I doubt whether he had ever felt the problem poignantly. For practical living he found it wise to turn away from or to dodge the grisly questions which challenged too rudely his pantheistic optimism.

"Music helps better than argument," he said to me; "music soothes us, and, like a mother, draws us to her breast, and we fall asleep and we forget our difficulties."

Then I began to perceive that morals, in the deepest sense, did not exist for Whitman. In deifying the Individual, he made each person his own standard to do and think what he chooses; with the result that the Whitmanesque world is made up of its hundreds of millions of individuals as independent one of another as are the pebbles on a beach. They touch but they do not really merge. But human society must be based on the mutual interdependence of its elements; and the corner-stone of social life on every plane above that of the savages is the family. Whatever compliments Walt may have paid to the family in theory, he showed in practice that he neither understood its supreme function nor respected it. The relations between the sexes on which the family depends, meant for him no more than the gratification of appetite. He felt no obligation, no duty, either toward the women with whom he formed a temporary attachment or toward the offspring they bore him. It has been proved, although I did not know it at the time of my acquaintance, that he admitted being the father of six children* by two mothers, but he rejected all responsibility for their care and bringing up, casting the burden upon the women whom he abandoned. Nothing can be baser than that.

When, therefore, Whitman's uncritical zealots rhapsodize him as the prophet of a new life and the proclaimer of a higher morality, they do him no service. What is admirable in his poetry and in his message lies in a different field. He can never be a help; on the contrary, by his example he must be a stumbling-block to every individual, man or woman, who is struggling for that standard by which alone the sacredness of the family—and with the family the amelioration of the race—can be safeguarded.

In this respect Whitman dwells at the opposite pole from Emerson, his master in

*Walt himself stated this in a letter dated August 19, 1890, to J. A. Symonds: "My life, young manhood, middle age, times South, &c., have been jolly bodily and doubtless open to criticism. Though unmarried I have had six children," &c. See E. Carpenter: "Days with Walt Whitman," New York, 1908, pp. 142–3; Bliss Perry: "Walt Whitman," Boston, 1906, pp. 44–5.

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the gospel of individualism. Emerson takes it for granted that each individual to whom he addresses his auroral call, "Trust thyself!" is already living the life of the spirit, instead of lagging behind in the lowlands of the flesh. Emerson urged perfection on the individual, not that he might enjoy himself for himself, but that he might be the better fitted to play a noble part in society, and to receive and obey the faintest intimation from the soul of the world. He never tolerated the thought of a community made up of units who, having known the higher moral standards, deliberately chose the immoral.

So we can no more adopt Whitman as a model for our life than we could Rousseau, whom he resembles only too closely on the ignoble side. Under promiscuity alone, the system which proposes to make utter selfishness the ideal of society and its members, could Walt and Jean Jacques be accepted as guides.

So much I must say here, because it explains why Walt could not enlighten me as to the problem of evil. The more I saw him the more I recognized that he looked out on the world without any moral prepossession; but he was wonderfully sensitive to some of the deepest emotions. Who better than he has expressed the bewildered surprise, plaintiveness, the sense of unreality, and then the anguish of bereavement? And how nobly, as if he were welcoming an imperial guest, he goes to the threshold to greet death! There was much more than the cant phrases in praise of universal brotherhood, in his allusions to cronies and camerados, and to the thrill he felt when his hand rested on a pal's shoulder or as he looked into responsive eyes of a comrade. The genuineness of these characteristics also was confirmed by acquaintance with him.

However he may have been in earlier days or was then among his intimates, he never, as I knew him, indulged in coarseness. I remember that one morning I asked him why he would not consent to issue here such a volume of selections as William Rossetti's, brought out in England in 1868. That volume, omitting some of the most flagrant and physiological passages, and sparing the reader some of the tedious, long, prosaic, and repetitious lists, had given Walt his vogue among the intellectual élite in Britain, and I believed that one like it would reach ten times as many American readers as his unexpurgated editions had reached.

He paused a moment, barely shook his head, and said: "That's just what Emerson suggested. Years ago we spent three hours on Boston Common walking up and down, he urging and arguing just as you do, and I listening and thinking and sometimes trying to reply. I couldn't match his arguments, but always something in me kept saying: 'Stick to it, Walt.' And at the end I said to him: 'I can't answer all your reasons, but I guess I've got to hold on to the stuff you don't like. It's all part of the whole; and I can no more honestly cut out that part than any other.'"

A snap-shot of those two on Boston Common that day would be among the most precious literary relics we Americans could have.

Walt was equally firm in standing by his form of verse—if that be verse which form has none. He had been attacked so often that I suppose he took it as a matter of course that every new literary "feller" should take a shot at that target. It seems to be pretty well proved now that he developed his Whitmanesque metrical scheme from earlier models and by deliberate experimentation. Until he was thirty or over, he wrote rather platitudinous poems in ordinary iambic metre and rhymes and published them in newspapers. On the little table between the windows of the front room on Mickle Street was a thick quarto volume of Scott's poetry, printed in double column (if I remember rightly), with pencillings on the margins. This, he told me, had been his favorite book in the earlier days, and I suppose that Scott's versification was his pattern before he found the requirements of regular prosody too fettering. His general doctrine that metre, which had sufficed for poets in countries more or less despotic, ought not to be tolerated by a chosen bard of this land of unlimited democratic freedom, has its allure for the very young in years and for all those who, no matter what their age may be, never grow up to understand that all art is discipline, and that the supreme artists—

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Sophocles and Phidias, Virgil and Dante, Michael Angelo, Titian, Raphael and Rembrandt, Shakespeare, Milton and Molière—were supreme for the very reason that the discipline of their art had become instinctive in them, the necessary medium by which they expressed themselves, as water is to the swimmer.

Walt's other argument for his verse form was even more naïve: our versification ought to match in amplitude the boundless sweep of "these States." If accepted seriously, this would mean that even a minor poet in Texas would employ lines of fifty or sixty metrical feet, to keep his relative distance, so to speak, over the Rhode Islander, who ought to be thankful with an allowance of four. Of course Walt himself would have seen the absurdity of this deduction; but as he relied on his emotions and on intuition, and neither would nor could think, he would conclude this discussion, as he did the other, by maintaining his position without wavering.

Once I tried a flank movement on his theory.

"You profess," I said, "to make nature your guide and to be satisfied with nothing less broad and free and infinitely varied than you see in her. But the one lesson which nature teaches above all others is form. She takes care that everything from Sirius to a grain of sand shall have its own proper form. She doesn't strew a lot of rose-petals on the ground and call them a rose; she puts them together in a beautiful form. Many of your poems, it seems to me, are like heaps of petals, not always of the same flower, even, and intermingled with other irrelevant things. Their formlessness is contrary to nature."

This argument carried no weight with him. How many hundreds of times he must have heard similar ones! He said simply but without petulance, and as if he rather pitied my intelligence: "Of course my poetry isn't formless. Nobody could write in my way unless he had the melody singing in his ears. I don't always contrive to catch the best musical combination nowadays; but in the older pieces I always had a tune before I began to write."

Those tunes doubtless account for the haunting music of many of his first lines, and of other separate lines interspersed in the poems; but the metrical inspiration rarely continues for more than two or three lines at the most.

As a parting shot I added: "Shakespeare's blank verse doesn't consist of a series of lines each of five rigid metrical feet; but it runs on over more or fewer lines, as the case may be, according to the sense. Hamlet's soliloquy, for instance, if printed in your way, would look very different on the page. The metre runs through it just as in musical composition there is a given key and beat. And, after all, in "O Captain! my Captain!"—the most popular of your poems—you showed that you could use effectively an accepted metre and even rhymes—although you balk at making the rhymes satisfactory throughout." But Walt took no further interest in the matter.

Indeed, it was plain enough that Walt regarded me, as a college graduate, with a certain suspicion and lack of sympathy. His self-appointed mission being to break down all conventions and to shout his "barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world," he naturally looked upon a college as the last citadel of convention and therefore as his special enemy. Although in England his readers came mostly from the university and literary circles, over here the colleges, partly from prudery and partly from pedantry, had been very slow even to mention him. At Harvard, in my time, for instance, a professor might casually refer to "Leaves of Grass," but when the student went to the library to consult the book, he found that it was catalogued with two blue stars, which meant that it was kept under lock and key in the "inferno" devoted to obscene productions.

No wonder, therefore, that Walt eyed the academically educated with some distrust. I seemed to him a young man who came out of the university with a little stock of approved formulas, with which I was attempting to make a breach in the Whitmanesque cosmic theory, constructed by him to supplant all others. In truth, however, I had no such ambition; I was moved, as I have stated, by an insatiate curiosity, and by my desire to get from this prophet of a new order some solace for my own perplexities. But to the end I was marred for him by the aca-

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demic attachment. Yet he felt a sort of pity, too; and once, before going to Europe, when I bade him good-by, he urged me, with some ardor, to stand on my own feet, to think my own thoughts, and not to go on repeating what I had read or heard. What he wished, although he did not suspect it, was, that I, like Mr. Traubel, and one or two other unlimited disciples who passed much time with him in those last years, should give back to him *his* own thoughts as nearly as possible in his own language.

One day after I had been warmly praising Walt's poems on the Civil War, I said that I thought what he had written about Lincoln would stand along with James Russell Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" as the highest poetic tributes to the martyr President. He surprised me a little by saying that he had never read Lowell; that he supposed that he was one of those academic "fellers," who breathed the fetid air of college lecture-rooms and gave it out in his poems; that he was not a "critter" for us. I replied that although Lowell was a bookman, he was much more; at the very top of our writers for humor and a splendid force for patriotism before and during the war. "You ought at least to read the 'Ode,'" I said emphatically, "and you would see that he isn't the anæmic fellow you imagine. Much of his other poetry also is fine, some of it very good; and although he isn't a poet of the first class—who is in our time?—he stands well in the second class."

"You wouldn't persuade me to eat a second-class egg, would yer?" said Walt. "I don't care for second-class poetry, either."

In spite of his avowed ignorance he may have looked into Lowell's poems, and dismissed them long before as having no worth for him. Completely lacking humor himself, even "The Biglow Papers" must have been lost upon him. Walt had, in fact, read most of the American poets who were his contemporaries. We are told that at one time Poe attracted him, and we know that he absorbed Emerson; but I recall only one of whom he spoke with some enthusiasm—Whittier, who had a "fine vein, narrow but deep and fiery, of the Scotch Covenanter in him." I remarked that E. C. Stedman's essay seemed to me the best any one had written till then on Walt himself, being free from prejudice and rich in appreciation.

"Yes," said Walt, "Mr. Stedman is a very hospitable"—he waited a moment for the word—"critic and a good friend." Once or twice Walt mentioned Tennyson, ranking him as a real poet, but I have forgotten which poems he had in mind. He took pride in telling me that Tennyson had invited him to go over to Freshwater for a visit, but that his health was too feeble. That the apostle of formless poetry should be elated over the sympathy of the chief master of poetic form in modern English literature struck me as interesting; but I think that Walt's elation came from the fact that Tennyson was a great poet. Although he was thoroughly democratic in his love of appreciation, he knew the different varieties of incense at a sniff.

Looking back on our chats I perceive now, better than I did then, how much in his talk with me Walt repeated what he had already written down in his prose fragments. That description of his meeting with Emerson on Boston Common, for instance, or a long account of his last visit to Emerson at Concord; or the story of Elias Hicks and the Hicksite schism among the Quakers, bringing in his own boyhood and his recollections of his mother and of going to the annual meetings—all these he has told in print. But even though, owing to his failing vigor, they lacked something when he repeated them by word of mouth, they gained much in reality. The tone of the voice, the patriarchal look of the man, the slight gesture or the hesitation, and his permeating placidity can never be conjured up by those who only read his reminiscences. Walt kept a certain interest in current affairs, but his opinions had been made up long before, and his chief interest then and always was himself. The casual visitor like me might let in a whiff from the world outside, but this was fleeting in comparison with the steady influence of the little group of idolaters who echoed his thoughts, confirmed his delusion that literary "fellers" were everywhere joined in a conspiracy against him, and so tended to hem in and narrow his vision. The more unrestricted the wor-

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ship which devotees pay to the founder of a cult, the greater the risk he runs; and the freedom which such a founder expects to enjoy by throwing off the fundamental conventions of civilized life and posing as a "rowdy" or a cowboy is an illusory emancipation which shuts more doors than it opens.

But I find that I grow critical, whereas my purpose is rather to call up from time's oubliette Walt's speech and aspect as I knew them thirty years ago. As Dr. Furness said, the old fellow himself was what really mattered. Having seen him once, you never forgot his presence. On a summer afternoon he sat by the right-hand window and you at the left, with the little table covered with half a dozen books between you—the volume of Scott's poems most conspicuous; and he nodded to passers-by on the sidewalk and kept up his not-rapid chat with you. A newsboy would hand in the evening paper and Walt took a penny from a little pile of change on the window-sill and handed it to him with a "Thank yer, Billy," or other cosey greeting. In colder weather Walt settled into his rocking-chair, over the back of which was flung an unusually large and fine silver wolfskin. Whistler himself could not have achieved a more beautiful blend of grays and whites than Walt did when he leaned his fleecy head against the gray fur.

I talked with him frequently about Lincoln, whom I took it for granted he must have known well; but he surprised me by saying that although he "loafed a good deal around the White House," he never ran across the President but twice, and he heard Lincoln speak only twice—once of an evening from a balcony about some battle news. "He had rather a high voice with carrying power, but on the whole pleasant and impressive."

Recently, in looking over John Hay's Diary, I was amused to come upon the following entry for October 29, 1863: "I went down to Willard's to-day and got from Palmer, who is here, a free ticket to New York and back for W. Whitman, the poet, who is going to New York to electioneer and vote for the Union ticket." So Walt's loafing around the White House was not wholly unremunerative.

I heard him say nothing that can add to his well-known and, in their way, unsurpassed descriptions of hospital scenes; but he made one characteristic remark which may be worth repeating.

"The human critter," he said, "has become too self-restrained. He thinks it isn't manly to show his emotions, and so he tries to keep as hard and mum as a statue. This is all wrong. The Greeks howled when they were hurt and bawled with rage when they were angry. But our soldiers in the war would clinch their teeth and not let out a sign of what they were suffering, no matter how badly they were wounded; and so they often died because the surgeons couldn't tell where they'd been hit."

Walt, himself, according to those who knew him in early and middle life, was preternaturally emotional and never attempted to check or to disguise the expression of his feeling at the moment. His disapproval of discipline, which has been one of the chief gains made by normal, civilized men since the Homeric age, harmonizes, therefore, with the rest of his philosophy of unrestraint.

Of references to passing political affairs, I recall only one, bearing on President Harrison: "I guess he is the smallest egg ever laid in Uncle Sam's basket."

I never saw him show resentment, even under unusual provocation. Thus, when Swinburne recanted in his customary vitriolic language his former bombastic laudation, I ventured to ask Walt whether he had seen the ferocious article in the *Fortnightly Review*. "Yes," he said with a tranquillity more effective than sarcasm; "yes, and I rather guess Swinburne has soured a little on me."

Professor Bliss Perry, by far the best of all Whitman's biographers, has analyzed subtly a streak of slyness which ran through Walt's nature. At the time of my acquaintance I could not lay my finger on any more definite example of this than his apparent endeavor to escape from avowing his obligations to Emerson; but I did recognize in him a poseur of truly colossal proportions, one to whom playing a part had long before become so habitual that he had ceased to be conscious that he was doing it. His offhand, hail-fellow-well-met manner was undoubt-

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edly genuine with him in earlier years, and then, after he had adopted his pose, he saw to it that that manner should not be rubbed away by conventional attrition. So he was almost fussily careful to have his costume attract as much attention as possible; and in his talk he stuck to certain illiterate forms—like "critter" and "feller"—in keeping with the character he had assumed. We must remember that he was a contemporary of P. T. Barnum and agreed with that master-showman's views of publicity; so he chose a style both in prose and verse which at once arrested attention; he did not blush to write for the newspapers puffs of himself and his works; he craved notoriety even of the flimsiest sort. "The public," he said to me, "is a thick-skinned beast, and you have to keep whacking away on its hide to let it know you're there." Such egregious self-conceit has afflicted men much greater than Whitman, and, thanks to that quality which makes the artist a magician, the product, literary or artistic, of these men need not be insincere, for they write or paint or compose through their talent and not through their conceit.

On one occasion, when I tried to get him to sum up in definite terms his creed —a thing which he avoided doing for half a lifetime, because he instinctively felt that vagueness was of the essence of it— he took a copy of the original edition of "As a Strong Bird on Pinions Free," and turning to the advertisement at the end he marked the margin of the third page. "There," said he; "I suppose you'll find the gist of it all there about as well as anywhere." He gave me the slender volume with its green-cloth cover, and wrote my name in it, adding two or three photographs of himself. One of these, an unusually beautiful portrait of him, represents him as seated in a grape-vine rustic chair—the kind once common in photographers' studios—and on the forefinger of his outstretched right hand a butterfly has just alighted, with wings still outspread. "I've always had the knack of attracting birds and butterflies and other wild critters," he said. "They know that I like 'em and won't hurt 'em and so they come."

How it happened that that butterfly should have been waiting in that studio on the chance that Walt might drop in to be photographed, or why Walt should be clad in a thick cardigan jacket on any day when butterflies would have been disporting themselves in the fields, I have never been able to explain. Was this one of the petty artifices by which Walt carried out his pose? It doesn't matter; the picture is delightful and it has served ever since as the frontispiece to the precious little volume. Turn to page three of its advertisements and you will find his own interpretation of himself and his works.

A less venial form of slyness consisted in Walt's lack of candor in regard to his money affairs. During the last six or eight years of his life he allowed a few kind-hearted gentlemen—Dr. Furness and Mr. George W. Childs among them—to subscribe an annual sum for his upkeep; and when he grew too lame to walk, they supplied a horse and phaeton and paid a young man to act as his driver and valet. He even allowed some of his youthful admirers, who were earning a bare minimum wage themselves, to contribute a dollar or two a month apiece toward his support. Such a willingness to receive might be pardoned on the ground that he was affording his well-wishers the superior blessedness of giving, but all the while, unknown to them, he was building out of his own resources a four-thousand-dollar mausoleum for himself at Harleigh Cemetery. Apparently Walt doubted as to the value of the monument which posterity would raise to him, and so he took no chances.

And yet, I had the feeling that if Walt had had much, he would have given lavishly; not having, he accepted without stint. Very likely he believed that, as he had bestowed upon the world something beyond all price, the world owed him a living. His tastes were so simple that he would not have known how to spend much wealth; but that four-thousand-dollar tomb remains as an unpleasant evidence of his slyness.

The last time I saw him was, I think, in December, 1891, a few months before his death. His housekeeper, Mrs. Mary Davis, told me at the door that he had been pretty feeble and was staying upstairs, but she would ask him if he could

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see me. He sent down word for me to go up. I climbed the short flight and went into the front room, which took up most of the second story of the small house. There stretched out in a long chair, propped with pillows and well wrapped up, with the gray wolfskin thrown over his knees, lay Walt, a broken, helpless, pathetic figure, who seemed hardly more than an antiquarian wreck in a dingy and disordered old curiosity-shop. The room was filled with the accumulation of years: bundles of newspapers, piles of books, printers' proofs, letters, bric-à-brac, some begrimed and chipped bedroom crockery, statuettes in plaster of Paris, a trunk or two, and a chair and stool long past the time when they could be sat in without caution. Boards strung on trestles made a sort of long table such as paper-hangers use, and this afforded a resting-place for other heaps of letters, documents, and junk. Of the two windows, one was darkened by the shutters being closed, and through the dirty panes of the other I saw the wretched buildings opposite, and the bleak, wintry sky out of which snow-flurries blew intermittently. Seldom have I had so complete an impression of cheerlessness.

And there amid his sordid belongings, apparently deserted, the old man lay dying.

He greeted me with his familiar "Glad to see yer," but in a feeble voice, and I took his hand, which he could hardly move. He said that he'd been sick, very sick; that the doctor told him he mustn't do anything, nor talk much, nor think much; but he liked to see old friends. Naturally, I started no discussion, but tried to suggest cheerful possibilities, though I knew there were none, and kept fearing I might be outstaying "the little while" which Mrs. Davis had warned me was all that the doctor allowed.

To turn his thoughts away from the dismal present, I asked him what he had been doing before his illness. He replied: "I went through the whole of my poems; read 'em all from beginning to end; and for the first time I had some doubt whether they're going to last."

The pathos of that confession moved me through and through. For what could be more tragic? Here was a man who believed he had made a new revelation to mankind—a prophet, who had borne mockery and neglect, and had at last persuaded a band of followers that he was indeed the true and only prophet—a poet, who in spite of the whimsicality of his poetic forms was recognized throughout the world as a poet—an arch-egoist, who honestly supposed that his personality was and would be immensely precious in human progress—and now, at the end of his life, he expressed a doubt as to the validity of his message or the permanence of his fame.

I told him I believed that the genuine poetical parts of his works would long be read, although what he had written to support his theory of composition or to preach his gospel would probably be gradually forgotten. "Posterity cherishes the poetry in poets," I added, "and not their theories. That is what has happened to Wordsworth and to many another doctrinaire poet. But the true gold lasts—have no fear, Mr. Whitman—but it often takes more than one generation to sift it from the dross." And I mentioned some of the passages in "Leaves of Grass" which seemed to me golden.

Whether my words comforted him or not, I cannot say. Possibly, the doubt he expressed was born of a flitting mood, or perhaps of his lifelong craving for sympathy and acclaim; he could not have doubted seriously, for habit, if nothing else, would have enabled him to play his part through unflinchingly until the curtain fell.

We talked a little more. Then I got up to go—probably the watchful Mrs. Davis was already signalling me from the entry—and I asked Walt whether I could send him anything, some fruit or wine, but he said that he had all he needed and more, and that the doctor didn't let him take much, anyway. His "Good-by, come again," was uttered feebly, because of his physical weakness, but without the slightest suggestion that he had lost courage or was even surprised at the defection of life—life which he had caressed and sported with and glorified, and which now, like a fickle mistress, had abandoned him. Neither that day nor earlier did I

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hear him whisper a complaint against the weariness which old age and incurable disease laid upon him.

I turned at the door and looked back upon him, a gray wraith amid the shadows of that dismal room. Walking to the ferry, I wondered whether, after what he had experienced, he would still sing, if the strength and will to sing should come back to him for a moment:

"I have said that the soul is not more than the body,
And I have said that the body is not more than the soul."

THE GIFT

By Katharine Holland Brown

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

"HULLO, there, Carew!" Jim Bolton tumbled from his taxi and strode, beaming, across to Carew, who stood by the warehouse door, sheathed to his ears in a huge furred coat. "Sa-ay, but you've done yourself proud, with all that mink! All dressed up, ready for hero stunts in Siberia, hey?"

Carew nodded, shrugged deeper into his furs. His lean face colored a trifle. As usual, Bolton had shouted, rather than spoken, his greeting. He glanced impatiently around him.

It was nine o'clock of a freezing winter morning. The wind poured through the great warehouse, an icy flood. Not forty yards away lay their steamer, bound in an hour for France. But both men owned an unspoken wish to stand on their own soil to the last minute.

"One thing certain," Bolton beamed on, with breezy cheer, "we fellows will get mighty few bouquets for our volunteer service. Now that the Greatest Show on Earth is over, our modest labors will be an old story. Though we'll be giving just as hard and necessary work, and running just as big risks."

"I dare say."

"However, fatalities now average only five per cent, I'm told. Of course, I've made my will and all that, but it was a waste of time. S'pose you've arranged your affairs, too? Though you haven't anybody to provide for. I forgot."

"No." Carew shrugged again. At the club Bolton was invariably addressed as Tactful James. No wonder.

"What's struck you to volunteer all over again, Carew? Lord knows you've done your bit. Eighteen solid months on railway construction in France was no small chore. And you're needed, badly needed, on this side. Can't see how Trescott Construction ever held together without you. Everybody knows the old major is only a figurehead."

"Thanks for the kind words."

"That ain't answering my question. Anybody can see why I'm beating it across. I missed out on the Big Thrill, thanks to my smashed knee. But now it's in commission again, I'm out to find a few left-over thrills, if our Bolshevik friends will oblige."

"No doubt they will."

"Just now I'm collecting chills instead. Come along aboard."

"Go if you like. I'm staying ashore a bit longer."

"The more fool you." Bolton executed a shivering jig-step, then raced away. Carew strode up and down the great cold, clamoring space, his gloved fists clinched, his gray young head bent. Queer, how Tactful James's prying had struck home! For the second time Carew was giving himself and all his powers to war, in the grim hope that, this time surely, his services would be accepted in full; that this last dragging hour ashore would be his last hour of his own country for always.

He was bleakly ashamed of himself.

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He writhed under the praises which his friends had showered upon him, for this his double gift to his country. If only they knew how sick he was of his life, with what a coward's eagerness he was snatching at this chance to throw it away with honor!

Upon him, the solid, able citizen, had fallen the deep and terrible loneliness that falls too often upon men and women of isolated middle age. He had everything —and nothing. He had won it all, money, prestige, high esteem. He had not one beloved creature of his own with whom to share. Not only the hunger of fatherhood tormented him; it was the sick sense of futility, the grinning futility of all his years of driving effort, of sturdy, profitable toil. Bolton was right. He was a valuable citizen. But he was valuable only to other men, never to himself. The joy of life had slipped from his grasp. All his clear, just, able dealings were broken shards in his lax hands. He went from his country as one who turns away in loathing from the ashes of his days.

Before him glimmered his forty long years. He saw himself, a boy of twelve, in the tiny home his mother and he had made, their short precious time together. His father's young imperial portrait on the wall, the handful of flowers set always before it; his mother's room, firelit, scented of lavender, her books and her sewing scattered about, the cosiest chair drawn always for him close to her own; his mother herself, slim, arrow-straight, her amber-gold hair folded in a great gold wreath on her little head, her gay brook-voice, her gray merry eyes. Curious. Little chap that he was, he'd always realized his mother, so to speak. He'd always known what a queen she was alongside of the other fellows' mothers. He had brought home more than one black eye, penalty for bragging about her to the gang. He'd been just fourteen when she died. Queer, how pluckily he'd bucked up and lived through that, and the long cruel loneliness afterward. He looked back with a curious sore pity for the blundering, dazed kid he'd been those first years without her. What a brave, gay, lovely heart she was; how vivid, how gloriously alive! How could such a very flame go out, leave not a gleam behind! If she had lived on for him, if she were living now——

He drew a hard breath. Only a night or so ago he had dreamed of her, a dream so real it might have been her very presence. She had entered his room with her fleet, airy step, her gray eyes greeting his with their eager sparkle. As he had scrambled up from his chair she had stripped off her gloves with her own impatient little snatch, then put up both soft, cool palms and caught her boy's face in the frame of her hands, and pulled it down to give him her "four kisses," forehead, eyelids, lips. That was her own special caress, a tenderness that was her secret gift, that she never gave to any other creature.

"I made it up for you myself the day you were born," she told him once. "Four kisses, to keep you all mine, your thoughts, your eyes, your lips. Mind you stay mine, sonny boy!"

Well, he had stayed hers. Even the first year of his married life, with its stormy raptures, its swifter, harsher storms of quarrel and reconciliation, had not blurred her dear merry image to his sight.

He was twenty-two when he had met Georgiana, beautiful, wilful, as solitary as himself, a vague uncle, "out West," her only tie of blood. He had loved her their first hour together, married her within the month. In her he had seen the perfection of all women. She would be all that his mother had been, and more—ten thousand times more.

Georgiana herself had shattered the magic, torn away the rainbow veils.

"The very first time we met, I saw you had the makings of a real business man. But you aren't making good like I'd expected. Major Trescott promises you another raise by January? But what's a raise? What's a salary, anyhow? If you'd only borrow a few thousand and go into business for yourself! You owe it to Major Trescott to stand by the business? H'm. Where do I come in? I don't mean to be tied down like this my whole life long. If you had any real spirit——"

Carew would stand that gaff as long as he could. Then, either a blaze of re-

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crimination or a slinking flight. When the baby came it was worse still. Georgiana, fiercely maternal, found the baby a bludgeon to her hand.

"She'd be the loveliest child ever, if I could afford to dress her like she ought to be dressed. And we ought to be putting money away for her school and her coming-out party this minute. But you will dawdle along with the major. What's the use of my hoping, even!"

Taunted, overworked, straining, in every nerve to carry twice his load of the huge ill-managed company affairs, Carew struggled on. He learned to hate his girl-wife with a hatred that held venom. The baby, Dorothea, a little, soft, cooing thing, held his heart in both her hands. She had not a trace of Georgiana. Instead, she bore a wonderful resemblance to his mother. Her wide gray eyes, her amber-gold hair, her gentle, gay little ways, were to Carew an endless enchantment and delight. Yet he would look at her and wonder. Was all this lovely winsomeness hers to keep? Or would she grow with years to her own mother's stature, nagging, ruthless, mean?

He never solved that question. One night, when Dorothea was eighteen months old, Georgiana met him at the door, ablaze with excitement. She waved a letter before his eyes.

"Say, you'll never believe this. You *can't!* It's from Uncle Steve out West. Here he's been living on that lonesome little ranch, poorer'n' Job's turkey, all these years. Last month, didn't the oil men come along and strike a gusher right alongside his kitchen door! They've paid him two hundred thousand dollars for a year's lease—think of that! 'Most a quarter of a million. He wants me to come keep house for him this winter. Says he wants to live in some style. I'm going to take the baby and start Saturday. You can rent the flat and board while we're gone."

Carew had wheeled on her in a fury; but he could only stand, open-mouthed, speechless. Hard on his rage another thought had crashed down. If Georgiana went away for the winter—he would have three months to himself. Three months—think of the peace of it! The heaven of being alone!

Utterly silent, he eyed her. Georgiana fidgeted.

"Oh, you needn't look so grouched. I'll wager you're glad enough to see us go. It'll give you all the more time to spend on your precious Major Trescott's concerns. And I'm glad to go. For once in my life I won't have to pinch every nickel. If I like it well enough in California, I may stay right along. So there!"

Stay she did. Carew wrote and sent money regularly. She never acknowledged his letters by a line. He worked like a Trojan through that winter, torn between the shamed comfort of this respite from Georgiana and his sore longing for his baby girl.

Early in May came one letter from his wife, her first and only message.

"You needn't send me any more money. Uncle Steve has been coining money all winter. He's settled a hundred thousand on me and the baby, and says he'll will us the rest if I'll stay with him the rest of his days. He's up in the seventies, and feeble at that, and I'd be a fool to turn down such a chance. And I don't plan to come back to you. Not ever. I don't want to be married to you any longer. You can't support me and the baby the way we'd ought to be. I'm going to get a divorce, for incompatibility, just as soon as I can. With best wishes, and hopes that you won't hold any hard feelings, I remain,

"Sincerely yours,

"GEORGIANA CAREW."

Carew read that letter three times before his stunned brain grasped its meaning. When at last he understood, he started West on the first train. Twelve hours later the train struck a defective rail. For two months Carew lay in the hospital at Buffalo. When at last he crept back to New York he found the Trescott Construction Company toppling on the verge of bankruptcy. With the downfall of the business went every dlolar that Carew owned.

This calamity blocked every road. He could not go to California and, penniless, force Georgiana to return to him. Neither could he fight her divorce suit.

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For that matter, he felt no desire to fight it. The thought of his baby girl ached in his breast. But even that ache counted little against his shame and dread at the thought of facing Georgiana. Old Major Trescott, his father's kindest friend, was pitiably broken by misfortune. If he could do nothing more, surely he could stand by his old employer. Numbed by long suffering, dulled in every nerve, he shouldered the monstrous task of reorganizing Trescott Construction and let his own life go by.

The next two years spelled grinding toil. He was so tired that the news of the divorce hardly stirred him. Four more years; then, with arch irony, came the turn of the wheel. A forgotten patent was discovered to be of great value. Trescott Construction stock leaped up. With its rise Carew's own fortunes rallied, and swiftly. Year after year heaped up his measure of golden fortunes. To-day Trescott Construction was counted one of the huge solid pillars of the world's market. Carew, its vice-president, was reckoned its ablest executive. Yet, to his eyes, his life stretched before him as barren as a desert, as lifeless as a painted scene.

In 1917, urged by that deep inward weariness, he had offered himself to the government. He had been sent to France. There he had done invaluable service, whether in the safety of base ports or in the very teeth of bombardment. He had made himself and his methods notable, even in the face of the splendid achievements of thousands of his fellow workers. With the signing of the armistice he had returned to America, unscathed—and, more than ever, a soul uncomforted and alone.

To-day, all that he asked was the chance once more to fill his hollow hours with work for his country. Then, if it pleased the fates, to make his exit with as little splutter as might be.

"Excuse me, sir." A petty officer barred his way. "You're Mr. Edward Carew? Sailing to-day?"

"Well?"

"The young lady yonder. She's waiting to see you, sir."

"A lady? To see me?" Carew scowled. No ladies, young or otherwise, would be thus honoring him. "It's Bolton she wants. Have him paged. He's gone aboard."

"Beg pardon, sir, she says, 'Mr. Carew. I must see him.' She seemed very particular, sir."

"Well—" Puzzled, Carew swung across the wide floor toward the figure waiting near the entrance. A very small figure, indeed, against her broad cluttered background. As he approached he saw that she was a young girl, slender and small, erect as a little birch-tree, dressed with the rigid simplicity of the very rich. Her blue-serge skirt reached the tops of her sturdy small shoes; her little face was submerged between the close, small tam and the huge furred coat-collar. But from under the tam glinted a ripple of curly hair, warm amber-gold.

Quite nonplussed, Carew lifted his hat. "I beg your pardon, madam. You wished to see me——"

The girl flinched, started back, then looked up at him, quivering in a terrified shyness. Her little narrow delicate face turned white to the lips, her gloved hands shook. But her eyes, wide gray eyes with curling black lashes, lifted steadfastly to Carew's face. Something in that dark, clear, steady gaze caught at Carew's heart.

"If I can help you find the person you wish to see——"

"Oh," she faltered, bewildered. Then she took a step toward him. It was as if she took her courage in both hands. "You don't know me! I thought you'd recognize me, the very first minute. I—I'm Dorothea."

"Dorothea!"

Carew gasped aloud. A curious thrill shook him. Dorothea! Not his daughter, his own little girl! It couldn't be. Why, the last time he'd seen her she was a chubby mite in pink rompers, dragging a green-flannel elephant by one ear!

"Dorothea!" Suddenly an immense embarrassment descended upon him. His skin prickled, his tongue swelled, his ears burned like live coals. The urbane official, the keen man of affairs, stood and blundered like a schoolboy before this terrified small girl. Then through him

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poured a tide of warmth, a tremendous heartening glow. Dorothea, his own little daughter, his baby chum! She could not possibly remember him. Why, it was all of sixteen years! Yet she had come, the one human creature who cared, to see him on this desolate journey, to bid him Godspeed!

He stooped and kissed her awkwardly. Her cheek was as satin-cool as a petal. She did not return his kiss, but her fingers gripped tight on his arm. She began to explain, still a bit tremulous.

"You see, when—when you went to France more than a year ago and helped build railroads for the army, I read all about you in a newspaper. And I was as proud as Punch of you. And I wanted to tell you so. But I didn't know where to write. Nor just how to—to say it. And I was away out in California, with mother. I—somehow I couldn't manage to say things, nor write them, either. But I'm a freshman in Vassar now. In yesterday's *Times* I read all about your new plans. How you'd no sooner gotten back to America than you were 'offering yourself again to the government, for any service whatever, in Russia.' Oh, when I read that, I was so proud, all over again! I just all but blew up!" Her voice broke in a quivering laugh. "I wanted to tell all the girls, I wanted to shout it. But—I couldn't." A soft red burned to her temples. Her child mouth trembled. "But I made up my mind I was going to tell one person how proud I was of my own father. That one person was you.

"First, I planned to go to your office, but I telephoned, and telephoned, and they kept saying: 'Mr. Carew will not be in till later.' Finally I got excited, and came into town and saw your secretary. He didn't want to tell me one word of your plans. But when I said I was Miss Carew, he was so surprised he blurted out: '*Miss* Carew! But how can you arrange to see him? He sails early tomorrow morning!'

"That was just what I wanted to know. I posted straight back to Poughkeepsie and hunted up our English professor. She's my adviser, and she's awfully quick on the uptake. I told her the whole story. Of course she said, 'Wire your mother for permission,' and wire we did. But we couldn't get in touch with mother to save us. She's stumping Imperial Valley for the new bond issue, and the operators couldn't find her. I stayed up all night, waiting for news. Not one word came. At six this morning I was so blue, I couldn't stand it. I bawled *and* bawled. Then Miss Keith said, 'This once I shall use my own judgment,' and she hustled me into my clothes—I'd howled till I hadn't wits enough to find my shoe-buttoner, even—and she called a hack and bundled me down on the first train. She's waiting yonder in that taxi now."

Carew did not glance toward the taxi. But gratitude choked in his throat and misted hot before his eyes.

"So here I am. I—I just couldn't let you sail without telling you, daddy. How splendid you were, to go over the first time. And twice as splendid this time! If just you don't get hurt!" Her soft little fingers tightened on his arm. "You'll be sure to come back—daddy? You—you don't mind my calling you daddy?"

"No," said Carew briefly. "I don't mind."

"I've always called you that, to myself. I have your picture. It's on my desk this minute. It's a perfectly stunning big one. I had a photographer copy it for me from the little one that was in the *Engineering Continent.* I wish I had one the way you'll look now," she added wistfully. "In your uniform, you know. You'll be simply great."

"I'll have myself shot off for you the minute I hit Paris," promised Carew. "Diked out like a drum-major."

"*Will* you? Honest truly? Oh, won't I make the girls sit up!" Her wistfulness turned to sparkle. She fairly pranced. Then all the prance melted out of her. She drooped, whitened. "B-but—there isn't so very much danger, is there? I don't believe one word about people starving, and freezing, and storehouses being blown up, and troop-trains dynamited! I daren't!"

"Nonsense. No danger. Barely five per cent of fatalities, according to statistics," said Carew briskly. "Now, I shall write you from Paris, and I'll send you a line from each stop as I go east-

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ward. And I'll send you some pretty things, too. Surely there are a few pretties left in Paris! And you'll write to me, Dorothea—dear?"

"Won't I!" Her eyes glowed. "I'll stuff your mail-bag! I've such loads and loads of things to tell you, dad. Yearsful!".

"I know. I've no end of things to tell you." Carew's throat tightened. Things to tell her! Couldn't he unpack his very heart to her! "When I come back we'll go to my Westchester place—I have a house in the country, you know. We'll both talk at once."

"A house in the country! What fun! I'll come for all my vacations, and I'll bring some of the girls from school. I want to know your friends, too, daddy. Every last one. Somehow I don't know anybody."

"I'll have to brush up and meet people again, dear. I've shut myself up pretty close, this long time." What a fool he'd been to cut himself off from his kind! He'd have to turn in and build up friendships, and be quick about it. But, at least, there was nothing he must tear down. "We'll do all sorts of things together. I've always meant to lay out a terrace garden. And there's plenty of level ground for tennis. And I'll put in a swimming-pool——"

"Won't that be sumptuous! 'Specially the tennis. Jimmy Perkins says that, with a few years of practice, I may cease to be such a sickening spectacle with a racket."

"Now who," inquired Carew, with a thunderous brow which masked a most absurd and stabbing jealousy, "now who, in the name of all your saints, is Jimmy Perkins?"

"Jimmy? Why, he's my very best friend, dad. He and his father own a bean ranch in Ventura County, right alongside of ours. He has sort of carroty hair, and he says himself that his feet don't track. You can't hire him to one-step, even. But he certainly can tear your heart-strings with a ukulele."

Carew chortled at the portrait evoked. Although even carrot-heads have been known to triumph.

"Jimmy Perkins is always saying I need a man's advice. After this, I'll show him." She slid comrade fingers into Carew's own. Suddenly she drew herself erect; upon her fell an enchanting gravity. "I dare say I am sort of behindhand. I haven't even decided on my life-work yet, dad. You'll have to help me plan. Mother thinks I might be good at public speaking, like her. But I'm terribly scared of people. I'd rather be a creative person, seems to me. A novelist, perhaps. Or else a playwright. A really great playwright."

"Suppose you put off that decision till I get back. I'm only a business man, but I may be able to make a suggestion or so."

"I know you will be." She leaned a docile moment against his shoulder. He looked down at her. He felt himself shaken, pulse on pulse, of profound unspeakable delight. So this was his own child, this precious thing was his own flesh! This rose in his desert, this darling responsibility, his to shield and guide and treasure! One instant, he wished he had not volunteered. That he must leave her, when she had been only this moment his! Then shame lashed him. Double traitor, to the very act that had given her back to him!

"Dorothea, tell me. How are matters with you and your mother? Have you—have you everything you want, my little girl?"

"Oh, yes. Mamma is a wonderful business woman. And she and I have dandy times together. When she has the time, that is. But usually she's so busy, with her ranches and clubs and charities, that she can't find many free minutes for me."

"When I come back I'll manage to find time for you. Whenever you can spare some for me."

"Spare it! I'll live in your pocket, see if I don't. And, oh, dad, will you take me camping? And teach me to sail a catboat? Mother was always afraid to trust me with anybody. But I couldn't be afraid with you."

"Yes. I'll teach you all I know."

"Won't it be fun!" She glowed. "Oh, if just I was going to Russia with you, this minute! Listen, daddy." She paled, flushed, paled again. "Take me with you. Oh, please, please! I won't

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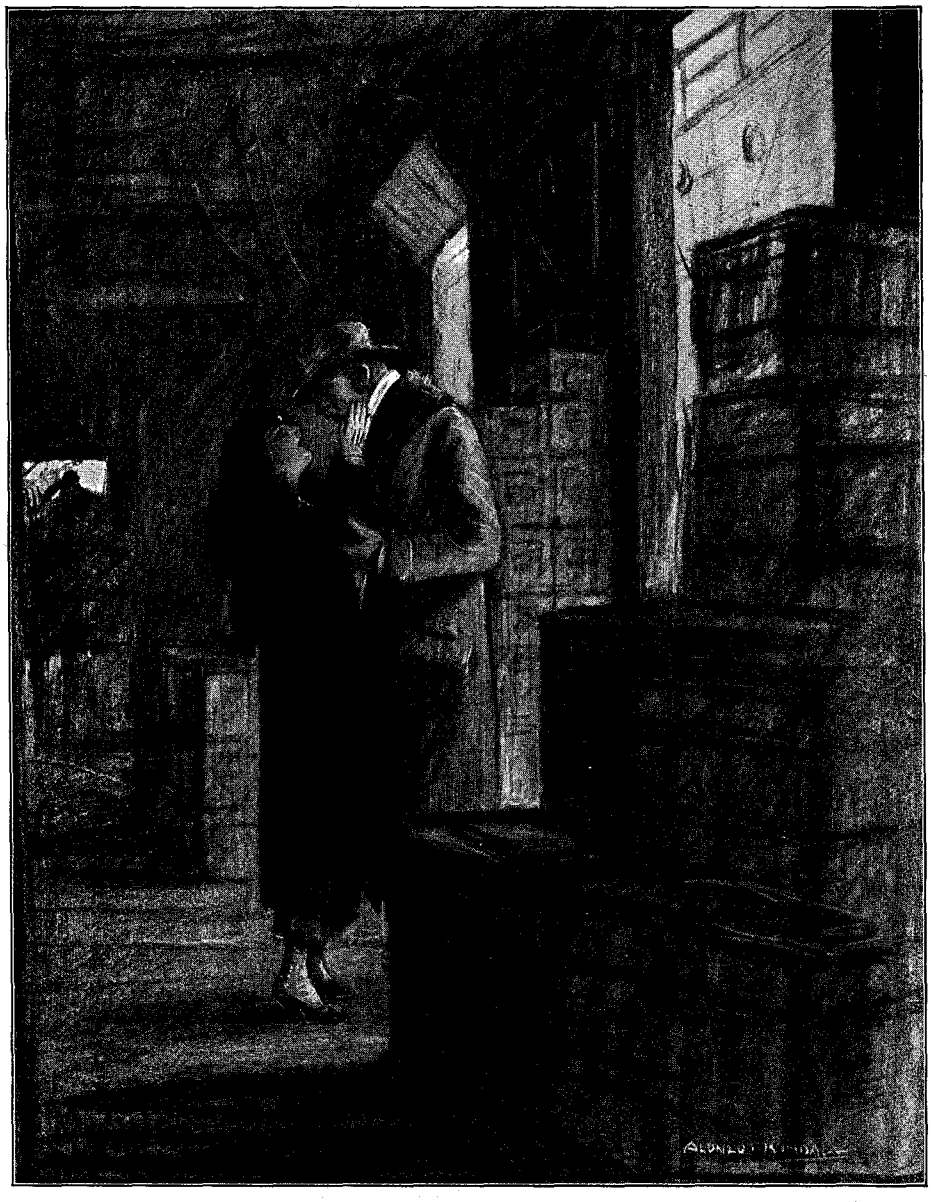

Instead, she did a strange and lovely thing.—Page 694.

be any bother. Truly, I won't. I'll be a Red Cross nurse, and you can have me appointed to one of the field-hospitals near where you're at work. Then we can see each other every day, and have all our evenings together."

For all the darling eagerness of her, Carew choked back a helpless laugh. This little soft unformed body, thrown into the maw of a field-hospital! Then he shivered. He set his teeth on a bitter word. A cruel vision flared before his eyes; the straggling endless file of the wan girl-children of Russia, as they wandered through the empty streets on their piteous, endless search; patient, starving, silent. Why, indeed, had he volunteered "for service in Russia"? Why

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hadn't all his sleek successful generation given themselves, body and soul, to this anguished need? How could they live and bear it, to hold back?

"Honey, I'm afraid a field-hospital wouldn't be the thing. Your mother might not like it, either."

"Maybe not." But the disappointment in her eyes hurt him to the quick.

Then from the deck beyond rang a long echoing call; a sinister cry:

"All ashore! All ashore!"

Dorothea started, trembled; her wide eyes filled. Carew, his own eyes dim, took a step toward her. But she did not go into the arms he held for her. Instead, she did a strange and lovely thing.

Her gray eyes fixed on his own, she put up both slender hands. She caught his face in both soft little palms; so she held his face tight in the frame of her hands. Then, lips quivering, but her brimming eyes held steady as stars in his own gaze, she drew his face down to her own. Four times she kissed him, his forehead, his eyes, his lips. His mother's own kisses; the exquisite gesture, the dear secret heritage of a woman dead long years before her own sweet life was born.

Then, with a little sob of pure grief, her arms went around his neck and she was clinging to him with all her pitiful might. Then he was hurrying across the gangway, already swaying beneath his feet; and from the rail Tactful James was waving a cheery hand.

"Hullo, old man. I'd begun to wonder whether you'd concluded to crawfish. Decided the risk was too great, after all."

Carew, silent, leaned against the rail.

"But there's little danger for us fellows if we stay by the construction work."

Carew a little hoarsely laughed out, a boy's laugh, defiant, utterly content. The world was his, and the love of life, and the pride in his nation, and the royal will to win, all given back to him by his own child's hand. "I'm not going to stay behind with the construction gangs. But I'm not going to get killed. I'm coming back to America, when the job's done. Because—I've got something now to come back for."

THE PRICE O' DREAMS

By Alice Rollit Coe

We dream; and the mounting vision,
Freed from the reek and stain
Of sin-bound cities, is lifted
To skies that are clear again—
Homes redeemed from the spoiler,
The child at his happy play;
But for every dream we win to fact,
With blood and with tears we pay.

There kindled a dream of freedom,
It burned with a holy flame;
When, slowly, with lips that trembled,
We spelled out that awful name,
Down in the dust of the battle
Our best—our dearest, lay.
We dream, and the dreams come true at last,
But we pay, we pay, we pay.

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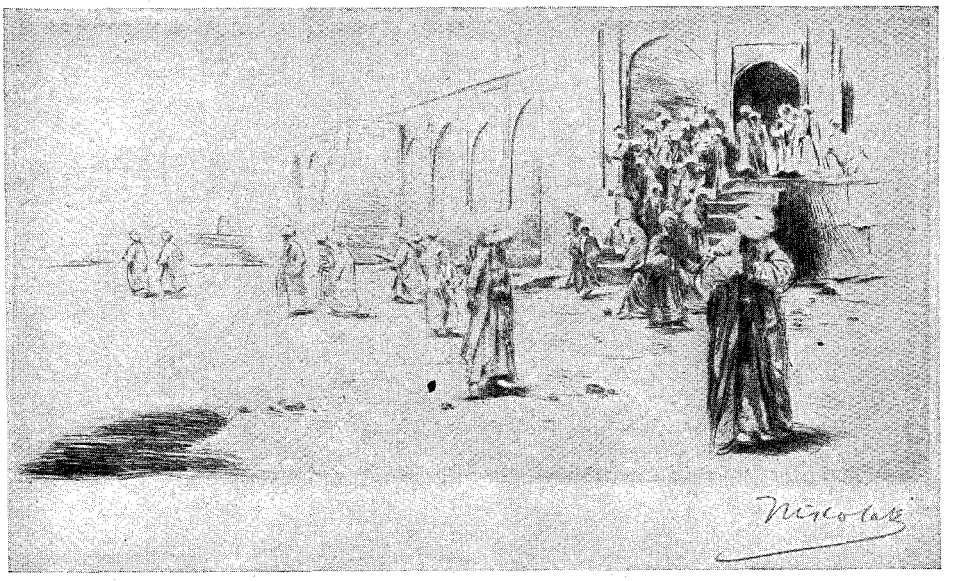

Bokhara. Leaving the mosque.

SAMARKAND

By Nikolaki P. Zarokilli*

FORTY years ago the unfurling of the green flag at Constantinople would have seen all Mohammedans, from Algiers to the confines of Asia, rise in a body against the infidel; but to-day conditions have changed. When the Sheikh, Ul Islam, called out the believers in the name of Allah, the world turned anxious eyes toward India and Central Asia, but in spite of their coreligionists in Turkey and much to the disappointment of Germany, who underestimated the work of Russia and England in the Orient, the Mohammedans of mysterious Asia cast their lot with the armies struggling for liberty and civilization and contributed their quota to the cause of humanity.

Of all the cities of Central Asia, Marakanda, as the Greeks called Samarkand, in Turkestan, has been the most important at practically all times. Upon this city and Bokhara for ages the covetous eyes of the various Khans, Khakans, or Amirs have been focussed, and as the waves of invasions came from east or west, north or south, these two cities suffered partial or total destruction.

Under Timour Samarkand became the capital of his vast empire and was the centre of Asia and the Mohammedan world. This ruler was responsible for most of its monuments, which have survived to the present day, and which may be justly acclaimed as the masterpieces of Islam. To Samarkand he sent architects, scientists, and artisans from conquered cities, and his army, when not engaged in war, he used for building.

Conditions in Bokhara and Samarkand, once the greatest slave-markets of Asia, where at times a slave could be bought for about twenty-five cents, the same price as that of a measure of grain, so improved under Russian control that these cities are as safe to visit and inhabit as were Moscow or Petrograd before the war.

The town of Bokhara is to-day exactly as it was in the days of Timour. The streets, the shops, the habits breathe mediævalism. Samarkand abounds in

*The etcher, and author of these notes, Mr. Nikolaki P. Zarokilli, is a Greek, a native of Trebizond, who for the greater part of his life has been a resident of Asia.

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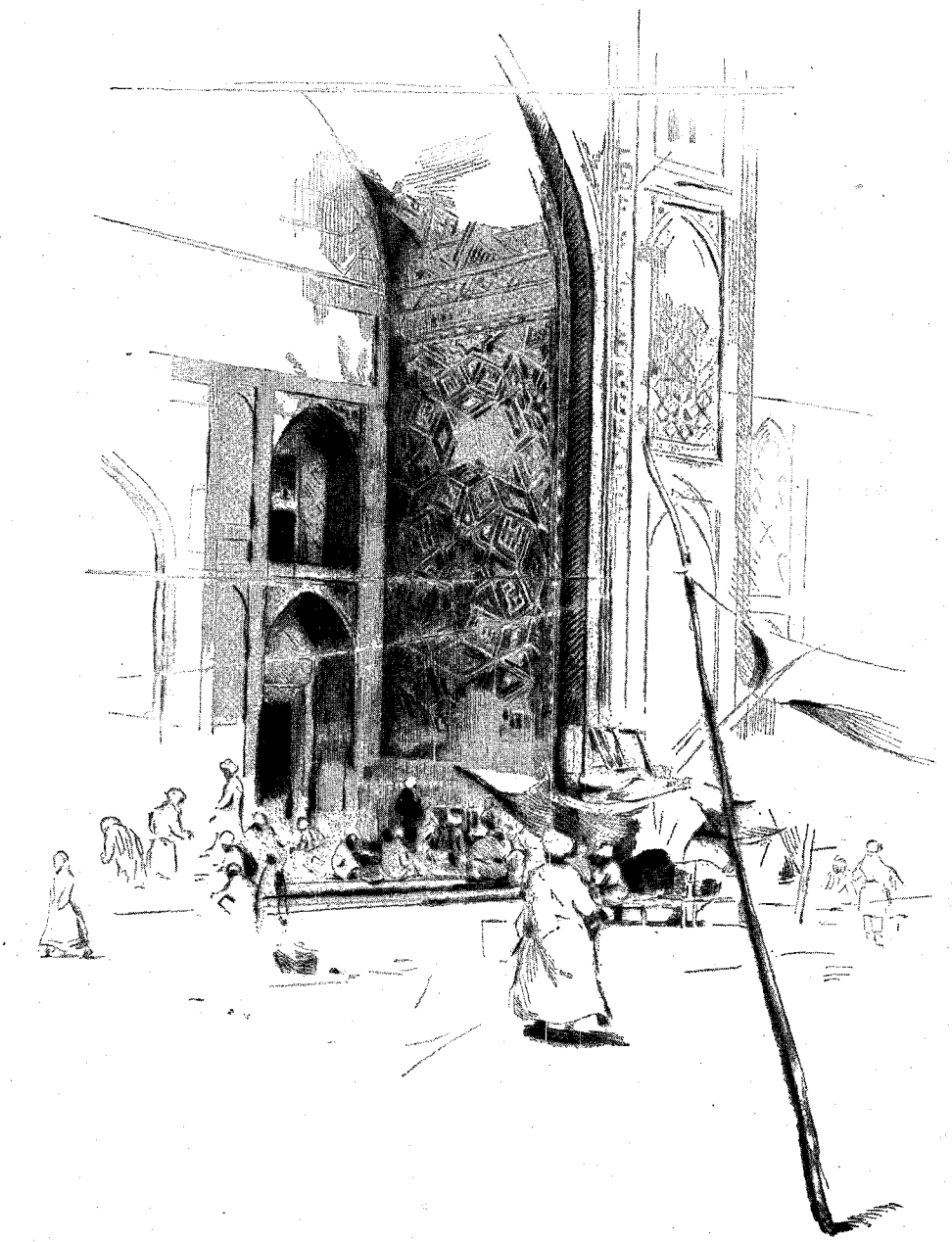

Samarkand. Main entrance of one of the three Medressés of the Reghistan.

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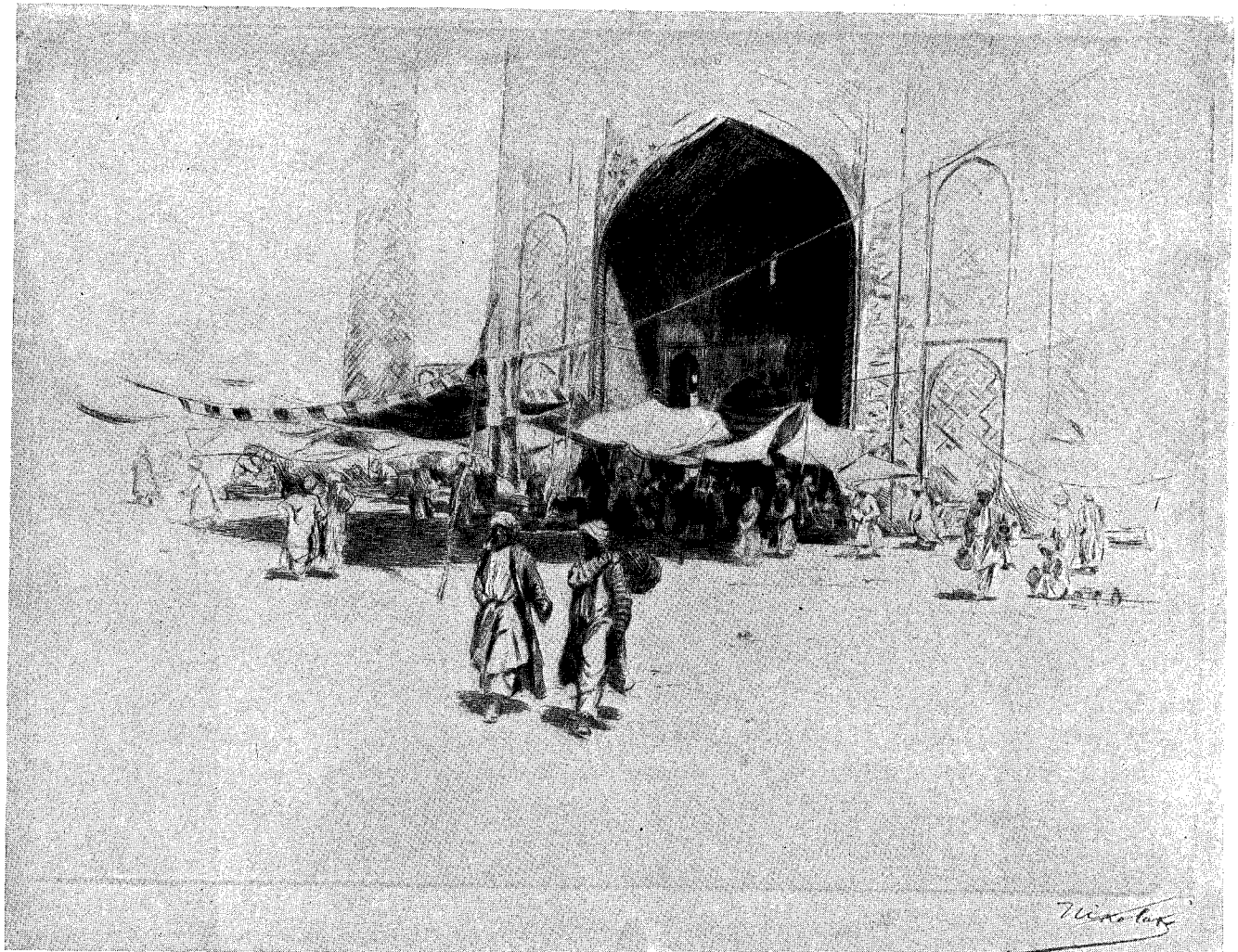

Samarkand. The Reghistan.

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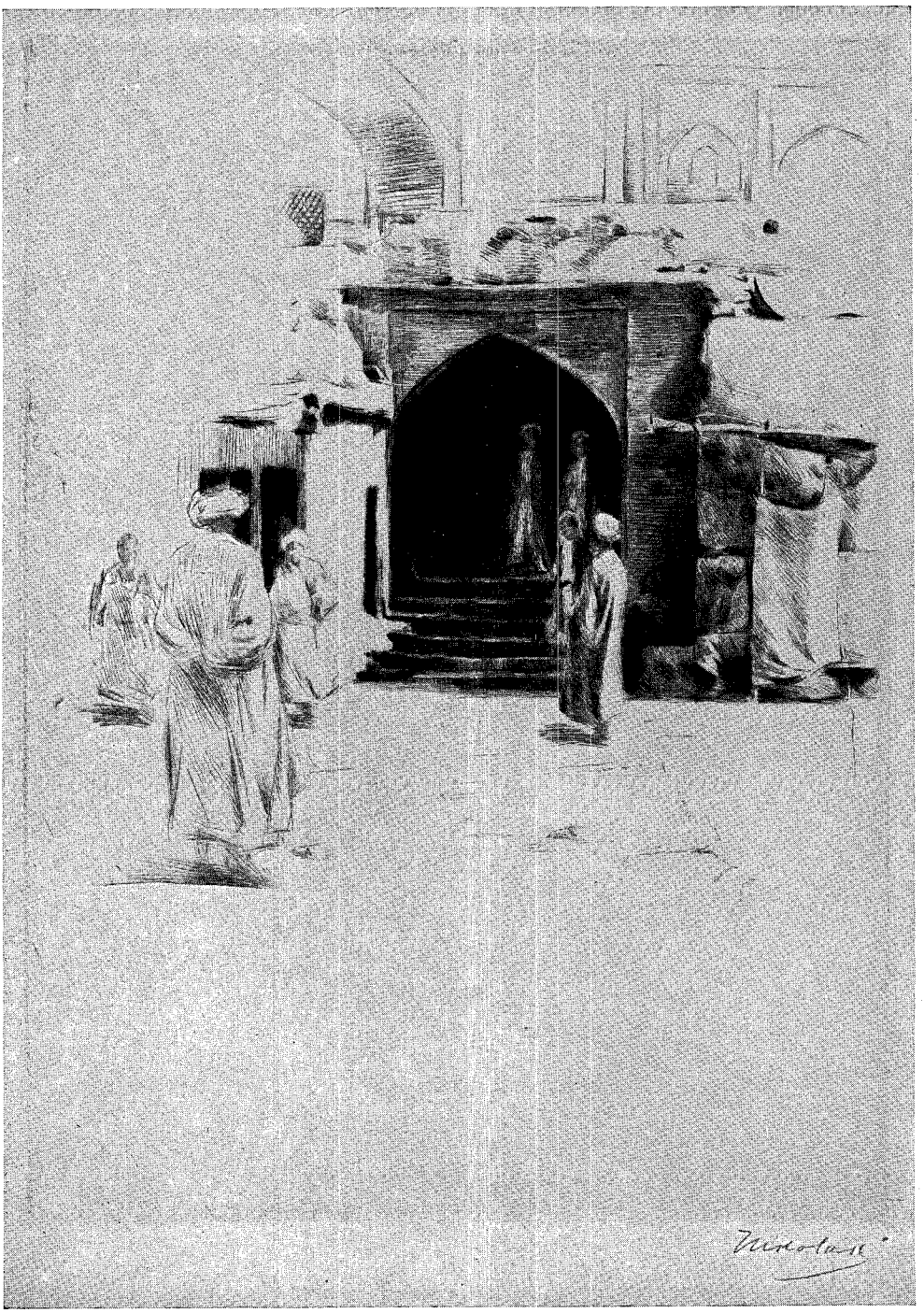

Bokhara. Street scene.

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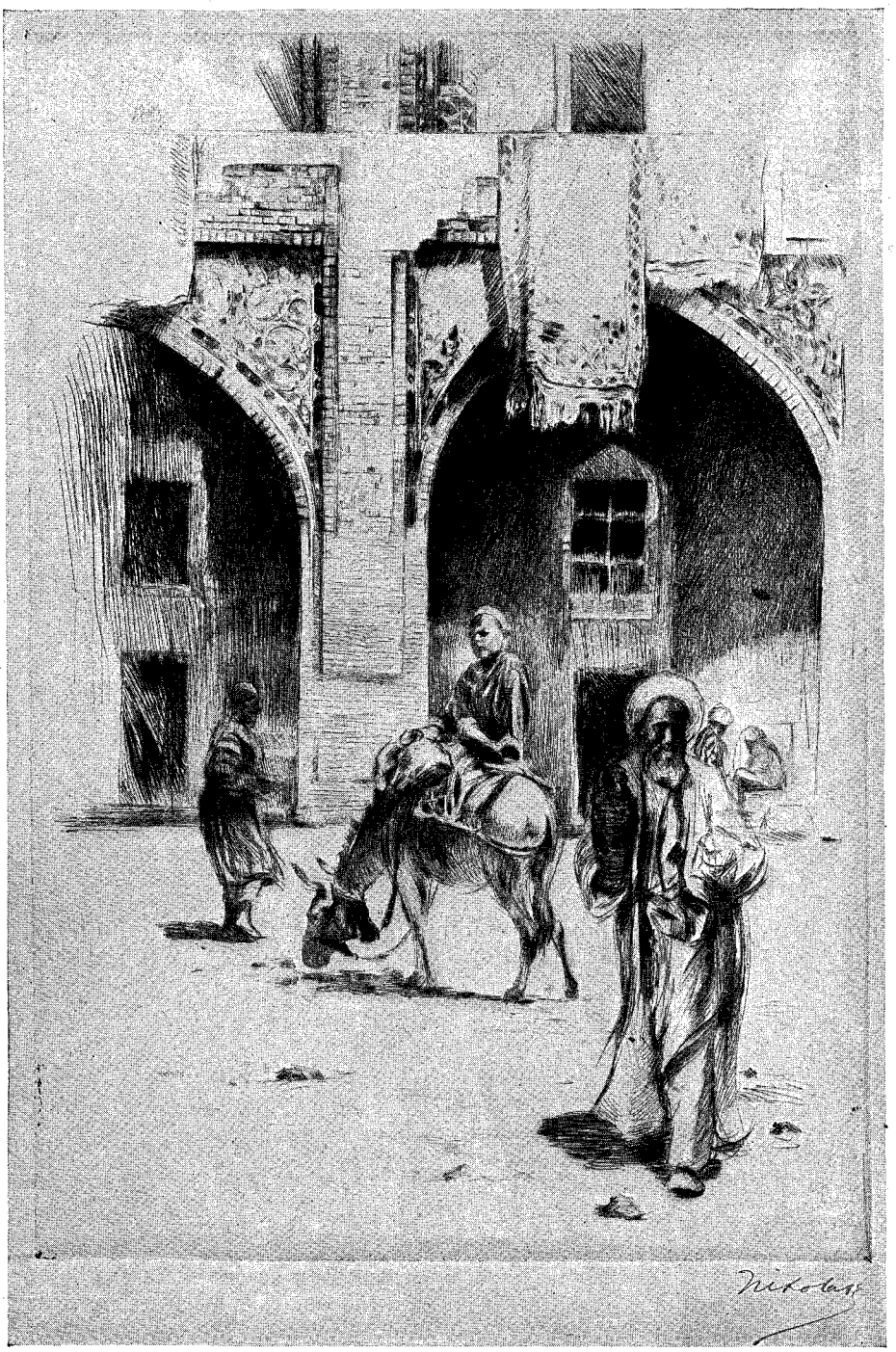

Samarkand. Medressé court.

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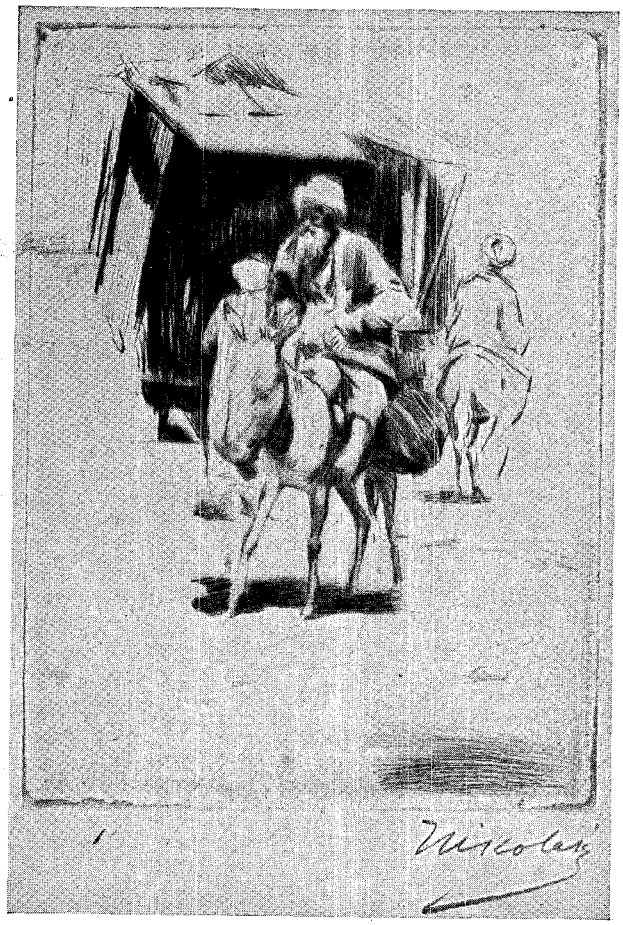
Oriental interest. Particularly imposing is the scene of the Reghistan and its three monumental Medressés (colleges). Their façades, covered with beautiful multi-colored tiles of blue, green, and yellow, discreetly relieved by a little black, set a fitting background to the small shops under white or striped tents, where the white turbans. Their nonchalant movements, as they walk in the hot sun of Asia or sit in the purple shadows of their tents, crouched on benches lazily conversing, all go to make a picture that cannot be forgotten.

These Asiatics are gradually becoming occidentalized, and fanaticism is slowly



Bokhara. Returning from the fair.

merchants are displaying their wares. The fruit-seller's yellow melons individually harnessed and hanging from horizontal poles (in which state this wonderfully fragrant fruit is supposed to keep for a whole year) remind one of Japanese lanterns. The whole place teems with stately sartes, Jadjuks, Oezbecs, or Daghis in their striped khalates of vivid colors and embroidered topis (bonnets) or giving way to reason. That this fanaticism has been coincident with gross ignorance the following incidents will show:

In the war of the Daghestans against Russia, Shamil, the Daghestan leader, carried off many nobles during a raid. Negotiations were opened for an exchange of prisoners, and an ambassador despatched to Shamil to offer one million rubles for the prisoners. The Daghi chief-

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tain, whose knowledge of arithmetic was rather meagre, persisted that fifteen thousand rubles and not a kopeck less would he accept. Needless to say, this offer was readily accepted by the Russians.

I recall another instance of the prevailing ignorance, when about thirty years ago a notorious bandit was captured and brought to Trebizond, where he was sentenced to death. Upon hearing the verdict the criminal protested, claiming that he should be set up in a palace with forty servants and enough gold to live happily ever after, for while he murdered a few human beings he also killed the devil—or, at least, one devil! He went on to explain that when on a certain highway at dusk he saw the devil speeding in the direction of a village, he killed him and put him in a cave, the entrance of which he closed with a huge rock. The credulous governor sent him with a few soldiers to the spot, and they brought back the remains of Satan—a human skeleton and a rusty bicycle. This is the sinister history of the first American who ventured on a bicycle into that country.

The delicate task of handling fanatic Orientals, who would sooner give their lives than be contaminated by Occidental culture, has been handled very masterfully by the Russians. The people of Turkestan felt that while they were not disturbed in their religion, habits, and customs, they were well guarded by a powerful neighbor, and apprehensive at first, they soon became reconciled to the new system; the success of this system was made evident in the Great War, when there were, to my knowledge, thousands of examples of Central Asiatics who not only joined the Russian army and society, but remained loyal to them to the end, even when the test of their loyalty meant an expedition against their own kind.

PLACES

By Sara Teasdale

PLACES I love come back to me like music,
Hush me and heal me when I am very tired;
I see the oak woods at Saxton's flaming
In a flare of crimson by the frost newly fired,
And I am thirsty for the spring in the valley
As for a kiss ungiven and long desired.

I know a white world of snowy hills at Boonton,
A blue and white dazzling light on everything one sees,
The larches and hemlocks and maples sparkle,
Their ice-sheathed branches tinkle in the sharp thin breeze,
And iridescent crystals fall and crackle on the snow-crust
With the winter sun drawing cold blue shadows from the trees.

Violet now, in veil on veil of evening,
The hills across from Cromwell grow dreamy and far;
A wood-thrush is singing soft as a viol
In the heart of the hollow where the dark pools are;
The primrose has opened her pale yellow flowers
And heaven is lighting star after star.

Places I love come back to me like music—
Mid-ocean, midnight, the waves buzz drowsily;
In the ship's deep churning the eerie phosphorescence
Seems like souls of people who were drowned at sea;
And I can hear a man's voice, speaking, hushed, insistent,
At midnight, in mid-ocean, hour on hour to me.

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PEACE BY PUBLICITY

BY DAVID LAWRENCE

WE were sitting in an upper-story suite in a Paris hotel, a half-dozen American newspaper correspondents and a European premier, having a heart-to-heart talk—most of it not for publication—which meant things were discussed as they were and not as they might be permitted to appear in the daily news. Suddenly one of our number asked: "What do you really think of a league of nations? Will there ever be one—and, in your opinion, will it work?"

"There *will* be a league of nations and it will be a success if"—and here he paused to emphasize his answer—"if the United States becomes a member of it."

We knew by his manner he had not said this merely to please us—he was not given to flattery, and, besides, we were talking candidly about people and issues. His next remark was proof both of earnestness and sincerity.

"You see," he added, "after all, you come from the only disinterested nation; we—all of us in Europe—have some special interest. You have none. Yours is a mediating influence. So long as you exercise it the cause of peace will be advanced."

Not many days later several hundred correspondents from the Allied countries gathered at a sumptuous palace in Paris which had been set aside by the French Government for an international press club. The usual speeches of compliment were passed. Next to me sat the editor of perhaps the most independent of the French newspapers.

"How many American correspondents are in Paris?" he inquired.

"About one hundred and fifty," I replied. "Is that too many?"

"No," he said, "there never can be too many. The more eyes we have—American eyes, especially—the more we shall know of the peace-making, the more the people shall know. You in America believe in publicity. Your people can set the pace for the whole conference."

I mention these two conversations—the one with a European premier and the other with a leading European journalist—simply to illustrate the attitude of expectancy with which Europe received America at the peace conference. As for America's mediating influence in making a just treaty of peace or an effective league of nations, that cannot be assessed at this writing. As for the influence which the United States exerted and applied to make the conference of 1919 unlike any other in the world's history—an assembly of people's representatives—that is already measurable. For the whole course of the conference—so far as the public's knowledge of what was going on therein was concerned—was shaped by the President of the United States and a press delegation whose innocence of continental news methods was a virtue and whose mandate from their many editors to find out what was happening and cable it *ad lib* across the Atlantic was as scrupulously cherished as if given directly by the American people whom they sought to serve.

Their experience at the outset affords an insight into the workings of the peace conference; indeed, the skirmish over the method by which the public was to be advised of the debates and conclusions reached had as much to do with the final decision on procedure and organization as any other factor of outside opinion at Paris.

There ever will be controversy, no doubt, as to how much the public was permitted to know, as to what interference or restraint grew out of the potential censorship in Paris, but if we start from the axiom that instrumentalities for making peace are no more perfect than instrumentalities for waging war, we can inspect the affairs of the conference impartially and make allowances for the fact that nothing like it ever had happened before

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and that results were largely evolutionary —they had to take form on the spot without rule or precedent. If, for example, public opinion of the world had insisted that all the conferences be held on the public square in full view of the multitudes, they would have been so held. Because public opinion recognized some restraint as necessary, some privacy for discussion, so that views might be aired without requiring the principals always to pick and choose words that would not offend or rile political constituencies—because public opinion wanted the Paris conference to reach conclusions as quickly as possible and with the minimum amount of debate—the methods called for partial secrecy and partial publicity. It was the proportion of each that caused differences of opinion and many an irritable moment, but what most of the principals failed to realize was that it did not matter how many rules were adopted or how many restraints were imposed—it was literally impossible to keep a secret long at the Paris peace conference. There were too many reporters present, too many eyes watching. And behind each pair of eyes was the power to reach a mass of readers. Cables might be congested, delayed, interrupted, but wireless was available, and always the mails. And if any one had attempted to censor news at Paris, there was England near by—from London would go forth to the world the news of the peace conference. It would have been impossible to manage the Paris meeting on any other basis than it was, no matter how stringent the rules.

All the more reason why the fight for an open peace conference and the way in which the question was finally resolved has an intimate relation with the diplomacy of the future. It marks an epoch in international intercourse—the end of the old style of peace-making which prevailed at the Congress of Vienna a hundred years ago, when peoples knew very little of the proceedings and practically nothing of the great forces that lay behind the agreements that were reached. Just a handful of men made that peace treaty, as they had many another. True, a handful of men have been guiding the conference at Paris, but they derived their power from their sense of the public wish, their divination of the popular will. In other words, they were able to dominate because some of them were ready at any time to have the things they were saying thrown open to public debate, to the ears of the world. They did not always make public their views, but they acquired potential strength in the knowledge that they could often rally peoples, indeed world opinion, behind them by a simple statement of the proposals they were championing.

Frequently extreme suggestions were made. In any gathering of national spokesmen the political personality will be found. Always there will be those who feel they can gain favor with a large or influential following in their own countries by proposing an extension of territory or an acquisition of resources for the exploitation of their own nationals. How were influences like these curbed? Publicity—with all its subtle turns—better known, perhaps, in the parlance of newspaper writers as "leaks"—these were means of protection. Many a troublesome proposal was squelched at the outset by being made public. Anything that could not stand exposure to the air of public opinion was promptly dropped by its proponents—dropped when the public learned of it, and usually somebody made it his business to acquaint the public through newspaper correspondents. Thus the great number of press correspondents performed a function at the peace conference the true value of which may only appear in retrospect to those who were intimately identified with the happenings at Paris.

The story reverts in the telling to the happy November days of 1918 when the first armistice had been signed with the Germans, and the Allied diplomats in Paris were trying to reach an agreement on the place where the great peace conference should be held. The Belgians naturally urged Brussels. Premier Lloyd George wanted Geneva or Berne, and some of the Italians were inclined to agree with him. Colonel House was non-committal. Premier Clemenceau appealed for his vote in favor of Paris because it had been the centre of the Allied struggle. It was eminently fitting, he argued, that Paris should witness the closing scenes of

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the peace. What more striking lesson to the Germans than a peace treaty signed at Versailles where but a half-century before the Teuton had so arrogantly imposed his will on vanquished France?

"We will agree to Paris," said Colonel House, "on one condition——"

"Name it," said Premier Clemenceau eagerly, "and it shall be satisfied."

"That a status of neutral territory be reproduced for the purpose of the conference," remarked the American representative, "and that censorship of all press messages relating to the peace conference shall be abolished."

"Agreed," answered the aged executive of the French Government. The combination of Colonel House and Premier Clemenceau forthwith won the British prime minister and the Italian premier. So the palace at Versailles where the supreme war council had sat throughout war became the meeting-place for the great council of peace.

It was on the strength of the above conversation that President Wilson announced to the Congress of the United States in December that the censorship out of Paris had been lifted, and with that understanding in mind the American correspondents went to the peace conference. The American mission said frankly that evidence of any contravention of this pledge would be viewed as the vital business of the mission. Technical difficulties there were at first—it was hard to abolish a war censorship quickly. Telegraph-operators would not send messages unless they had a censor's stamp, so accustomed was the whole government machinery to official approval of press despatches. The French Government maintained its censors at the telegraph-office to distinguish between messages relating to the peace conference and those describing internal affairs of a military nature unrelated to the conference. Thus on the occasion of a reported mutiny at Brest of French troops who were supposed to have refused pointblank to go to Russia, the French censors stopped all despatches relating to the incident as not within the limits of political correspondence or peace-conference occurrences. Similarly the American army censors were stationed at the cable-office to stop any unauthorized despatches referring to movements of American troops or articles relating to the morale of the American army. There were very few cases of direct interference with any kind of press messages, and while articles labelled "peace conference" and referring plainly to international politics may have suffered inexplicable delays occasionally, they got through to destination intact.

So much, therefore, for the restraint upon the correspondents. Both the governments of Great Britain and France carried out their pledged word to the United States Government, and the attainment of an open line of communication to the American people was a distinct fulfilment of the promise given by the President to Congress.

But it was apparent to most of us on arrival in Paris that the lifting of the censorship at the cable-office was valueless if another censorship—many times as important—were voluntarily imposed by the principals upon themselves. The point arose at one of the very first meetings of the famous Council of Ten, consisting of two representatives of France, Great Britain, Italy, Japan, and the United States. The suggestion was made that publicity of all proceedings should be limited to an official *communiqué* daily. Both President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George thought this would be insufficient and unsatisfactory to the press and the people generally. Moreover, it was proposed by the French that the principals should agree not to discuss with the press what occurred in their conferences. Against both these rulings the Americans and British protested, and the meeting ended without a definite decision on the subject.

That night—in fact, within an hour of the adjournment of the Council of Ten's meeting—an interesting thing occurred. Sir George Riddell, intimate friend of Mr. Lloyd George and official representative of the whole British press, summoned the English correspondents and told them what had occurred, with the immediate result that resolutions of protest were formulated for presentation to the peace council on the following day. Sir George Riddell telephoned to the American correspondents what the British newspaper

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men were doing, and promptly a meeting of the American writers was called wherein a similar protest was adopted unanimously. True enough, neither the British nor American correspondents needed any inspiration or hint, but plainly their action was exactly what President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George wished. They voiced a protest on behalf of their respective constituencies—the British and American peoples. The French, Italian, and Japanese delegates had seemed willing to adopt a rule which would suppress knowledge of the council's proceedings beyond the official *communiqué*, but the British and American spokesmen, armed with protests from the press of their countries, checkmated the effort. It took some plain talking to persuade their colleagues of the dangers involved. Finally, it was unanimously agreed that the press of all the Allied countries should be invited to present a formula of publicity for the peace conference. Several hundred correspondents representing newspapers in the United States, Canada, Latin America, China and Japan, Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Serbia, and Greece, gathered at the international press club in Paris. The American correspondents held a caucus just before the big meeting and adopted a set of resolutions demanding admission to the peace conference and a verbatim account of proceedings. The newspaper men of the different nationalities expressed their views and a committee of fifteen was then appointed with plenary powers to return an answer to the peace conference. The British, Italian, and American correspondents on the committee found themselves in agreement, but the French vigorously opposed what they regarded as excessive publicity. They argued in much the same way that the French delegates had argued in opposition to the ideas of President Wilson and Premier Lloyd George. So after an all-night discussion, majority and minority reports were presented. The American correspondents had refused to compromise in any sense on the principle of full publicity, and the British and Italian press representatives were unwilling to adopt the extreme position in favor of suppression which the Frenchmen had championed. Two days later many French newspaper writers held a meeting, at which they declared the spokesmen at the interallied conference to have been selected by the French Foreign Office and in no sense representative of the French press, which, they added, had no hesitancy in aligning itself with the liberal position adopted by the British, American, and Italian writers. But it was too late. The Council of Ten had adopted a compromise proposal written by Premier Lloyd George in collaboration with President Wilson. That proposal provided for the admission of the press to the plenary sessions, where all delegates were present and the final conclusions of the several committees were presented, but declared that privacy must necessarily prevail at the meetings of the Council of Ten, which, it was averred, were analogous to those of a cabinet. Indeed, it is gratifying to record that President Wilson was ready to agree to the presence in *all* conferences, however informal, of ten correspondents representing all the Allied nations. These men were to hear everything, secret, private, or confidential, that might be said informally, formally, or otherwise. They were to agree in advance, however, to publish nothing except those subjects on which a mutual agreement between the delegates and the ten press representatives would be reached as to the facts and discussions to be revealed. This would have given the peace conference the benefit of the disinterested judgment of newspaper men as to what the people of the world would like to know and, at the same time, would have protected the conference against publicity on questions admittedly so complicated as to cause friction between nations if published in piecemeal and without an adequate presentation of all sides. But while the President's proposal was a tribute to the integrity of the press as he viewed it and a record of his willingness to have somebody besides government officials listen to every word spoken, the suggestion was rejected as impracticable. For one thing, it is doubtful whether in these days of news competition an agreement could have been reached in all countries on the choice of ten men who should be given the enviable privilege of listening to all the private and in-

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formal discussions at the peace conference.

So the peace conference admitted the press to the plenary sessions, which all delegates attended, and limited their own expression of what occurred in the private conferences of the Council of Ten to a daily *communiqué* stating briefly the progress or result reached.

But the American newspaper men—being newspaper men and not diplomats or officials—felt it incumbent upon themselves to go on record as against acceptance of any restriction. They would not take the responsibility for any secrecy or suppression. The official delegates to the peace conference might do that, but the majority of correspondents, while individually sympathizing with the decision as finally announced because it seemed the only workable way to get results quickly, nevertheless adopted resolutions of dissent. They felt this necessary to warn the delegations against too much secrecy in the proceedings of the Council of Ten and to minimize the number of so-called executive private sessions of the full conference of delegates.

As to what happened to the rule that the principals in the Council of Ten should not communicate with newspaper men on the subjects of their discussion, nobody was able at the time to learn. Certainly, it became a dead letter as the peace conference developed. In fact, M. Pichon, the French foreign minister, soon afterward instituted a regular conference with the press representatives of all countries on Sunday mornings. Premier Lloyd George met the British correspondents regularly, and Foreign Secretary Balfour received both the American and British writers. Colonel House and Mr. Lansing occasionally gave audience to the British newspaper men, and altogether the contact between the reporters and the delegates became very useful. Whenever large groups of correspondents were invited by the different principals at the peace conference, an important announcement was forthcoming or an explanation of some point in the policy of the interested country. Conferences became so numerous that newspaper men frequently found four or five scheduled for the same day, which led one of the American correspondents to remark that whenever anybody wanted anything printed or exploited, there were plenty of conferences, but when a conflict in view or friction occurred—in other words, when what was termed as "real news" was in the air—reticence was the order and silence the mandate.

But this did not last long—an edition or two might be missed but at the end of a few days of persistent investigation, the truth would be discovered. No rule forbidding discussion of the various points of view expressed within the Council of Ten could be effective so long as it was to the interest of some delegate or some delegations to make such view-points public. Nobody professed to know how the newspaper men got hold of inside "secrets" on such occasions, and not infrequently the members of the Council of Ten would look accusingly at one another as they resumed their sessions with big head-lines staring them in the face telling the world exactly what had been discussed in the morning or on the night before.

Old-fashioned diplomacy was impossible in such an atmosphere. Even gentlemen's agreements to withhold certain questions from the press could not be observed, however willing or anxious may have been the principals to do so. Secrets could not be kept with so many people acquainted with them and with no censorship to restrain their despatch on the cables or telegraph. Too many individuals knew these "secrets." Every mission at Paris had a personnel of several hundred. The correspondents of the several countries knew these men intimately. Some one remarked in Paris recently that the easiest way to get something printed in a hurry was to mark it "secret and confidential" and distribute it through the different delegations at the peace conference.

Thus the principals discussed peace with a consciousness that they were being watched. The eyes and ears of hundreds of alert correspondents were on guard. Out of this self-consciousness on the part of the delegates grew a tendency to try out various proposals on informal and social occasions. "Feelers" were tossed from one delegation to another. President Wilson, for example, was invited to

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lunch with the members of the French Senate. The President of the French Senate sat beside him and devoted much of his conversation to the necessity for pooling the cost of the war so that the United States might conceivably bear a proportionate share of the financial burden, even though she had not been a belligerent during the first two years. The President received the suggestion rather coldly. Certainly, no correspondents were eavesdropping. Also the President is not in the habit of repeating conversations he hears at tables where he may be a guest. But the best of plans sometimes go awry, and more than one person knew of the carefully laid scheme to have the subject broached to Mr. Wilson on the occasion of that luncheon. Subsequently the French dropped the whole idea. There is, indeed, no record now that they ever formally proposed that America pay for two years of the European War in which she did not participate. Premature publicity either killed the idea or satisfied the French that they could not afford to make such a proposal and stand the consequences of a public refusal on the part of her allies.

There were many such instances in which the possibilities of publicity lurked ominously. Secret combinations to vote for or against certain territorial cessions were frequently talked of, but the danger in trying to make a trade was the ever-present, one might say pestiferous, corps of correspondents. They might find out, and then all that was sought might be lost. Secret agreements of an informal character between individual statesmen at the conference were by no means impossible, but they were rendered difficult by the presence of the press. It was not merely that a delegation advancing an imperialistic or selfish claim might be held up to the scorn of other countries, but that opposition political elements could make political capital out of departures from the generally accepted principles of equity and attack the party in power. In other words, the press watched not simply for the peoples of the world but for the different domestic political factions of each country. Because while the United States has been concerning itself chiefly with the speeches of Democratic or Republican senators in opposition to President Wilson's programme, much more vital to the European peace delegations was the activity of the opposition parties in the different parliaments in Europe. Opposition forces in the United States could not unseat the President because of his fixed tenure, but elsewhere, if given a popular cause, could overthrow a premier and his cabinet and bring about a change in the personnel of a peace delegation.

Naturally, this led to the closest intimacy between certain delegates and the representatives of those newspapers which at home were outspokenly in support of the government party, while correspondents of so-called "opposition" newspapers preserved an attitude of critical aloofness. These alignments proved a most vital factor in securing dispassionate accounts of the proceedings. If, for example, the correspondent of a newspaper known to be unfriendly to Premier Lloyd George showed in detail how the prime minister had brought about a compromise over a delicate point, the English-reading public would not hesitate to credit Mr. Lloyd George with a signal achievement. On the other hand, any attempt to prove that the British prime minister had adopted an attitude favorable to the interests of Great Britain when, to the eyes of the disinterested correspondent, he had not championed the particular principle in question with an ardor sufficiently conclusive to all observers, would invariably form the basis for opposition criticism. It was the same in every country, and the correspondents representing publications, daily, weekly, monthly, of all shades of political opinion, acted in a sense as a check on one another. Frequently their debates among themselves furnished as heated controversies as the arguments of the principals. On questions of fact there were rarely disagreements—these could usually be resolved by individual verification. But on the interpretations of fact many a divergence of opinion occurred, which accounted to some extent for the differences in the daily cable despatches. Many great newspapers for that reason secured the services of several correspondents and printed various versions of the same happening—in order

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that their readers might make up their own minds based upon all the information available on the spot.

Only in a few cases—and, fortunately, most of these were not American—did it seem that delegations were able to color the reports in ways to which individual correspondents might have objected if the proprietors of their newspapers had not been politically affiliated with the peace missions of their respective countries. There were two or three instances in which governments obviously used certain editorial writers as a medium for the expression of ideas which it would not have been discreet for them to mention in the peace conference itself. This sort of subtle attack often touched proposals which a delegation might be anxious to oppose but which it might not feel disposed to criticise because of possible ill-feeling that might be created or because an atmosphere unfavorable to another problem under discussion might be produced. Thus an "inspired press" was sometimes used for affirmative as well as negative purposes—to convince public opinion of the merit of a claim or to condemn it by ridicule or an appeal to passions of nationality. These manœuvres were among the most vital of the whole peace conference, and it was not unusual to find President Wilson wondering at the origin of certain attacks in a French or British newspaper, and at the same time analyzing their contents because of the hint or trend of future policy contained therein.

All the peace delegations read newspapers with avidity. Moreover, the American mission received every day a cabled summary of what the newspapers of the United States said editorially—a pro and con assortment. Also the American delegates were apprised by telegraph or wireless daily of what was being said in the leading editorials in Switzerland, Holland, Spain, and the Scandinavian countries, as well as in the newspapers of China, Japan, and Latin America. Protests from the people were bound to be heard that way. It is no reflection on previous conferences in world history to say that no meeting of diplomats followed public opinion as closely as did the gathering at Paris this year. Facilities for such a study of world opinion were not available a hundred years ago. Cables, telegraph, wireless have brought peoples together only in recent years, and means of news communication have been particularly advanced by the Great War. But the facilities themselves would have been of little consequence if the delegations had not felt inclined to use them—to keep abreast of public opinion. No doubt the precedent established at the preliminary sessions in Paris of the league of victors will become the basis for action at the future meetings of the league of nations, or the international secretariat which is designed as a clearing-house for the foreign affairs of all nations. Notes, petitions, protests, and representations of every sort will come to the seat of the league of nations. Publicity will be the important factor behind them all. If they can be pigeonholed, they will avail little to the cause of international reconciliation. But at the Paris conference few communications escaped the eye of the press. Even the informal conversations were more or less comprehensively reported. Many of these were not considered "interesting" from the view-point of correspondents in America, as they concerned territorial difficulties purely local to the nationalities affected. Only when broad principles were affected did the American writers feel it worth while to cable accounts thereof to American readers. And virtually the same principle was followed by the correspondents from other countries. On the whole, much of what was actually said in the conferences at Paris has been covered in the news despatches—the arguments for or against the proposals before the conference have in the main been published, however obscure the persons who stood sponsor for these arguments have preferred to remain. None of the principals cared to have himself projected as dictating to his colleagues or as "winning victories" or "scoring points" over his fellow delegates. These were among the inevitable costs of publicity—the appeal to personal jealousies and vanities and national pride. But much of this was offset by the attitude of those who phrased their articles with discretion and tact and with a sincere purpose to advance and not obstruct the cause of

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peace. The disadvantages of publicity were insignificant compared to the advantages.

The armistice ending the greatest war in all history was made by publicity—open covenants, openly arrived at. Notes were exchanged by the belligerents and published as soon as formally sent. And to any one who has watched the process by which conflicting national desires have been reconciled in Paris by statesmen whose peoples bade them thrust aside petty jealousies and personal politics in the greater interest of humanity, there can be no doubt that diplomacy has undergone its greatest test—it has been carried on under the eyes of the people. Peace will have been made in 1919 by publicity, and peace will be kept by publicity.

ARTILLERY IN A QUIET SECTOR

By Henry L. Stimson
Late Colonel, Field-Artillery, U. S. A.

"THIS division believes that this is an artillery war. We believe that, given a thorough artillery preparation, good infantry can advance and take any German position up to the limit of the range of the guns. When that range is reached the infantry must stop and a new artillery preparation be begun."

The speaker was the commander of one of the most famous British attack divisions, giving me a résumé of his tactics at the close of my first day of war in January, 1918. We were sitting in his hut in one of the ruined villages of Picardy. A few thousand yards in front of us lay the ridge over whose summit peeped the spires of Cambrai and along which ran the mass of wire and intrenchments of the Hindenburg line. Even then on the other side of that ridge German divisions were practising for the effort which was seriously to modify the general's tactics as thus laid down and to prove that under certain conditions infantry could push forward without waiting for a new artillery preparation. But in spite of this the essence of his statement remained true through all the varying fortunes of the coming months. The war remained an artillery war to the end of the chapter.

The two new weapons of the defense, barbed wire and the machine gun, had completely changed the terrain for attacking troops. Human beings, whether mounted or dismounted, while struggling with the obstruction of the one could be almost instantly destroyed by the concentrated power of the other; and artillery, until almost the close of the war, was the only weapon which could beat down the one and search out and destroy the other. Even the tank, when it appeared on the scene to supplement and assist the artillery of the attack, only served to create a new demand for artillery on the defense. The very same division, in whose camp I was sitting, participated in the surprise attack on Cambrai in November, 1917, following behind the first tanks used in that way, and its assault was stopped for an entire day by the prompt courage of a single German artillery officer who pulled his guns into the open and potted the British tanks as, one by one, they loomed over the sky-line in front of him.

So when we came into the war it was of essential importance that we should create artillery. At that time the United States Army contained only 459 field-artillery officers, many of them with but a few months' training. At the end of a year and a half it contained nearly 25,000 field-artillery officers, many of them experienced veterans. At the beginning of the war we had only 11,000 enlisted men in the field-artillery. At the close of the war we had 400,000. These figures give only a suggestion of the size of our task, for they give no measure of the skill and

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training required to produce an artillerist, whether officer or man.

Fortunately, the traditions and methods of our American artillery were good. They had been developed for an entirely different country than Europe, a rough frontier country largely without maps or reference points, and our technic lacked the precision necessary for trench warfare. But the initiative and spirit of devotion to the service were high, and some of our best regular artillery officers, with a superb spirit of personal subordination, devoted themselves to the work of developing in America the necessary schools and training-camps at the cost of their own participation in the conflict.

Fortunately, also, we had for our foreign instructors the best field-artillerists in the world, those of the French Army, and American officers can never overpraise the generosity with which French experience was laid at our feet or the patient intelligence with which we were initiated into the mysteries of the technic which France for many years had been developing. There is a wide-spread notion among laymen that the secret of French artillery success is contained in the famous *soixante-quinze*—the French light field-piece. This is a very imperfect conception. The French 75 is a good gun; all things considered, perhaps the best of the various light field-pieces used by the different armies on either side of the western battle-line, but its superiority is not excessive or controlling. What gave it its superiority was the technical skill of the French artillery officer developed under a remarkable system of mechanical aids and mathematical instruction, all standardized according to the French passion for uniformity and system, until it had reached a level beyond that attained by any other nation. France had been measured and mapped until it was like a great artillery-range. Reference points and base points had been identified and marked. A system of precision fire, based upon the physical laws of dispersion, had been developed; methods for correcting errors caused by varying temperature, barometer, or wind had been evolved, and the French artillerist had been trained to apply and use these with the same rapidity and accuracy with which the skilful musician plays his instrument. And they had all been trained alike. There were none of the individual idiosyncrasies which we so often find in American artists, whether in war or civil life. An American regiment when transferred from one French instructor to another, would always find the same doctrine and the same art.

In the changing tactics of the four years' struggle on the western front this exquisite technic of the French field-artillerist held from time to time a somewhat changed position, but it was always an important one. Heavy howitzers and longer-range guns were developed and took their places behind. Trench mortars, tanks, and machine guns multiplied in front. The *soixante-quinze* remained, *par excellence*, the weapon which protected the infantryman, and wherever it was put, the Frenchman's ability to handle his weapon quickly, intelligently, and accurately was responsible for saving many thousands of precious lives. During the grim struggle of the last year, when the long, thin line was being hammered remorselessly, now here, now there, by the Boche battering-ram, the defensive barrage and the even more effective counter-offensive of the French light artillery was perhaps the main prop by which that line was held until the accumulating American tide made possible the final counter-stroke.

One of my battery captains was fortunate enough to see the first repulse of the Germans at Belleau Wood, and his account was dramatic. He had been sent forward on liaison duty, and reached his post at the infantry-battalion headquarters just as the attack began. From his observation-post in the attic of an old French farmhouse his view ranged over the broad meadows sloping down across the stream and up the opposite hill to the borders of the woods. Along the valley in front of him ran the thin American line behind such hasty shelter as could be found for the emergency. Just as he took his position the gray waves of assaulting German infantry emerged from the woods in apparently endless succession. They came on through the grain-fields, unchecked by the gaps made by the rifles and machine guns of the marines, but

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suddenly, just as it seemed certain they would reach their objective, down upon them came the barrage of the French artillery. It was one of those perfect barrages where range and correction and adjustment have all worked together accurately, and it swept the grain-field from side to side with a cloud of high-explosive smoke, as the sirocco sweeps the desert. When it lifted, the attack had ceased. Nothing living moved in the foreground. All that was left of the assault had been swept back into the shelter of the woods.

When our own regiment reached the front it was in July, 1918. Nearly a year had passed since its organization and since the first raw recruits of the draft army had made their way from the railroad-station into the still unfinished barracks of the training-camp, sprouting up like mushrooms among the scrub-oaks of Long Island. The officers of the regiment had been at work even longer, nearly fifteen months. Under the intensive training system put into effect by our military authorities the pressure had been incessant during that period. First had come the keen competition of the officers' camp, then the long grind of drill and school at the cantonment through the weary months of the winter, and finally a third period, the most severe of all, at the French artillery-camp, where, day after day, on the target-range, on the drill-ground, and in the lecture-room, men and officers were welded together into a shooting machine by our French and American instructors. The news of German victories coming from the front had shortened our course and increased the pressure. We began shooting at seven in the morning and a steady round of instruction continued until nearly nine o'clock at night, when men's minds had almost reached the limit of saturation in new ideas and impressions. When at last the long strain was ended and the day came to put into effect the lessons we had so laboriously learned, the first impression upon the officers was one of relief and relaxation. Even the three days' journey across France by troop-train was a welcome change from the pressure under which they had been working.

The sector to which we were sent presented a very different picture from the wintry, rain-soaked fields of Picardy, where I, who had preceded the division to France by several months, had obtained my first view of the war. It was one of the so-called quiet sectors in Lorraine. The country was rolling and great fields, golden with grain, alternated with the woodland. Behind us ran the valley of the Meuthe, not unlike some of the more beautiful valleys of central and northern New York. At our right began the wooded crests of the Vosges Mountains, and over all sparkled the radiant July sun. For most of us it was a veritable oasis, lying between the long tedium of the past year's preparation and the grim uncertainty of the months that were to come farther north.

Our troop-trains, each loaded with a battery, its men, horses, and vehicles, pulled into the stations in the valley of the Meuthe at intervals of a few hours, and the batteries were hastily unloaded and hurried into the sheltering protection of the great forests which lined the adjacent hills. For the Germans commanded the air, and even the railroad and the towns in the valley of the Meuthe were not free from their aerial bombs and long-range guns.

The infantry of our division, whose period of training had been shorter, had preceded us by several weeks, and up to the time of our arrival were being covered by the groups of French artillery which we were to relieve. Each of our two regiments of light artillery was to cover a sector occupied by one of our infantry brigades, a battalion of artillery covering the subsector of a regiment of infantry. Scattered along the entire divisional line were the heavy howitzers of our third artillery regiment. I commanded the first battalion of our first light regiment, and to me fell the position on the extreme right, part of my sector running through the open country in front of the abandoned city of Badonvillers and the remainder running into the deep forests of the Vosges, where the opposing picket-posts confronted each other in the woods and narrow ravines, and artillery protection to the infantry at best could only be imperfect.

Each day, after their arrival, the officers of a battery would go forward and

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reconnoitre their positions under the guidance of the French officers then holding them. During the midnight hours of the succeeding night the guns of the battery would be pulled forward into their places. It had been the original intention, according to the programme of instruction outlined for our army, that the French artillery should then remain for thirty days as our instructors, teaching us the tactics of the sector and acquainting us with our duties in the field. But two days after our first units arrived the never-ending pressure from the north changed all this and our French friends received orders to pull out at once and leave us to our own resources. That made a very interesting situation for novices at the game of war, and when I shook hands with my predecessor and saw him disappear into the darkness of the road that led to the rear and reflected on how much artillery knowledge he was carrying away with him and how little was left behind, I felt much like a Crusoe on a barren island.

Fortunately, the Boche was quiet, my junior officers were keen, intelligent, and indefatigable, and gradually the situation presented its landmarks, and one could grasp and even enjoy it. It was the duty of the artillery-battalion commander to master the tactics of his position, to keep his head above the pressure of details, and to get firmly grasped what must be done in all the possible emergencies of his sector. He must not allow himself to be submerged by the ever-present paper work, or to be prevented by the constant necessity of battery supervision from learning the physical characteristics of his terrain, from getting his observation-posts in the best positions for future usefulness, and, above all, from keeping his head clear to meet the ever-present cunning of the wily Boche. Let him once get submerged in routine and he was lost as a competent group commander.

To make the game more interesting, the American line of defense in that sector had just been changed. The main line of resistance had been drawn back, and this involved radical alterations in the artillery plan of defense. Ordinarily, this permanent plan of defense is worked out beforehand in the careful, detailed method of the French, and a *dossier* containing map plans and calculations for the various barrages is handed down to each successive artillery commander in the sector. The defense of each sector of the line is planned almost as carefully as the defense of a fortress.

In our case, owing to the change in the infantry line of resistance, new battery positions had to be chosen, new defensive barrages calculated, and new plans of action made to meet the chance that the enemy might force his way through and compel a retirement.

Far out in front of all ran the infantry observation-line. This consisted merely of isolated picket-posts, each containing four or five men situated several hundred yards apart. In front of them and between them and the German line ran our first-line barrage. In case the Germans left their trenches and advanced for attack across "No Man's Land," this first-line barrage was the place where the shells from the American batteries must instantly fall and stop them if possible. Day and night the guns must be trained on this line, and day and night a sentry must stand ready, on receipt of the signal of danger, to fire the first gun and call his fellows to begin the barrage.

In our sector, however, the line which our regiment of infantry held and which we had to cover with our guns was so long and thin—nearly five thousand yards in all—that no single barrage fired by a battalion of artillery could possibly cover it with sufficient density of fire to afford any protection against a determined enemy. Consequently, it was divided into three subsectors, upon either of which the guns of the battalion could be all turned simultaneously. One of these subsectors was carefully selected as the one where, from the character of the land and other known circumstances, any formidable attack must almost necessarily come, and this was called the "normal subsector." Upon it the guns were regularly trained. The two others were subsectors where a serious attack was not deemed so likely, and if a barrage was called for on one of them, the guns must be retrained before the barrage could open, a matter of some minutes.

Perhaps a thousand yards behind this

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infantry observation-line lay the line where our infantry were to make their main resistance in case of a big attack. In front of this was to fall the second-line barrage. Naturally, our second-line barrage must not be fired until the artillery commander was certain that the infantry actually had fallen back, otherwise his fire would kill our own men. Finally, there was a third line, beyond which there must be no retirement. Here infantry and artillery alike must fight to the last, and to make effective resistance here the batteries, in case of such a contingency, must be moved from their emplacements and take new positions where they could best assist in this last stand.

These permanent plans must be decided upon and carefully worked out by the artillery command; each detail of procedure down to the separate batteries must be foreseen and provided for, and ranges and deflections for each gun in every contingency carefully worked out. Where a battery must move, its route must be carefully studied out, with a view to protection amid the vicissitudes of battle and its new position prepared. Most important of all, the observation-posts, the very eyes of the commanders, must be selected and means of communication provided, including substitutes which would stand up against a time when all telephone-lines were almost sure to be cut by hostile missiles. We were shooting in a country and at ranges where the variations of temperature, barometer, and wind would influence the flight of our shells from day to day by several hundred yards—an error the importance of which will be appreciated when it is remembered that in some places the opposing lines were less than three hundred yards apart. So-called "corrections of the day," therefore, must be made every few hours according to meteorological data telephoned us from the rear.

But, after all, these elements were merely the skeleton of the day's work, the permanent structure around which the daily game of battle was played. Every day we must harass the enemy, shoot him up wherever he was likely to be vulnerable, sweep his roads with shrapnel, pound his communication-trenches, tickle his sensitive points, and do it all without giving away our main battery positions. For, in the language of the French adage, "A battery seen is a battery lost." Once let the Germans ascertain the particular spot which concealed any of our precious guns and it was a moral certainty that those guns would play no effective part in defending the infantry on the crucial day when the hostile attack finally came. They would not be destroyed at once, ah, no. After the few telltale shots by which the German guns registered upon their position they would be allowed to lie in fancied security for weeks or even months, but no event of fate would be more certain than that when the final moment came and the German shock-troops lined up behind their trenches for their assault, this assault would be preceded by a torrent of high explosive and gas falling upon the doomed battery which would effectively put it out of the game.

Every day hostile balloons were lining the horizon studying every movement in our area; every day hostile planes were flying over us taking photographs of all beneath them, and every minute hostile sound rangers were lying hidden in the distance to locate the report of an unwary gun and record its exact position. The game of wits involved in meeting and defeating these attempts constituted the joy of war. The patient grind of the past year had merely furnished the mechanics by which this game was to be played. Application of these mechanics was the game, and required fighting wits—the instinct for combat which recognizes the glint in the opponent's eye.

It reminded me of nothing so much as a good grizzly-bear hunt in my younger days. But it required that the same spirit should be inculcated throughout the command. The momentary indiscretion of a single man could destroy the safety of all his fellows; converging paths through the long grass, photographed by a hostile airplane, might betray an ammunition-dump; negligence in keeping fresh the camouflage over the guns, careless passing the sky-line in view of a balloon; any one of numberless errors was sufficient to destroy the labors of weeks. Right there the wit and intelligence of the American soldier showed at its best. You could take him into your confidence and

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point out to him the reason, and you could be sure he would see it and act accordingly. I had some of our own planes take photographs of our positions from the air, and after I had passed them around among the men there was no more difficulty in enforcing camouflage discipline.

When it came to defeating the sound rangers more effort was necessary. We selected a "pirate" position out in front where strong emplacements and a good dugout of earlier days offered ample protection, and thither we sent out guns and crews selected by detail every few days to do our harassing fire. The position became perfectly well known to the Boche and was pounded by him at frequent intervals. But to go there became a great lark for our youngsters, as it furnished the main excitement of the sector. The first time it was shelled the lieutenant in command informed me of it by telephone. As there was no need, at that particular moment, for the crews to remain in the position, I directed him to take his men and move out of danger until the bombardment was over. "Oh, but please, sir, we all want to stay and see what happens," was the answer!

Our battalion headquarters offered little ocular evidence of the grimness of war. We were located on the side of a small valley in a thick grove of firs, an outstretching spur of forest from the Vosges Mountains. Below us in the bottom of the valley, through a bright, sunny meadow, ran a mountain-stream. Although dugouts were prepared as a refuge from gas in case of attack, we slept in our shelter-tents above ground. Under the branches of the firs camp-life went on with all the enjoyable surroundings of an outing in the Adirondacks. It took careful search to discover hidden away in the evergreens the stores of ammunition and the emplacements from which projected the slender muzzles of our 75's. A mile away to the left and right fronts respectively lay the other two batteries, and up on a commanding hill to the front was the main battalion observation-post. Every day's duties involved visits to each of them. An artillery commander who is worth his salt must also visit the terrain over which he is shooting, must learn the life of the infantry to which his arm is an auxiliary, and must gain by personal contact the ability to see the character of his work through their eyes.

In my sector a visit to the front lines meant either a walk through the heavy forests on the right or a dash in a motorcycle over the roads through the open country on the left. These roads were usually shelled from day to day just enough to give the ride interest and excitement. There was one long open stretch in full view of the German observation-posts where my motorcycle driver, a youngster from the East Side, habitually put on full steam to a point that made me often wonder whether I did not prefer the risk of a shell. After we passed Pexonne there would be no traffic on the roads, nothing but a stray infantry soldier moving warily along in the shelter of the screens, and there was always the pleasant uncertainty as to whether some stray German patrol had not pushed its way between our isolated posts, as sometimes happened. Badonvillers, which lay just inside our pickets, was a deserted city. Even the infantry support-posts lay behind it, and as we rattled through its streets the exhaust of the motorcycle seemed distressingly loud, and one pondered whether it was safer to shoot through quickly or to leave the cursed machine behind and walk through in silence. Out on the right, on the other hand, progress was always peaceful. An enchanting air of serenity breathed through the arches of the forest, and one was tempted to go on and on, with nothing to remind you of war. In fact, it was here so difficult to distinguish the lines that there was danger of passing entirely through them, and on one occasion, when I was forward reconnoitring the locality of a raid which we intended to pull off, I accidentally passed between the picket-posts without seeing them, and nearly walked into the German lines. I was with a young French officer, and when we discovered our predicament it was interesting to see the difference in army training. I reached in my holster for my pistol; he reached in his pocket for a grenade. But we were undiscovered and soon hunted up our own picket-posts.

Modern war has preserved little of its glamour, but certainly such glamour as has

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survived existed in the quiet sectors and was to be found most often when we came in contact with the officers of our gallant allies. When the artillery of one division relieved that of another in a quiet sector the ceremony called for an exchange of hospitalities. And the hospitality of the French artillery was a constant marvel. They carried far less baggage than we. But within a short time after their solitary little *fourgon* wagon had rumbled up and deposited its modest load, there would be spread out under the pines a delicious repast, admirably served, with cooking of a kind to which the American Army was a stranger.

When I took over the sector the headquarters of my French predecessor were in the town of Pexonne, in the house of the only remaining civilian inhabitant of that town. My predecessor, the gallant Captain N., had come only a few weeks before from the disastrous retreat at Soissons, where he had been obliged to abandon his guns, and had only saved his personnel by creeping *ventre à terre* for two kilometres under a sweeping hail of machine-gun bullets. But his spirit was as undefeated and his courage as dauntless as ever, and in Pexonne, in his own way, he was taking sweet revenge on the Boche. For when the Boche had occupied Pexonne earlier in the war he had committed the unpardonable oversight of failing to discover that the cellar of our civilian host was fully and admirably stocked. Providence must not be thus tempted twice. Consequently, all our conferences over the defense of the sector must needs take place at *déjeuner*, and the *déjeuners* were unusually delicious and fluid in character. At them I discovered that our civilian host and I were both schoolmates of Gifford Pinchot, the one at the Forest School in Nancy, the other at Yale, and it made the world seem smaller than ever. It was hard for the American officer, with his sober Puritan ancestry, at first to reconcile the buoyant gayety of the French officer with the steel-like spirit of invincibility which underlay it. But in this he only represented truly his people. Right here in the sector as I sped down the road to the front with occasional shell-bursts exhibiting their brownish puffs of high explosive on either side, looking out into the fields which bordered the road, I could see French women and even children calmly going about the task of reaping the wheat that was ripening in those fields. Without heroics and simply as a part of the day's work, they were doing their bit under shell-fire to rescue their beloved France from the Boche.

As night would draw on at battalion headquarters the appearance of war would become a little more real. The last reports would come in from the liaison officer at the infantry posts in front, the batteries would be communicated with, the observation-post visited, and everything made snug for the night. The slumbers of the commander, with his telephone at his ear, were rarely unbroken. Some false alarm or some real one was very apt to come in to be dealt with, as the case might be. Sometimes the Germans would put up a false signal for our barrage, trying to tempt us into a disclosure of our battery positions, and one must listen sharply for the telltale beat of their airplanes overhead trying to spot the flashes of our guns if we were led to reply.

But at last a real call came. Under orders from headquarters in the rear one evening had been spent in the practice of signal drill with rockets, and rockets of various kinds and colors had been emitted from our lines until the Boche must have thought great things were in prospect. I anticipated an uneasy night, and was lying in my blankets with my telephone close at hand. The slender wires running out into the darkness of the forest in front seemed like very frail connections with our fellows. Shortly after midnight a message from the observation-post: "A red rocket has just gone up from the infantry front line." Now a red rocket was the signal for our second-line barrage—the barrage which, if fired prematurely and before our own infantry had fallen back, would mean destruction to them. Fortunately, my visits to the infantry front line had warned me of the danger of wrong signals being given in the excitement of an attack, and I had supplemented the regular rocket code which we received from corps headquarters with private instructions to my batteries that a signal for the second-line barrage was not to be answered without confirmation from me. Nevertheless, the anxiety of the moment

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was keen until I had reached my batteries by phone, and found that while the signal had been seen it had not been answered, and that the men were standing to, awaiting further orders. By that time the telephone was clamoring again, and excited voices were heard from infantry advance battalion headquarters: "An attack in force is being made on our front lines; our pickets report the whole German army coming across 'No Man's Land.'" "Where?" "In the Negre sector. Give us a barrage at once."

Now the Negre sector was a front-line subsector over in the woods on the right, where a real attack was unlikely, and where the barrage could be only delivered after relaying the guns. "Are you sure it is not a feint and that the real attack will not come in the normal sector?" "No. Don't argue. Give us the Negre barrage." And at the same moment a messenger dashed in with word that the "blinker"—the supplementary communication—was confirming the call for a barrage. The order was at once given, although with doubt in my heart, and then the minutes were counted while we knew that the men in the distant positions were turning the guns, getting their new bearings on the right. It seemed much longer than it really was, and when finally the first gun boomed out into the darkness the relief from the tension was great. The three batteries had barely settled into a great anvil chorus when again the telephone: "We were mistaken. An attack is now coming in the normal sector. Give us a barrage there." Again the order to change was given, but this reversal was easier than the first change, and the guns swung back to their old positions almost as promptly as a well-trained pack of hounds will swing in their course, and in a moment the shells were shrieking on their way over Badonvillers. Even in the seclusion of the command-post there is comfort in the roar of one's barrage, and out in the battery positions the relief to the men who had waited through long months of training for such a chance to get at the enemy was great, indeed. With fierce energy the shells were slid in, the lanyards pulled, and the cases snapped out until a rate of speed was attained which I fear considerably exceeded the rate which French instruction had prescribed as the maximum for such occasions. After the ten-minute barrage had been given and then repeated, the guns were slowed down and we listened for further news of the conflict. The rifle-fire out in front had stopped and in a few moments the telephone confirmed the news that the enemy's attack had ceased.

Thus little of the outward drama passes before the eyes of the artillery-group commander while the fight is on. Shut up in his command-post, tied fast to his lines of communication, which concentrate there like the sensory nerves of the human body, he makes a few quick inferences, bases on them an equal number of quick decisions, and leaves the rest to his machine. Thereafter success or failure depends upon that machine—upon the patient care with which it has been constructed and trained, the intelligence and loyalty of his junior officers, and the steadfast accuracy and courage of his men. That these requisite foundations for its future success existed in the case of the men and junior officers of the American artillery, even the modest experiences of a quiet sector were sufficient to demonstrate.

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"If your men prefer our cities to your ship . . ."—Page 726.

THE RETURN

By Harriet Welles

Author of "Anchors Aweigh"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O. F. HOWARD

THE executive officer of the American gunboat paused at the rail and looked thoughtfully toward the nearest shore off which they had just anchored. Between him and the bund—a high stone retaining wall pierced at long intervals by flights of steps to the water—the turbid Yangtze swept violently seaward; the ship tugged at her straining anchor-chains.

The executive was new to the China station as were most of the crew. The ship's doctor was the only veteran aboard, and he, crossing the deck, spied the executive and hastened to join him.

"Yangtze's beginning to tune up for the spring freshets," remarked the doctor casually, and pointed toward a drifting mass of sodden blue linen. "That coolie probably miscalculated the distance between a sampan and the shore," he explained.

The executive glanced more attentively toward the floating lump. "Couldn't he swim? Why didn't some one try to save him?" he asked.

"Uneducated Chinese coolies believe that a man drowns because the river-god wants him; they wouldn't dream of interfering with the river-god's plans!" replied the doctor, answering the second question, and adding: "This is the most dangerous river in the world. There's a treacherous five-knot current always, except in freshet time, when it's seven or eight knots; and the queer tricks played by the undertow, whirlpools, backwater, and eddies are beyond any attempts at

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logical explanation. This crew is new to the Yangtze. I think that you should warn them that if any of them fell overboard they'd probably not get the fighting chance of coming to the surface. And we'd be safe in looking for their bodies anywhere except up-stream."

The executive, scenting a joke, cautiously agreed; finding the doctor in earnest he promised to speak to the sailors before a liberty party left the ship.

"But I didn't come to lecture on the whims of currents. I came to ask permission to go ashore," apologized the doctor, adding: "They haven't a surgeon at the mission here, and my uncle, who is in charge, wrote me when he heard that I was coming out for another cruise. He said that there were a number of poor Chinese who needed attention. I'd like to help out the missionaries at this and any other port where I could be useful when I'm not needed aboard ship."

The executive nodded. "I'll speak to the captain right now," he said, turning away.

An hour later, seeing the doctor and a hospital apprentice embarking in the ship's launch, the executive cheered them on their way with: "Good luck! Don't leave a guilty appendix at large in the village, doc!"

To which the doctor retorted, "Your 'village' has a population of nearly three millions of people!" as the launch, with perceptible effort, started against the current for the landing-steps a half-mile away.

"Micky" Kalish and "Turk" Flynn listened tolerantly the next morning to the executive officer's short discourse on the dangers of the Yangtze. They were part of a liberty party who were to be allowed eight hours ashore that day, and they resented the executive's infringement on their time.

"Y'd think we was bay-bies or young lay-dies," growled Micky, sotto voce, to the men nearest him. "''Ang yer cloes on er 'ickery lim', an' don't g' near th' water,'" he supplemented. His neighbors grinned.

The executive, frowning, glanced toward him and met the usual look of guileful innocence with which six weeks of transpacific journeying in Micky's company had made him only too familiar. Later, watching the duty boats depart, and meeting Micky's shifty eyes, he remarked to the chaplain: "If I had any real excuse for keeping those two men aboard I'd do it! They'll get into trouble ashore just as sure as they land. They are the only misfits in the crew, and give me more trouble than all the rest put together. They're a bad pair; all the other men avoid them!"

The chaplain soberly agreed. His cherished belief regarding the inherent good to be found in every man had died a lingering and painful death where Micky and Turk were concerned. Worst of all, they had trickily used his serious and earnest interest in them to enlist his assistance in helping to extricate themselves from some of their more vicious scrapes, and had openly laughed at the chaplain's abashed and enlightened horror at the part he had been beguiled into playing. "They haven't a vulnerable spot that *I* can find!" grieved the chaplain.

"Poor stuff—the scum of big cities," soliloquized the executive, then brightened. "Cheer up, padre! We'll have a day off! Our two afflictions have gone ashore," he said.

To Micky Kalish and Turk Flynn the day of liberty was proving a disappointment. There seemed to be a remarkably small field for sport of any kind; where, at home, the solitary Chinese laundryman, humbly and precariously located in more or less tolerant neighborhoods, could always be made to furnish entertainment through such mild devices as suddenly smashing his laundry windows or slinging the contents of a convenient garbage-can through his door, here, where there were whole crowded streets full of quiet, stolid, unsmiling Chinese, such innocent playfulness seemed inadvisable. Micky and Turk, like all bullies, were cowards.

"Where's there a bar?" demanded Micky. Careful search failed to reveal any place at all like the Chinese equivalent for a saloon. "This's a helluva town!" growled Turk. "Fine place t'

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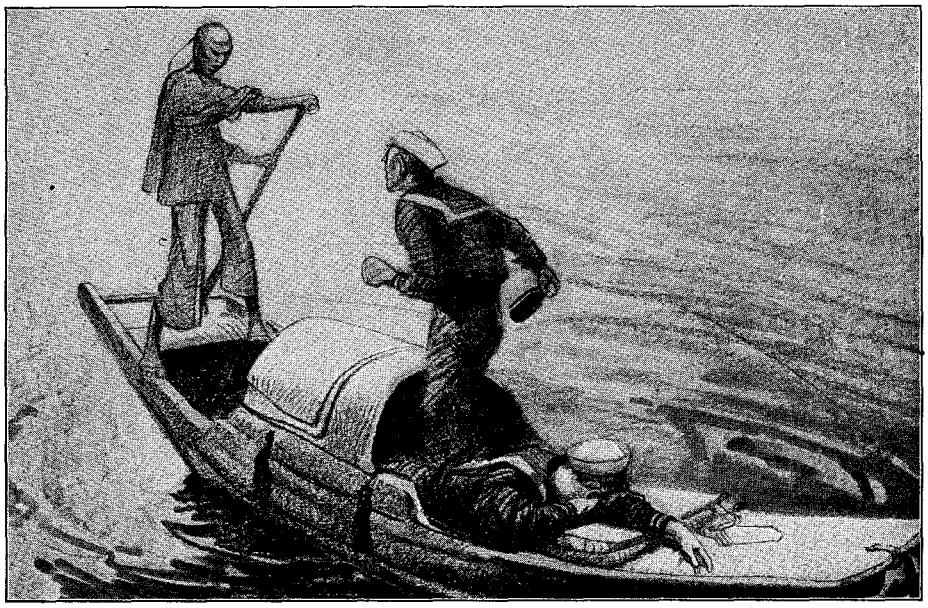
come to after cleanin' an' scrubbin' yerself and yer cloes an' a ship fer weeks. That executive'd keep us washin' nights if he could stay awake to make us!"

"'Tain't my fault. I didn't come here 'cause I liked it," retorted Micky; "but there ain't *no* town but's got fun in it—if y' know how to find it!" and tried hailing likely looking pedestrians. Discreet questioning of hurrying, pidgin-

with keen disfavor. "Funny such a slow country has such a fast river," he complained.

Micky was not interested in the Yangtze. "Ain't there a place in this whole d—— town where a white man can get a drink?" he inquired plaintively, and looked toward the gunboat, dimly visible down-stream. "Never 'spected t' see th' time that that ole pile o' junk would look



"Get yer other oar, I tell yer!"—Page 720.

English-speaking messengers from the tea factories failed to reveal the existence of such haunts as their life in the slums of large cities at home had led them to expect. The few women going their way along the narrow streets looked neither to the right nor left. As for any response to Micky's or Turk's tentative advances, "All these female Chinks is deef's well's blind. Anyhow, I don't like them linoleyum pants they wear," remarked Micky critically.

The shops, filled with silks and embroideries, did not interest them. Their first day ashore in the Orient was proving a disillusionment. Bored, they sauntered forth from the Chinese city into the narrow strip of foreign "concession" along the bunded river-wall.

Turk eyed the rushing yellow water

good t' me," he commented aggrievedly. "I don't know but what I'd ruther have give m'self up to th' police as t' hide in th' navy," he added.

"Aw, well! Th' police will have forgot by th' time we get back," comforted Turk.

They strolled on, pausing at intervals to inspect the big houses facing the river, and conversationally attributing various Oriental depravities to the respectable English, French, and Russian tea compradores who lived in them. The early dusk had begun to fall, when in a back street they discovered a villainous hotel with a bar, which they hastened to patronize.

"What d'you call this stuff?" inquired Micky critically, tasting the wicked brown beverage served him.

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The barkeeper, sniffing haughtily, disdained to reply.

"Smells all right—but it's strong enough t' take the hair off of a dawg," commented Micky.

Turk had finished his first glass. "It'd take th' linin' off of a copper boiler," he supplemented; "takes hold of yer insides like a monkey-wrench! Gimme another!"

The barkeeper, after collecting the price, complied. When, a half-hour later, the two sailors veered unsteadily into the darkening street they had shipped a full cargo and Micky carried an extra quart bottle in his hand.

They tacked an unsteady course back to the landing-steps and, after deciding to return to the ship, hailed a sampan and, indicating their destination a half-mile down-stream, climbed aboard. As the boat swung away from the steps Turk lapsed into slumber and Micky was about to follow his example when the actions of the sampan man attracted his attention. He watched him closely, then spoke. "Hi, you! Quit wigglin' that one oar off from the back of the boat! Get yer other oar and go t' work!" he commanded thickly.

The sampan man did not understand the words, but the tone seemed familiar. So all foreigners signified their desire for speed. He redoubled his efforts; the boat shot out into the current.

To Micky this seemed intentional defiance. "Get yer other oar, I tell yer!" he snarled, lurching to his feet.

The sampan man made a stupendous effort. Micky's anger flared up; he looked for a weapon with which to emphasize his commands and spied the whiskey-bottle. With a yell he lifted it high, and before the cowering coolie realized his intention, brought it down on the sampan man's head; then with a frantic effort tried to regain his balance.

He was too late. The sampan man, twisting the boat sharply about, went overboard clutching, with the frenzy of desperation, the heavy oar. The sampan overturned. There was no time for an outcry or a disturbance. . . .

A few seconds later the only visible objects that showed through the misty darkness were a sampan, bottom side up, and a bleeding, shivering coolie clinging to a spar and drifting swiftly down the rushing river.

The executive officer, scanning the report the next morning, noted without surprise that Kalish and Flynn had overstayed their liberty, and were still absent. "I should have been more astonished if they'd returned 'clean and sober.' I only hope they haven't raised trouble ashore for all of us," he said to Rooney, the veteran master-at-arms.

"Two law-breakers like them can pizzen the town against a whole ship's company of decent men! These is queer times, sor; every quarter, when I strikes the bell, a voice answers back from the riggin'," answered Rooney with sepulchral intensity.

The executive had been shipmates with the master-at-arms on former cruises. "Of course! Every sound echoes against that stone-walled bund," he agreed cheerfully, and reverted to the absentees. "They'll be back by night with some cock-and-bull story," he said. Rooney, sighing funereally, shook his head as he walked away.

But the executive officer's gift of prophecy failed him. Micky and Turk did not return that day or the next. The executive questioned the doctor, who, with the apprentice, was spending long and busy days in his improvised operating-room at the mission in the Chinese city.

"No, I haven't heard a word about them," answered the doctor. "I'll ask them at the mission to send one of their students on a still-hunt, if you like," he offered, and added: "I performed nine operations yesterday, and my reputation for giving something for nothing has gone forth! Late in the afternoon a poor wretch came in and wanted me to present him with a sampan. He was quite insistent! I told him I hadn't one handy at the moment, but as a substitute I'd sew up a big cut on his head—the poor devil's scalp had been laid open and the cut was full of glass. We had quite a time detaching his mind from the sampan he wanted long enough for me to fix him up."

The executive was not listening. "Guess I'd better go ashore and see the authori-

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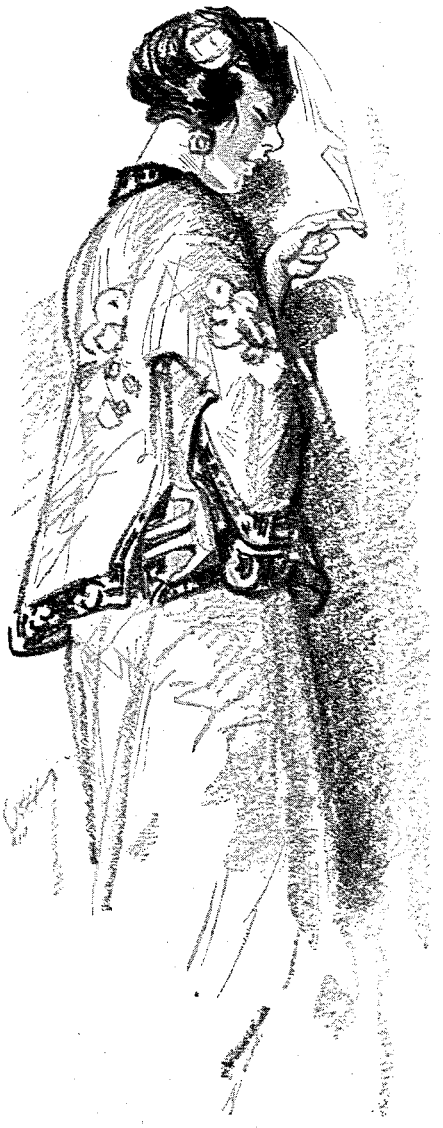
ties. I don't want those two men to make trouble," he said.

The chaplain interrupted. "May I help find them?" he asked. "I'm not busy, and perhaps if Flynn and Kalish are in some scrape I could be of assistance. Up to now I've failed in everything I've tried to do for them."

The executive nodded. "Come along, padre," he said hospitably.

An hour later, accompanied by an orderly, they disembarked at the landing-steps. The chaplain did not want any one with him. "I'll search through the long street nearest the river," he planned. The executive officer and the orderly started for the tao-tai's yamen.

The river street which the chaplain had chosen proved to be a poor hunting-ground. Mat huts, occupied by large families amid squalor and direst poverty, were so open to the gaze of chance passers that the chaplain soon gave up the thought of them as a hiding-place and turned back into the city, where, to his unaccustomed eyes, every street and every house looked exactly alike. The chaplain, very much at a loss as to how to start on his search, began by wandering into the shops and trying to question the shopkeepers. But this city was too far from the coast to have developed a pidgin-English trade; the grave Chinese clerks eyed him blankly. Only at an embroidery shop did his request for information about two sailors strike a responsive chord; there, the proprietor, very proud of his intelligence, produced a square of pale-blue linen exquisitely embroidered in plum-blossoms, which the chaplain, not having the language of refusal, paid for.



He had the assurance of the languid Eurasian lady . . . that she knew nothing of the . . . sailors.—Page 722.

But in the silk shops, the jewellers' shops, the jade-cutters' shops, the medicine shops, the smoke shops, and the provision stores an uncomprehending stare was the usual answer to his timid questionings. The chaplain spent two unprofitable hours before he came upon a clew. A stealthy, loitering Eurasian, listening to his attempt at questioning a rickscha coolie, sidled up and spoke with a cringing attempt at ingratiation.

"What you want-chee?" inquired the Eurasian.

The chaplain disliked his appearance and manner. "I'm looking for some one," he answered.

The Eurasian's face brightened. "You not find?" he demanded.

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"No," vouchsafed the chaplain, moving away.

The man laid a detaining hand on the chaplain's arm. "I know where," he asserted. "How much you pay me?"

The chaplain paused. "Why didn't you say so before?" he asked, and added: "My government pays fifty dollars each for deserters. That will be one hundred dollars in this case."

The Eurasian's eyes shone. "Come!" he commanded, leading the way. The chaplain followed, down five long squares, around three devious turns skirting a temple compound, across a little creek, through several evil-smelling alleys, and up a steep flight of stairs. The chaplain never willingly discussed the details of the very few minutes which elapsed before, flushed and scandalized, he hastily descended those stairs. But he had the assurance of the languid Eurasian lady at the top of them that she knew nothing of the malingering sailors.

The chaplain, hurrying toward an intersecting street, came out on a narrow, deserted alley and, stopping to get his bearings, realized that he was lost, and looked helplessly about. The crevice-like streets ran, without seeming rhyme or reason, in every direction, and the blank walls of the stone houses looked formidable and lonely. "There isn't a soul within a mile," was the chaplain's panicky thought. He was wrong. Through the peep-hole in a door almost in reach of his hand he was being very carefully observed, his hesitation noted. After a few seconds, while he still stood deliberating on a choice of directions, the door cautiously opened. "Excellenze!" whispered a voice.

Startled, the chaplain turned and faced a Chinese servant, who beckoned him toward the dark hallway dimly visible beyond the narrow door. The chaplain, remembering his recent experience, frowned and shook his head. "No," he said sternly.

The servant nodded. "Yes!" he affirmed. "Al' ri'! Here is! Have got!"

"Are they in there? Did they ask you to call me?" asked the chaplain with relief.

The servant acquiesced. "Catch-ee to-day," he said, and after closing the door, led the way to a small room at the end of the dark hallway. An old Chinese man, sitting by a table, hardly glanced up. "Not again will I do!" he asserted with aggrieved emphasis in a high-frightened voice.

"I suppose they've given you a lot of trouble!" agreed the chaplain; "we've had a hard time with them for three months. Where and how did you find them?" he asked.

The old Chinaman eyed him with stony distaste. "Where and how are no your concern," he said angrily; "but first—" From a concealed pocket he produced a small packet wrapped in a dirty rag, which he unwound. Inside was a smaller package tied up in a piece of white silk, which he turned carefully back and disclosed a double handful of pearls, so large and so perfect that the chaplain, to whom all pearls—like all Chinese streets and houses—looked alike, blinked with amazement and wondered if they were genuine.

"In scores of cities . . . through all the world . . . men hunt, and watch . . . for these! Pearls of a great queen!" gloated the old Chinaman; then added, with sharp fretfulness: "Not again will I do! Even now I fear!"

The chaplain, puzzled, wondered uncomfortably by what combination of circumstances Micky and Turk had come into connection with the pearls. "You're very kind to show me these," he commenced; "but I wish you'd tell me how our men—" The door swung back. A Portuguese woman stood in the opening and glared furiously at the chaplain.

"What do you want here?" she demanded fiercely, and the chaplain saw that in her clinched hand she carried a revolver. He spoke with soothing definiteness: "I am looking for two sailors who have overstayed their liberty from the American ship anchored in the river. I am the chaplain of the ship," he said.

She stared at him. "How did you get in here?" she asked.

"I had lost my way. Your servant opened your door and led me to believe that our men were here. Am I to understand that you know nothing of the sailors?" questioned the chaplain.

The Portuguese woman turned vio-

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lently to the servant cowering behind her and broke into a choice assortment of mixed and vivid profanity, some of which the chaplain recognized as English, before she wheeled and faced him again. "Get out of here!" she shrieked. Then, as he was being hustled toward the door, the chaplain heard the whimpering servant steeled him to new effort. "If Kalish and Flynn are being detained here they *need* help," he decided, as an unexpected turn brought him out on a crowded street lined with shops. Two lepers, nearly naked, begged by a door-step; the chaplain, shuddering, stopped to give them money.

"Excellenze!" whispered a voice.—Page 722.

blubber: "You say . . . man will stand by door . . . not speak-ee. Him do!" And the woman's furious answer: "I told you the man'd wear blue glasses! *I'll kill you*—you——, ——fool!" as the door banged shut behind him.

"This is no work for me," soliloquized the chaplain, hurrying aimlessly up the alley and deciding that he had better return to the ship. But calmer thought

"Poor souls!" he ejaculated aloud. A coolie, leaning with the discouraged weakness of hunger and suffering against an opposite wall, looked up and stiffened at the sight of the chaplain's uniform. Quickly crossing, he laid a detaining hand on the chaplain's sleeve. "Sampan!" he demanded. "Me—sampan!"

"Not until later," said the chaplain, noticing a half-healed gash across the

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man's scalp. "I don't want to go back until I've located my men. Have you seen two American sailors anywhere around?" He hesitated, then launched experimentally into the vernacular: "Two men! All-ee same-ee blue suits? Have see?" questioned the chaplain.

The sampan man nodded. "One dollar! Me!" he demanded. "I take-ee you where."

"You mean that if I give you one dollar you can take me where there are two men with clothes something like mine?" questioned the chaplain, and produced the money.

The coolie seized the dollar. "Can do!" he promised, and started off. The chaplain followed; they went for about ten minutes. Then the sampan man, indicating a door, stopped. "In there—you catch-ee," he promised, and disappeared before the chaplain had time to knock.

For some seconds there was no answer; the chaplain, with vigor, knocked again. There was a sound of muffled movements, and a pause. The door opened and disclosed a clean bare room. In the centre the ship's surgeon bent over a still form to which the hospital apprentice administered the anæsthetic. The doctor glanced hastily up. "Hulloa, padre! Can't talk to you now," he said. The chaplain was backing away when the doctor called to the Chinese servant: "Ti! Take this gentleman around to Mr. Farron's room!"

Mr. Farron was the missionary in charge. The chaplain spent a pleasant quarter of an hour with him and described, without details, his futile search. Mr. Farron was immediately helpful. "Ti, the boy who let you in, knows many people in the city. He can go with you as an interpreter," he said.

Ti was full of resource. He took the chaplain to the fan shop of a friend and explained the situation. The friend had, unaccountably, not heard any gossip about the missing sailors, but he could guarantee to direct the chaplain to the one person who would know. "I'll send my number-one boy, and the gentleman can command his services until his sailors are found," the friend promised Ti, who bade the chaplain a satisfied farewell.

The number-one boy was produced and instructed; they started off. Ten minutes later the abashed chaplain again faced the Eurasian lady, who greeted him as an old friend and waved his apologies aside. "There was another of you here a while ago," she said. The chaplain was wondering if Micky and Turk had quarrelled and parted company, when she added: "A gem'man frien' of mine says he has saw your two sailors three times. He says they stays hid all day—then comes out mornings and evenings. I can tell your boy where to take you, but when you gets there don't knock! Force the door open before they has a chance to make their getaway." She spoke in Chinese to the boy, then turned again to the chaplain. "Good-by. Come again!" said the Eurasian lady cheerfully.

The number-one boy and the chaplain, following her directions, proceeded this time in rickshas, which after a ride across the city they left at a corner near their destination, taking one of the ricksha coolies to assist in storming the door, which after many whispered instructions they rushed in approved formation. Unfortunately, the door was not fastened, and the superfluous force used by the raiders carried them well into the apartment before the chaplain realized that he was again intruding on an operation; this rendered him too abashedly speechless to answer the doctor's startled exclamation: "Great guns, padre! Just because I can't fasten that door is no reason for you to tear it off the hinges!"

The number-one boy and the ricksha coolie, after a glance at the operating-table, miraculously disappeared. The chaplain, attempting no explanations, got himself quickly outside and around the house, where, in a warm corner, he came upon Ti dozing in the sunshine, and persuaded him to take a new interest in the case.

Ti reluctantly acquiesced, and pondered on the available purveyors of information, then brightened. "Al' ri'! Can do!" he promised sleepily. Again the chaplain fared forth into the city. This time their haven was a porcelain shop, presided over by a lady of enormous girth and unguessable nationality who spoke fluent English. The chaplain

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"I told you the man'd wear blue glasses!"—Page 723.

relaxed unconsciously under her expansive friendliness.

"Glad to make yer acquaintance," she welcomed, and listened to his questions. "Sailors? No, I ain't seen but one. He was here about an hour ago—bought a vase to take to his wife in America before he left— What do you want, kid?"

The chaplain blinked astonished eyes. Through an open door behind the woman a small girl of six or seven had come shyly into the room—a delicate, frail little figure with too white skin, golden hair, and appealing, wistful gray eyes, which she lifted to the chaplain's kindly face.

"How did this child get here? Who is she?" he asked sternly.

The woman laughed with disarming good nature. "That first question is the easiest," she answered, and added: "My sister-in-law's a stewardess on a trans-pacific liner; she brought the kid to me from San Francisco when the kid was just six weeks old. Who her folks are I

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don't know—or care—so long as they pay well and reg'lar. I take her down to Shanghai when my sister-in-law's liner is in, so's they'll know she's alive and they ain't payin' fer nuthin'. But about your sailors! There's just one person I can think of to send you to. . . ." She spoke in Chinese to Ti. "You got that straight?" she finished. Ti nodded. "Al' ri'," he acquiesced.

The chaplain was talking to the little girl. "Then it's settled?" he asked. "I'll arrange that you shall go every day to the mission school and learn to read and write." She smiled joyfully up at him. "I will ask Mr. Farron to talk to you about the little girl's schooling," he told the woman, who agreed amiably, and watched him depart to follow the impatient Ti back to the house of the tolerant Eurasian lady. After this the chaplain entered upon what the executive officer used later to describe as his afternoon of licensed depravity.

Before the afternoon was over he had, with triumphant eagerness, descended eight times on the mission operating-room and had faced the amused Eurasian lady six more, besides adding a number of interesting but unprofitable side trips to his experiences. But the missing sailors were still unapprehended when, late in the day, he met the executive officer at the landing-steps, and sank exhausted onto a seat in the ship's launch.

"Any luck?" asked the executive. The chaplain shook his head.

"I went up and powwowed with the tao-tai," volunteered the executive. "Told him, through an interpreter, that he'd have to produce our men. He wanted to know my reasons for suspecting foul play, and I asked him what else I could suspect when the men were gone. He was very bored with my arguments!"

The commander reflected a minute. "I travelled around in circles like a bird-dog," he said, and laughed.

The chaplain, rousing himself, asked: "Just where did you go?"

"Well," commenced the executive, with a rueful attention to details, "I really didn't go to so *many* places, but I went to those few often. I dropped in on our doctor nine times—each time I was certain that I'd located Kalish and Flynn—and flung the operating-room door nearly off its hinges. Doc was sore the last three times! Then I pranced in on a tan-colored lady seven times. I was so tired of bringing up there that, finally, I tried to flag myself by marking the steps, but it didn't do any good! The place had as many entrances as an ant hill. I never went in the same door twice— What?"

"Oh! Then *you* were the other sailor she spoke about!" exclaimed the chaplain unguardedly.

The executive officer stared in stupefied amazement at the chaplain, then broke into unrestrained laughter. "*You!*" he gasped. "I thought she—" and laughed again. "This is too good!"

The chaplain eyed him disapprovingly. "You've a queer sense of humor," he said, then lapsed into a rueful grin. "I won't tell if you won't," he bargained, mentally picturing the hilarious mess-table.

The executive sobered as the launch swung alongside the ship. "We haven't even a clew that will help us to locate our men," he said anxiously, as he mounted the gangway ladder.

There followed five days of careful searching in augmented numbers. Inhabitants of the Chinese city, never much interested, grew indifferent to the sight of the navy uniform and the sound of unintelligible questions, as the men strolled aimlessly about the streets or paused in front of houses which, they were sure, harbored the missing two.

The ship's captain, as a last resort, visited the viceroy and demanded the safe return of his men, the viceroy meanwhile eying him with impassive tolerance.

"You know the ways of your cities and have facilities for conducting a search. Unless you direct the officials under you to locate these sailors and notify us, I shall report you to the authorities at Peking," warned the captain sternly.

The viceroy's face was serenely impassive. "If your men prefer our cities to your ship . . ." he suggested through the interpreter.

"I have spoken," said the captain, turning away.

The search went on. By the fifth day the doctor had ceased looking up from his work when the operating-room doorway framed for a second a shipmate's

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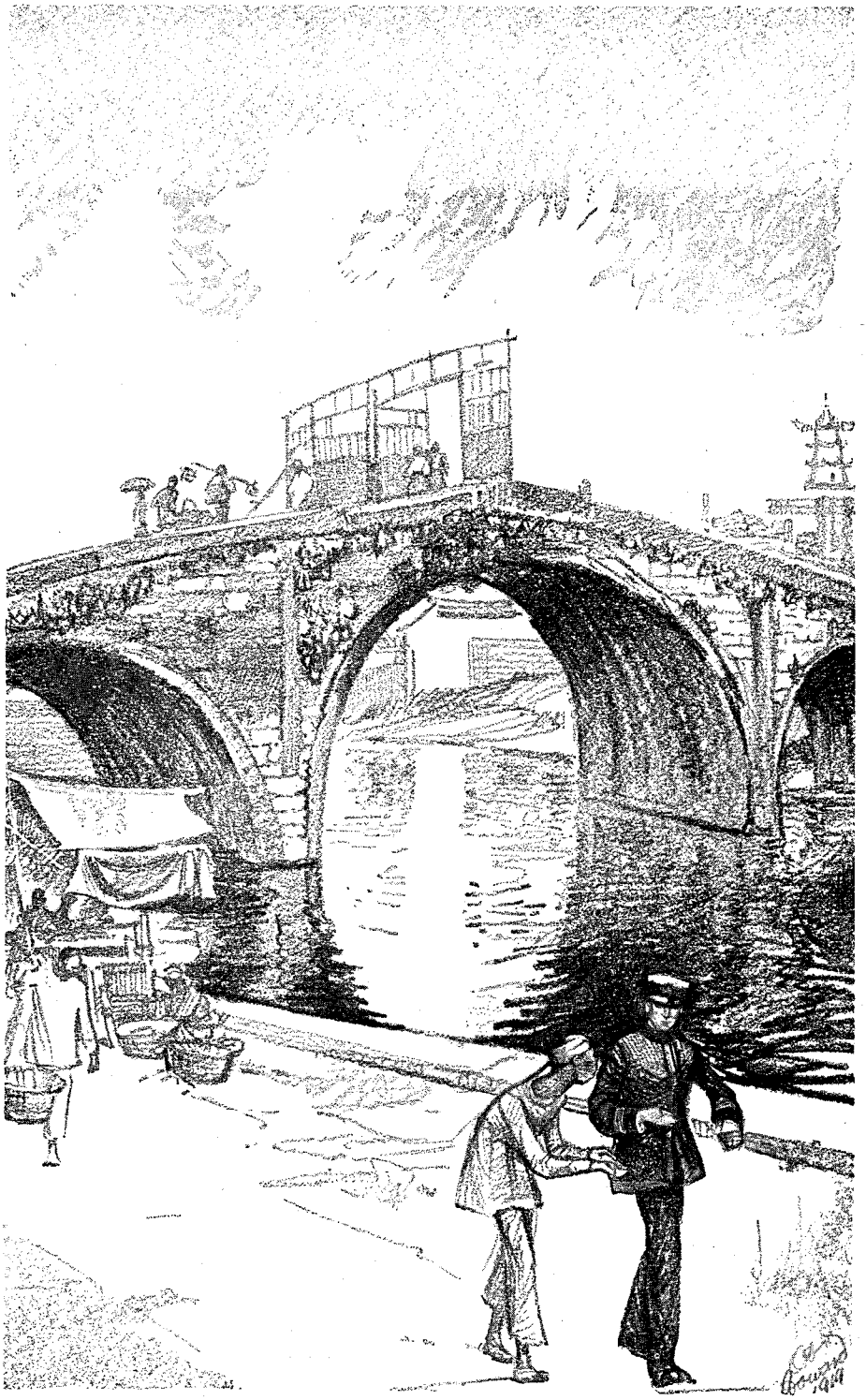

Drawn by O. F. Howard.

"He's hollered 'sampan, sampan' at me on every street in the city."—Page 728.

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abashed, exasperated face. As for the Eurasian lady! The chaplain had unwittingly called upon her so often that on the last afternoon he stayed and, at her invitation, enjoyed a much-needed cup of tea.

"She's a very friendly, pleasant person," he assured the executive with serious justice.

The commander's sense of humor was still working; he made a few appropriate remarks and visualized the chaplain's tea-party, then added: "The only persons who haven't enjoyed our performance are that everlasting coolie with the sore head and the old master-at-arms. That coolie is the lineal Chinese descendant of Poe's raven—he's hollered 'sampan, sampan' at me on every street in the city. And that infernal nuisance, Rooney! If he doesn't quit telling me of the ghostly voices that he hears answering the ship's bell I'll get him a chaise longue and a lace boudoir-cap, and doc can stop carving his initials on those mission Chinese and spend his time aboard ship holding Rooney's hand! I've explained the echo from the bund wall just as often as I intend to! Rooney knew me when I was a midshipman and he treats me as if I was the original Lord Fauntleroy," grumbled the executive.

On Saturday morning unexpected orders arrived. The ship was directed to proceed immediately to Changsha, where incipient riots were reported by the frightened foreigners.

There was a flurry of preparation; extra food and provisions were bought and brought aboard; sailors ashore were recalled; the doctor closed his operating-room at the mission and returned to the ship; an admonitory message regarding the lost sailors was sent to the tao-tai; the ship's launches were hoisted and secured. By noon they were ready to get under way for the voyage up-stream.

The chaplain—the only person not busy with the details of embarkation—leaned against the after-rail and looked toward the dark huddled mass of buildings comprising the Chinese city. His face was grave. Somewhere there, down a foul, narrow alley, Kalish and Flynn were perhaps imprisoned and tortured. The chaplain had read of the torturing of prisoners—long-drawn-out agonies of *almost* intolerable suffering, where each harrowing detail had received such minute attention that the net result was an Oriental masterpiece of calculated misery. . . .

Or possibly, after the kind of rough-and-tumble fight which would be their most natural form of aggression or defense, Turk and Micky had been overpowered and thrown into some isolated dark building and left to starve. "Starvation," mused the chaplain, "is a slow and unpleasant procedure." Unconsciously he began to wonder if—all the time those stolid, inscrutable people in the Chinese city had been sending the searching-parties on wild-goose chases—they had known where the sailors were imprisoned?

"Kalish and Flynn may deserve it, but it seems cruel to leave them to their fate," worried the chaplain. Trying to think of something pleasant, he pictured the malingerers, from some safe vantage-point, watching their ship prepare for departure and laughing with jeering exultation. "If so, the Chinese will soon be sorry that we didn't find them," prophesied the chaplain, moving away as a squad of sailors came to hoist the anchor.

The ship's siren, announcing immediate departure, sounded, and echoed with eerie uncanniness from the walled bund. Clustering sampans scurried to places of safety; orders were given and obeyed with the ease of habit and discipline; the anchor came up and was swung to its place. Slowly . . . the ship moved hesitatingly forward . . . against the strong current. . . . The chaplain, leaning against the after-rail, looked down at the turbid water as the screw churned and the engines gathered force; then, with an exclamation of horror, he started back.

From beneath the slowly moving vessel two bodies in sodden navy blue floated clear and turned gray faces to the sky. The chaplain, unbelieving, stared at them with a dumb and gruesome fascination. . . .

By some strange whim of swirling whirlpools and lawless currents, Micky Kalish and Turk Flynn, capsized and drowned eight days before a half-mile up-stream, had returned to their ship.

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THE LIMITS OF FEMININE INDEPENDENCE

By Robert Grant

Judge of the Probate Court, Boston; Author of "Domestic Relations and the Child," etc.

"NO more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face dead, with a bullet through his heart." So it was written in "Vanity Fair," as everybody knows, and even the generation who "no longer read Thackeray" are familiar with Captain George Osborne's and Amelia Sedley's Georgian romance, which ended at Waterloo. Rather one-sided romance from the angle of the modern woman; yet vain fop and egotist as he figured, George Osborne was both brave and good-natured, breaking with his purse-proud father in order to marry her—the most insipid, however estimable, heroine in fiction. When the world war began, the century since Waterloo was almost complete. Is not the contrast wrought by one hundred years in the size of armies and the deadliness of implements of warfare rivalled by that of the revolutionized relations between the sexes, especially husbands and wives? Indeed, if we could translate ourselves back to 1815, which would seem stranger, the tin-soldier aspect of the battle-fields or the monumental subserviency of woman?

Either contrast is striking enough, whichever way we decide, and either is so patent that to elaborate would be tiresome. "Why, then," I hear some champion of the old order demur, "single out as a prototype poor Amelia Sedley of all persons? She was so deadly dull, so intolerably constant. One almost forgets whether she married big-hearted, ungainly, persevering Dobbin in the end or not, she took so long about it." Quite so; the only justification is that Amelia was a war-bride, and we hear so much of war-brides just now. She crossed to Flanders, too, not as a hospital nurse or canteen worker, but as a camp-follower, for the wives of the officers of the English army of occupation were allowed to accompany their husbands to Brussels. Was it the fashion of that day for girls to marry on briefest acquaintance the men going off to the wars, with only a week-end for a honeymoon before they sailed? Whether they did or not, they would have been ready to, for woman's nature has not changed, she has merely ceased to wear hobbles. I remember hearing in England in the summer of 1916, a little under the rose as if a disillusionizing phenomenon, that the widows of men killed at the front were marrying again. The psychology of this appeared to be something in the air, a by-product of the carnival of war, which, if apologized for at all, was tagged as woman's "bit," done because she was so sorry for the men. Dame Nature is never at a loss for devices by which to repair the ravages in population, but whatever the scientific key to this particular idiosyncrasy, no one would attempt to ascribe the superb devotion and self-sacrifice and the infinite tenderness of woman during the great war to a mating instinct. Moreover, her display of just these precious qualities has spiked forever the guns of defamers of either sex who wished us to believe that the new woman would renounce the old emotions which have made her, for eternally contradictory reasons, not always clear to herself, the slave of man from the beginning of time. Out of the welter of world agony, and because of it, she emerges the same old ministering angel with the identical stock in trade. But henceforth she purposes to "wear her rue with a difference"; the war has demonstrated this if nothing else. She is demobilizing, and though she may still don her emergency uniform, she is giving up or retiring with good grace from her emergency occupations. Her net social gain appears in her having broken in the course of four years no end of hobbles—hobbles both of body and soul, hobbles that she has thrown off forever. And the net gain resulting to

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man is that she still aspires to remain fundamentally what she was before. She recognizes her inability to compete with him in physical strength and that a feminine philosophy not animated by tenderness and self-sacrifice would make her utterly miserable.

If this be only another way of saying that she cannot help remaining what she is—the weaker vessel—she would rid the epithet of obloquy, not repudiate it. The new self-respect of woman is so far virile that it draws the line, and a hatpin or pistol on sundry masculine privileges which used to be regarded, however mournfully, as part of her lot. When a woman testified before me in court the other day that her husband had dragged her round the room by the hair of her head, I looked at her, not with horror, but with a mixture of suspicion and incredulity, it sounded so old-fashioned. "Describe what happened," I said, and pressed her for particulars. The wife-beater is by no means obsolete even in this country, but, except among the foreign-born and the lowest classes, he is a far less frequent figure in court than formerly, if only for the reason that his wife refuses to live with him on those terms. Indeed, the policy of marital brute force may be said to have become so discredited that courts, vigilant to protect proper victims, have to be a little inquisitive as to what really took place when wives seek separate support on the score of being pinched, slapped, or shoved. Nevertheless, as one ascends in the social scale an irascible flip in the face or pinch of the arm becomes no less intolerable than a vicious blow that really hurts, and husbands who indulge in the practice have only themselves to blame if their wives depart. Not only is the wife-beater on the wane, but that arch-enemy of domestic happiness, the male skinflint, who insists on holding the purse-strings and administering them on the theory that his wife must ask for what she requires, needs far less to eat than he does, and that more than one dress or hat a year is vanity. It is, perhaps, still a part of the consciousness of sophisticated courts that chiefly at afternoon tea do women eat with gusto; but why elaborate the list of obvious male tyrants? Only the other day, as it were, woman's self-respect was so timorous, and her economic channel of escape from thraldom so undeveloped, that her reluctant appearance in court was tantamount to a certificate that she had suffered infernally. It was part of her creed that a nice woman will not litigate her conjugal troubles until her cup is running over. When she could endure no longer, she solved her self-respect by asking: "What else was I to do?" And a nice woman was rather expected to endure dragging round by the hair of the head, provided her husband did not do it too often, and was what was termed "faithful to the marriage tie."

So much for yesterday. To-day faithfulness to the marriage tie in any spiritual sense excludes so many things which husbands used to do (and utter) with domestic impunity, that the law does not attempt to provide for them. Indeed, so zealous are both priest and lawmaker to preserve the institution we call the family, that the arbitrary tests which they impose for the guidance of nice people remain deliberately conservative. Most churches still forbid the remarriage of divorced persons, discountenance divorce except for flagrant infidelity, and are lukewarm as to that, and look askance at legal separations (which do not sever the marriage tie) until the limit of human endurance has been reached. If the offense be nothing worse than constant invective (the various synonyms of harlot, for instance), or physical violence resulting from occasional as distinguished from chronic sprees, the sanction is apt to be accompanied by advice to stick it out a little longer. When we turn to the laws governing divorce and take as a text the proposed model statute urged by the State Commissions on uniform legislation, who, except from sheer religious scruples, will claim that adultery, habitual intoxication, conviction for crime (with imprisonment for at least two years), or wilful desertion (for two years) are causes too flimsy to justify the severance of the marriage tie if the injured party so elects? In this connection it is edifying to note that though national prohibition has been ordained with such despatch that an agonized minority is agitating the establishment of floating saloons outside

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the three-mile limit, or a peripatetic cruiser, to be known as "Der Fliegende Holländer" (with apologies to Alice Brown's striking war-story, "The Flying Teuton"), only three States have thus far consented to subordinate local idiosyncrasies as to what should or should not justify divorce to a national consensus of opinion. This suggests a latent but unpatriotic distrust by the individual States of extraneous interference with what the most divorce-ridden people in creation except Japan are fond of styling the "sanctity of the home"; and yet a constitutional amendment that would prevent divorce in one State from resulting in bigamy or adultery in some or all of the others, would seem quite as imperative as the dethronement of John Barleycorn. But, however this may be, it is indisputable that the legal grounds for divorce in this country, when judged by the modern standard of what men or women have a right to expect of a partner for life, are, with rare exceptions, almost compulsory.

In other words, in this instance as in others, law defines the least, not the most, which the conscience of human society insists on. The statutes regulating crime cease to concern most of us individually for the reason that theft, embezzlement, and arson seem utterly remote from our social sphere. Similarly the likelihood of landing in the divorce court, though less inconceivable than standing in the dock, is associated in our minds with unpleasant or, at the best, very unlucky people. Just as the law sentences the housebreaker but is powerless to deal with envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, so the court of domestic relations will set free the wife of a dipsomaniac but turn an inexorably deaf ear to the plea of incompatibility. And yet the world over, and especially among nice people, the true test of wedded happiness, the test which breaks or binds, is ability to get along well together. While theoretically this has always been the test, it has become significantly so with the progress of woman's emancipation. Divorce laws at their inception were passed primarily for her benefit, and at least two-thirds of the proceedings for severance of the marriage tie and all proceedings for legal separation continue to emanate from her. Yet in order to be convinced that the inhibitions on conduct laid down by the statutes as safeguards to wedlock are primitive when measured by the present standard of what marriage demands, it is only necessary to consider whether it seems strange that a woman, provided she has ceased to love, should try to cut loose from a spouse who beats her, gets drunk habitually, or commits serious crimes for which he is imprisoned. Would it not seem stranger if she continued to live with him? And the corollary to this is the inquiry: should the modern woman's love, deep-rooted though it be from instinct and tradition, be expected to survive such an ordeal? Unquestionably, between the barrier against masculine behavior of this sort and the basis on which married couples purpose to live in a world made safe for democracy, there is a no man's land of tolerably wide dimensions.

What are the limits of this no man's land? The so-called survival, notwithstanding she had been beaten assiduously, of the old-time woman's love, was partly due to her inability to help herself. Apologists for the old-time order of things have been known to claim that she rather liked it. Nevertheless, in case she left her husband and carried off her children, he could recover them even though she disputed their possession in court, and all access to economic independence was closed to her. Unless she could make out a desperate case, she had to grin and bear it under the conjugal roof, or starve. It is not necessary to specify the avenues, one should perhaps say alleys, to income-producing employment open to women to-day, which, tortuous though they be, are widening and straightening out so rapidly that the menace of inability to make both ends meet, if she departs, no longer confines the housewife as in a bag, with the strings drawn. Not only is the self-respecting woman freed to-day from marrying for purely economic reasons, but, if ill-treatment prove her matrimonial lot, she is often resourceful enough to be able to say to her husband: "I can stand it no longer, and can look after myself." In this event the children go with the wife unless she has been meretricious, and their father must support them (if not her) will he, nill he, which gives her the whip-

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hand even in a literal sense. So also will the courts prescribe if she is forced to appeal to them. In fact, from the angle of refusing to live with a man after he has become intolerable, nice women with any appreciable earning power are virtually protected to-day from airing their grievances in public; they have only to leave the key of the flat under the door-mat and go. Indeed, so fast and so far has the pendulum of readjustment swung in her favor, that the crucial inquiry of the modern marital situation has come to be: at what point does a husband cease to be intolerable? Or to phrase it a little differently: how poor a sort of man is it a woman's duty to put up with?

The latest statistics of the National Census Bureau (1916) are said to show 1050 marriages and 112 divorces to each 100,000 of the population, in other words one divorce to every nine marriages, a considerable increase since the previous tabulation in the ratio of divorce to marriage in the United States. Over against these figures is to be set the judicial consciousness that eight women out of ten, provided their husbands are kind, affectionate, sober, and faithful, will stick to them through thick and thin, because such is woman's nature, which, as I have already indicated, has blossomed afresh with buds of efficient tenderness in the forcing process of unconventionality occasioned by the war. And yet, especially among nice people, who would no more expect to become associated with the statutory causes for divorce (unless infidelity or desertion) than with shoplifting or arson, there has been a swift growth of the doctrine that it is incumbent on a man to retain his wife's affection, and that if he fails to do so he must not be surprised or unduly annoyed if she likes some one else better. This has been the prevalent note in Anglo-Saxon fiction for some time, especially and more openly in Great Britain, but also frequently here, the distinction being that the British heroine is apt to burn her bridges, whereas her American sister, who has told her husband that she is tired of him and has become attached to another man, prefers to motor back to quasi-respectability over the causeway of a collusive divorce. Here is a tendency over which both the courts and the church have ordinarily little control. A husband was always free to leave his wife if ready to pay for the luxury of supporting her apart. To-day the privilege is nearly reciprocal in that there is no bar except public opinion to prevent a wife from forsaking her husband if she can maintain herself or get some one else to maintain her, and, provided she mend her fences (sometimes even if she does not), public opinion, before condemning her, almost invariably inquires: why did she have to? Indeed, the radicals would persuade us that to be merely hopelessly bored by a man—out of conceit of his countenance and sure before he speaks what he is going to say—is sufficient justification for a change, and that the marriage of the near future will be ethically dissoluble if a husband cannot pass the test of being plumbed to the depths and yet found interesting.

After discounting the audacities of fiction as a guide to the philosophy of wedlock, we must not ignore the residuum of truth responsible for this ferment—namely, that if men persist in their old methods, it will be more and more in the power of wives to get rid of them. But the economic power of woman to enforce this quasi-threat involves the gravest of responsibilities, for it makes the stability of the marriage tie largely dependent on her reasonableness as to what she has a right to require. The European theory of marriage, as every one knows, was based on preserving the husk or shell of the family life at all costs, with the result that disaffected husbands and wives who endured each other in public and strayed on the sly were tolerated like the thief who returns goods on the assurance that no questions will be asked. The peccadilloes of the individual were winked at in order to preserve the social institution—to safeguard the rearing of children and the future of the race. Even clerical repugnance to the remarriage of divorced persons, though reinforced by holy writ, springs from the same theoretical loyalty to social order. What is to become of the world if the family perishes? What, indeed! And yet the sober sense of civilization has given the sanction of law to the severance of bonds which the victims

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were expected to endure for the sake of conscience, or to palliate, if at all, by clandestine means, and this remedy has overspread the globe. Though designed for the relief of the individual—conspicuously the wife—it protects the social institution by serving notice that family life which is a festering sore precludes a suitable atmosphere for the children and helps perpetuate unendurable domestic standards.

In a previous article* it was pointed out that responsibility for the well-being of children rests on women to a far greater extent than ever before, owing to the tendency of the courts in settling domestic disputes to make the wife their custodian, unless her conduct has been wanton. If a woman is free to pick up her baby and snap her fingers at her husband merely because she finds him less congenial than she expected, or, if there are no children and he palls on her, terminate their union to all intents and purposes by leaving a note on her pincushion and the wedding-ring pendant from the gas-fixture, it is obvious that she holds the holy state of matrimony in the hollow of her hand, to protect or to play fast and loose with as she elects. The inviolability of matrimony in the past was bulwarked by the plausible dogmas that, human beings being born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, it is the Christian duty of all, and especially of the weaker vessel, to bear whatever comes and not to expect too much, particularly from wedlock; and that in return for providing shelter and support a husband is entitled to certain prerogatives, euphemistically linked in the prayer-book by the words love, honor, and obey, which put his wife's susceptibilities wholly at the mercy of his temperament. The church would still have wives believe that the sanctity of marriage forbids its dissolution for mere brutality enforced by a bludgeon or carving-knife; but so many women in the world refuse longer to subscribe to this tenet that we have in the United States (and to a considerable extent over the world) the anomaly of a great nation freely utilizing divorce in opposition to a church militant but legislatively powerless. South Carolina abolished her divorce laws in 1878, but in which other of the United States would a bill repealing them or forbidding the remarriage of divorced persons have a ghost of a chance of passage? In which of the countries of Europe would not any change in the relief already provided by law for intolerable conditions be toward greater latitude rather than restriction? This obviously puts a quietus on the theory that woman should be expected to endure matrimonial misery to the bitter end, but falls far short of a certificate that she ought not to be expected to endure anything. Civilization by its laws has served notice on the church and all other social recalcitrants that a wife is justified in expecting more of her husband than he was ready to concede; but the consciousness of the courts detects a new social menace to-day in the propensity of some wives to expect too much.

This takes us back to the war-brides we left waiting on the pier, in comparison with whose returning husbands, the prototypes of a century ago, and George Osborne in particular, seem obsolete as the dinotherium. It may be that a scarcity of men will arrest temporarily among the European nations decimated by war the trend of women to be less long-suffering, but the ethical inquiry: what is intolerable from a wifely point of view? is unobscured for American women by a shortage of supply. Nor can the heroes safely build upon the hysterical whisper: has woman left at home kept pace spiritually? for who can doubt it if doing without ungrudgingly and helping bountifully with tireless hands be the test. Yet the main problem bristles with conflicting points of give and take due to changes in standards many of which have been accelerated by war liberty. Husbands and wives will return to their boiled mutton, but never again on exactly the identical basis as before, either from an economic or domestic angle. Nevertheless, the world agony and stress of the past four years has served to set once more in high light an old truth, one which, especially in the United States, was in danger of being lost sight of in the medley of other spiritual forces—namely, that man is a robust and a fighting animal. One of the effects of high-explosive carnage has been the emphasis put on

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1919, "Domestic Relations and the Child."

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the fundamental differences between the sexes which quasi-feministic propaganda had begun to discredit and confuse. When the tocsin sounded, they rushed to their preordained posts—the men to the trenches with their horrors of hell-fire and shell-shock, the women to the canteens and hospitals, even the ambulances and munitions works, or to the task of keeping home-fires burning and the pot a-boiling. In short, when overwhelming dangers threaten, society reverts automatically to primitive instincts and the habits of the tribe.

On this fundamental distinction between men and women which dictates to each sex its offices in the domestic partnership rests the stability of the family, a conception at the very root of the policy of both priest and lawmaker concerning it. Though their cast-iron dispositions have been greatly relaxed, they still hold fast because forged in nature's foundry, notwithstanding woman has lately demonstrated her capacity to perform at a pinch or from economic choice nearly all of man's work not requiring brute force or brute courage. How is the family to be preserved? Not surely by forbidding a wife to insist that the phrase "I sometimes take a glass of beer," the extenuating formula so often uttered in court, shall mean what it implies and not be a mere flimsy cloak to disguise the debaucheries of an habitual drunkard. Not surely by perpetuating the already challenged code of secrecy, which conceals from wives the ailments of their husbands in the name of professional honor instead of segregating or earmarking all afflicted with the virulent poison that makes the glory of maternity a cross. The menace from these robust vices is obvious; but turn about is fair play. The tastes and reactions of men differ from those of women, and no legislation will ever make them the same. Against abuses arising from the first the law, as has been shown, affords ample relief and protection, but against the other only when they are glaring. This puts into the hands of woman a weapon which, if drawn capriciously or without great cause, imperils the preservation of the family no less surely than masculine tyranny or vice. It is a safeguard of the race that most women realize this intuitively; yet there is a prevalent and would-be superior breed—one fostered by modern fiction—who claim the ethical right to leave their husbands, and thus conclude the marriage relation, on grounds so slender and flimsy as to mock at the valid grievances for which the divorce statutes provide redress. Dislike of household duties, distaste for cohabitation, disillusion with their lot, an uncurbed consciousness that they do or could like some one else better—this last most frequently and insistently urged, especially by those economically free, as the oriflamme of a new sex dispensation,—these are the threads in the woof of current social conditions of which courts are increasingly cognizant, but of which few statistics can be kept for the reason that the malcontents are answerable only to public opinion. Against the view of the church, declaring the marriage tie indissoluble for any cause (except perhaps adultery), and that of the lawgiver, permitting it to be severed only for the weightiest reasons, is set the inchoate theory that it ought to cease to bind, so far as living together is concerned, from the hour when the sensibilities of the female are repelled by the conditions of the partnership. If this cannot be construed as license not to endure at all, it certainly constitutes her the sole judge of what she is expected to bear in the way of disappointment or dissatisfaction. Such a result, if widely sanctioned, would from the point of view of the family as we know it at present be only one step removed from a virtual nationalization of husbands.

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THE WAY OF THE BOLSHEVIK

By Langdon Warner
Recently American Vice-Consul, on a Special Mission to Siberia

OF course pictures of ravaged Belgium had prepared one for something of the sort. But a single sight of the lair of the beast, a few hours after he had quit it, made an impression which no description and no picture could make. The sheer useless destruction was so unpicturesque and so unwarlike. The station-master's house, where Ivanova had come as a bride from European Russia, bringing her warm patchwork quilt and her gaudy icon, was split open by the enemy and defiled by his dung. Indescribable things had been done for the pure sport of riotous filth. High up on the wall, and out of reach of anything but the most deliberate and painstaking destruction, the sad face of the Christ in its glittering brass frame had been slashed across by a sabre. The quilt was ripped open and feathers from the mattress were smeared on the floor, mixed with honey from the great jars on the shelf. Outside, the bees were busy making more honey and filling in the bullet-holes in the hive that May day. But Ivanova was not there to gather honey or to patch another gaudy quilt. Ivan had been forced to stoke the trains for the Bolsheviks, and then left with a bullet in his skull near the track. Lucky for him he died before he knew what befell Ivanova. She was past caring if her pots and pans were smashed and her wool-work table-cloth, all magenta and mustard yellow with outlandish parrots, had been used to wipe a bloody sword. Ivan's best trousers that hung in the press had not fitted the beast, and they were slashed in ribbons. Ivanova's Sunday stays had hung beside them, but now were on that dung-heap on the bed, covered with honey and with feathers and bits of glass from the window that had been smashed inward. I had on high boots against the May mud, but I shrank to walk on the boards of that station-master's house.

I remember that, on the eve of Easter, I had stood at a little station platform where all the world seemed given over to the fight that was expected up the line a mile or so. At my back flat cars were shunted, and I could see by the lanterns where six precious three-inch guns were being cut out, to lie on the main track next the ammunition-cars which were about to move up with all possible speed. A hospital-car was behind me with lights at the windows, and a busy staff within attending to minor injuries. There was crash after crash in my ears as the cars were shunted. Now and then a shout was taken up from down the track, and signal lanterns swung wildly as the couplings were lifted and the trucks banged together. A hundred yards off was the village, barely a dozen families left out of three thousand souls from the horror which had just passed. Against the stars I could just see the church-steeple, but there were no lights. Then came the sound of unearthly song far off, and with a burst the church-door opened, shedding a path of warmth and light, down which trod women with flaring torches, followed by splendid priests. Out of the portals they came with slow song and measured steps. As I watched them, breathless, remembering that the morrow would be Easter, they turned in the churchyard and began to circle the church. The sad chant carried by the priests with a thin strain of women's voices changed, and the burden became clear and high, almost triumphant with the song of boys. *Crash!* The three-inch guns were coupled at last to their ammunition, and could be got off any minute now to the battle which would start in a few hours.

It was Mary Magdalene *come early when it was yet dark, into the sepulchre, and seeth the stone taken away from the sepulchre.*

The song grew solemn again with the anguish of the women, which no boy's voice can ever tell. Under it ran the bass of the priests.

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And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.

The guns were away now, with shrieks from the engine and the grinding of wheels by my very elbow. The sound of singing was drowned, but the light was there from the open church-doors, and the little procession with its torches in the dark rounded the church, and came back again up the steps and into the chancel, and the doors were closed.

They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him..

II

It became increasingly obvious that the American Government was not and ought not to be interested in the little campaign of Simyonov, except as a single pawn on the great European and Asiatic checkerboard. Certainly, Washington could make up its own mind with reasonable correctness on the feelings toward Bolshevism of the men who were in the field against the Bolsheviks. The question was: Are Siberians Bolsheviks? Further: Is this a world movement that will level the mountains and fill up the valleys or is it the noise of the next-door neighbor moving his furniture about?

The only way even to guess at the answers to the questions was to join the Bolsheviks themselves. It could not be done across that particular front after one had become to a certain extent associated with Simyonov and his fights. Back I went through Harbin to Vladivostok on the east coast, and thence up the northern Ussuri River loop, which skirts the edge of Manchuria, and was at that time in Bolshevik control. Of course Vladivostok itself was governed by a Soviet and was technically Bolshevik. But there were the British and American cruisers, and there were Japanese torpedo-boats, and there were foreign consuls. One felt instinctively that Bolshevism was not to be studied there. Most cogent reason of all for not trying to study Bolshevism at Vladivostok was the fact that the population was after all the only purely Bolshevik one in Siberia of anything like considerable size. The railway-workshops and the shipyards and the longshoremen are the only people in Siberia, except the miners, who have no stake in the land. It is something more than chance which has made them Bolshevik, and has made the peasant their enemy. This is a large class in Siberia; some enthusiasts say they are as much as 10 per cent of the population, and to this day they undoubtedly remain *in esse* or *in posse* Bolshevist; but the very ablest statistician cannot make them a majority. The other 90 per cent are peasants who after a taste of Bolshevik rule have repudiated these masters more emphatically than they repudiated the Tsar.

But that is getting ahead of the story. It was my luck to enter Bolshevik-governed country with recommendations from the commissars at Vladivostok, and as an accredited agent of the United States. Few accredited Allied representatives had passed that way for some months. The major with whom I travelled and I were eagerly met by people of all sorts who wished to get their views on the situation cabled at once to Washington and Europe. We had nothing but the most sympathetic treatment from the Bolshevik leaders, and it was their obvious wish to strew roses in our path and save us from any ugly or unpleasing sight. It was not the fault of these gentlemen that we met an occasional group of a dozen peasants under heavily armed escort being led out to be shot, followed by their women with their aprons flung over their heads wailing. It was not their fault when we discovered that the peasants had been sentenced without judge or jury or court martial, and that their crime was to have been suspected of being unfavorable to the Soviet. Nor was it the fault of these hospitable persons that we were often unable to get food at all, never white bread and seldom sugar, except at their own kindly boards.

It must further be admitted that it was not the fault of the members of the Bolshevik Soviets, in any of the twenty-five or thirty towns we visited, that we were waited upon secretly by persons unfriendly to them, telling of horrors beyond anything an American permits himself to think of. Both these clandestine visitors and the honorable members of

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the Soviets urged immediate aid from the Allies and from America in particular. Their reasons for this request differed.

If Russia under the Tsars suffered from espionage and threw off the hateful yoke of the secret police, it is not to be wondered. What did surprise the investigator was that the Bolsheviks should have restored the system of espionage with twice its terror. When I say twice its terror I ask to be taken literally. In the old days the suspect was visited, his house searched, a document (possibly planted there by the police) found, and the poor wretch dragged off never to be seen again by his wife and children. That was sometimes the fate of the rich men or even occasionally of the bourgeois; almost any public servant of the upper classes was liable to it. But it never happened in the house of the peasant.

Under Bolshevik rule the peasant is as likely to suffer as any one else. He too is dragged off without much ceremony, but he is more often shot than imprisoned—not that it makes much difference. Not only does he suffer, but his wife and his eldest daughter are outraged by the officers of justice, who lead off the cow and drive the pigs down the lane, and fill with bullet-holes the objects which are not worth stealing. Next day the neighbor who has lodged the complaint feels justified in taking charge of what is left, and in tilling the abandoned fields, if indeed he belongs to the class which tills.

Thus it came about that the peasants could not be called sincere Bolsheviks once they had tasted the bitterness. I saw many who dared not protest and who would not say a word against the Soviets, but even the Russian peasant does not always succeed in hiding his terror. Back in the country districts one got bread that was white, and sometimes good honey in place of sugar. But money could not buy that wheat or that honey because the shops of the town had no cloth to make Ivan's coat and no needles and no thread and no nails and no farm-tools for the money which was plenty or the love that was scarce.

Over and over again in the privacy of my car I asked Ivan, when he had dried his eyes and accepted tobacco, why he did not bring in the wheat that his fellow countrymen in the towns might not starve. Invariably his answer was a variant of the same story. Ivanova had brought grain to be milled, but it was taken from her by the Red Guard, and so was the horse and cart. No, no, they had not killed her, though she had nearly died, and who was father to the little child soon to be born? Ivan Ivanovitch had brought to town potatoes at the command of the Soviet, and under its pledge of protection and fair prices. Marks of the knout were yet on his boyish face and back. That horse, the last one, had been taken and the potatoes carted off by the Red Guard. He who talked had made bold to come for redress at the advice of the elders learned in the lore of the Tsars. But some commissars had spit at him and other commissars had turned away with a laugh. Ivan wept and would take more tobacco.

But it was not always Ivan who came at night to my car or swung aboard at some side-track to travel a dozen miles and walk back. It was sometimes the old political exile, the revolutionary who had labored in the lead-mines and run an illicit printing-press of an evening. He had welcomed the Kerensky government as the millennium and had preached liberty and reform during its brief life. Then he had been trampled under foot by the Soviets, and his revolution and his freedom and all the God-given sunlight which for a moment had burst through the clouds was blackened. There seemed no balm for such hurt spirits.

To such men, and to the Bolshevik commissars, one could give but one answer when they asked my country to come to their aid. America would help Russia with tools and with loans of money, but America was not going to choose the form of government. Recognition would eventually come, but it would be slower to persons who did not represent majorities. It would be still slower to murderers and looters. It would be extremely slow to persons who failed to restore the courts of law and dared not put their principles to the test of the open vote.

It did not take long or a far journey into the country to find that, after all, it was not Siberia which was sick. Never

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was finer land for the planting and the harvest of a crop of grain or a generation of men. Neither was it the Siberians who were misgoverning themselves; it was almost without exception the evil of foreigners. Of Soviet members whom I met, and they were considerably more than half a hundred, I can remember few who were not Jews. Abler far than the Siberian frontiersmen, these were foreigners after all, though for the most part their origin was Russian. But ten years in New York, seven years on the Clyde, or eighteen years in Chicago had not made them the better Siberians. It was perhaps the ablest of the lot who had elevated himself to the position of head of the Far Eastern Soviet and its commissar of foreign affairs. He told me that he spoke English better than Russian, and that he had been in Siberia some months longer than I had. Our intercourse was somewhat sympathetic. At his request I gladly cabled to my government my strong hope that the embargo on food-supplies would be lifted from the eastern part of Siberia. Apart from the humanitarian argument, he impressed on me the fact that it was desirable for a hundred other reasons, not least of which was the mere quelling of discontent among the townsfolk. I was able to tell Washington, at his very able suggestion, that I was convinced a starving people would not allow a single grain of wheat to pass through their land into the hands of the Germans. This I gladly did.

I now regret that this gentleman's idea of courtesy, so admirably expressed by his reception of me and by the good fare which I enjoyed at his table, did not extend further. Perhaps it was lack of imagination on his part which made him print in his papers, after I was gone, long interviews in which I appeared repentant that my government had hitherto failed to recognize the Soviets, and promised to do all in my power to bring recognition about. Surely he was oversensitive on my behalf when he made me "confess to my government's lack of faith," and "appear much chagrined when taxed with it." The one bit of sincere joy that I got out of this gentleman's acquaintance was when his newspaper article brought to me a letter of almost fulsome praise from the Soviet of Kamchatka, a country whose name I had been accustomed to take in vain as expressing the very ends of the earth. The Soviet of Kamchatka in a burst of generous enthusiasm sat down and wrote me the most flattering kind of letter, holding me up to the admiration of all the other Allies who had none of them seen so clearly the state of things in Siberia. None of them had done as I had done (according to the Kamchatkans) in welcoming the newborn Soviet Democracy of Russia. If I am correct in my impressions of where Kamchatka may be found on the ordinary school wall-map, its inhabitants are remote; on this occasion they were way, way off.

III

THERE was another commissar, this time of the city of Irkutsk, with whom I became familiar. His name was Geitzmann, and he held the position of commissar of foreign affairs in the Central Siberian Soviet. He and I travelled many hundreds of miles together on the same train, crossing and recrossing the fronts—and there were sixteen of them—along the Trans-Siberian road. He led an existence that reminded me of the little pink lady of the German barometers, coming out in sunny weather and retiring when it threatened. If we crossed Czech territory, he was nowhere to be seen except when he was routed out by the officers who boarded the train. They wondered that an American should keep such company, but at my suggestion courteously refrained from hanging him. When Bolshevik lines were reached he was fairly hanging from the platform addressing crowds at the station.

It was my good fortune to be of service to this gentleman on several occasions. In the first place he was indebted to me for his life. Further, I had done my best to raise the food embargo for the territory that he controlled. It did not seem unreasonable that I too should beg a favor. When we came to three trainloads of Russian and Serbian refugees I escorted him among them and gave him the chance to observe their manner of life. I should add that political economy was his hobby. It happened that these

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refugees had been too long in trains. There were few men among them, and those not of military age or capacity. The children had for the most part mercifully died already, and the mothers could not give suck. They had a small allowance of sour black bread, a wet dough encased in a stony shell. Though they starved they could not stomach it. Mr. Geitzmann and I stood by the grave of three of the more hardy children who were about to be buried by the railroad-track. They had withstood all the hardships up to that time. Near us were women who wept and one who fainted.

I explained to Mr. Geitzmann that permission had already been given by the Czech commander that I should use my engine to pull these refugee trains eastward, into country where white bread could be given them. I told him that the Czechs would go so far as to lend me an extra engine, though they were in need of rolling-stock and had small faith in any guarantee which the Soviets might give for their return. I went so far as to ask permission, as a personal favor, to be allowed to pull those trains, and I further humbled myself to the extent of mentioning to him the small favors he had received at my hands. It needed but a word from him and some seventeen hundred women and children and sick men would be saved. Mr. Geitzmann glanced at the graves which were being filled up with earth, and said, "I spit on them," and suited the action to the word.

Later I returned to the subject, which by that time was distasteful to me; but it was of no avail. I dwelt on the fact that such actions on the part of the Soviet would become known in Europe and America, and would work harm to the chances of recognition by our governments. His reply was that if I would wire my government advising instant recognition of the Soviets, he would consider the matter. But I noticed that his suggestion was in jest, and that he did me the honor to believe that I would not do this thing. After three-quarters of an hour of discussion, which I did not permit to become heated, I was forced to retire to my car for very fear of doing the man personal injury.

This man's record in Irkutsk was such a stench that it is reported he was unable to escape when the crash came. It is believed that he was summarily hanged.

Single instances, it will be said, are of small value in obtaining a general average of conduct. In this I heartily agree. The reason that I submit this single instance is because by the end of eleven months I began to consider it typical of Siberian Bolshevists. Consistent treachery is their record in Siberia. I have been eye-witness of cruelty and treachery beyond anything that I care to write in SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. When I say that I have been eye-witness to cruelty of that sort I hasten to say in self-defense that I mean I have seen the after-effects of that cruelty, and that I have seen men marched off without trial to the brick wall and the firing-squad. That I attended the executions or saw any atrocities committed is of course not true. The Czech General Staff have, however, affidavits signed by me concerning the condition of bodies which I was forced to examine in the absence of any other Allied representative. I would gladly have avoided the task and protested that, not being a doctor, I could not determine whether the mutilation occurred before or after death in battle. Ten minutes' talk with a physician, however, convinced me that the blood, even from the heart of a magnanimous Czech or a Slovak, does not pump after death as that heart's blood pumped.

So far as one could gather from men hot from battle, the Bolsheviks of the Russian race were less often concerned in such atrocities. The executions, it is true, were more often than not ordered by Russian Jews. But the mutilation of wounded and of prisoners was commonly practised by the Magyar and German troops. For a long time the various European and American governments did not believe that the prisoners of the Central Powers in Siberia had actually taken the field in large numbers. It is probable that Washington was the last to believe it. But as early as June, 1918, Geitzmann threatened to arm every German and Magyar in Siberia if the Czechs persisted in their advance, and it was not a month before he carried out his threat as nearly as he could. I saw train-load after train-load of them pass my car. I saw them

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lounging in the streets of the cities near their internment-camps. I talked to them where they lay in the sun with the red Bolshevik brassards around their arms, nursing their rifles between their knees. I was arrested by them and brought both to the Red Guard camp and the "Internationalist" headquarters. On one occasion it took considerable search and inquiry before a soldier could be found able to speak anything but German who should escort the American vice-consul back to his train.

When the Soviets indignantly denied that foreigners were allowed to bear arms under their banner they hoped that they told the truth, for large numbers of Germans and Magyars became Russian citizens before they received the bread issue and the rifle. And still larger numbers joined the "Internationalist" army which, from the very nature of its name, cannot be foreign to any land. But some whom I questioned had scorned such methods and remained true to their nationality. I asked the Danish colonel in charge of the Swedish Red Cross engaged in freeing prisoners to take up arms against the Allies how long it took for one of his protégés to become a Russian citizen. I shall never forget his answer because of his superb insolence in daring to tell the truth to an American. He said:

"Several hours, unless the commissar of the Passport Bureau is sober. Then it can be done in a few minutes."

By June it was obvious that central Siberia was already in the hands of the freed enemy prisoners. Everywhere we warned the commissars that to arm our enemy was not the way to obtain instant recognition from America. Everywhere they admitted it and said they regretted the fact. Occasionally a Soviet member would begin by denying that the Germans and Magyars were armed. But one could easily step to the door of his office and summon the guard in German and ask his nationality. It was all too thin to keep up for long.

IV

But the Russian Jews knew what they were about. If some Americans hoped that Washington would act, these rulers of Siberia had little faith. Their sole hope lay with the enemies of America. That this hope was not realized is entirely due to the men from Bohemia whose conduct was so scrupulously correct through the year's campaign of consistent treachery and of intermittent fighting.

That Czecho-Slovak army, gathered from the prison-camps of Ukrania and Siberia, without arms or food or clothes or friends, pierced the enormous inert mass of Siberia like a fencer's sword. Against their scattered sixty-five thousand they have had two hundred thousand at a time, with another potential two millions behind that. Bolshevism whispered in their ears, and they came upon Mr. Timorous and Mr. Mistrust, who told them of the lions which were in the path ahead. Mr. Worldlywiseman gave them of his counsel to settle where they were and to take up land that was not their own. There came in also three witnesses against them, Mr. Envy, Mr. Superstition, and Mr. Pickthank, whose testimony was duly recorded in the court presided over by that eminent jurist Judge Hategood, and published largely among the Allied countries. Finally "Apollyon straddled quite over the whole breadth of the way."

"*Then did Christian draw, for he said it was time to bestir him.*"

* * * * * * * *

"Headquarters,
Czecho-Slovak National Army,
Cheliabinsk, Siberia
September 30th, 1918.

"*To the Allied Representatives:*

"The Czecho-Slovak National Council in Russia welcomes the decision of the Allies to come to the assistance of their advance-guard—the Army of the Czecho-Slovaks—who are fighting against the Austrians and Germans and their allies, the Bolsheviks in Russia.

"In the name of the Czecho-Slovak soldiers we ask for help at the front as soon as possible in order that we may not be compelled to abandon European Russia.

"After four months of laborious fighting and in consequence of their losses in killed and wounded and sick, the Czech forces are practically exhausted. To keep

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the Volga front they must have not only the aid of supplies but the aid of soldiers.

"We shall be obliged to give up Sizeran and Samara, as we have already been forced to quit Simbirsk, Kazan, Volsk, and Volinsk. Thus we shall be prevented from connecting with General Alexiev's volunteers near Kuban and with the British troops in the Caspian district. Further, the retreat from the Urals will result in the loss of the one railway to Turkestan from Samara through Orenburg to Tashkent.

"On the northwest our troops are advancing slowly to Perm, and now Trotzky has declared that, Kazan being taken, it is the turn of Ekaterinburg. That is the menace to our hope of joining forces with the Allies who approach from Archangel, Vologda, and Viachta.

"To quit European Russia has another disastrous consequence—that the Bolsheviks will organize a new Red Army under German and Austrian instructors which, by spring, will be available on the west front as well as on the east. Already the result of co-operation between the Bolsheviks and the Central Powers is obvious. The Russian people, demoralized by terror, will follow any leader who can organize them, whether he be German or Allied. This must be considered with care and must be acted upon with speed.

"We ask a categorical answer as to whether we can receive two or three divisions at the front that we may take the measures necessary to either consolidate the positions we have already cleared or else to withdraw our army into safety.

"The Allies have invited us to act as vanguard. This we have undertaken. Our troops have occupied the territory indicated to us on the Volga and in the Urals, but once again we are called upon seriously to give warning that if the main force does not come according to its promise, this vanguard must perish in vain or let slip what it holds.

(Signed)

BOGDAN PAVLU,
Vice-President Czecho-Slovak National Council.
RUDOLPH MEDEK,
War Secretary Czecho-Slovak National Council."

A MARCHING SONG FOR ENGLAND IN THE EAST

By Rhys Carpenter

FROM Egypt into China they have builded them a wall;
They have held the front of Eden from the Teuton and his thrall;
On the snowy stairs of Elburz you may hear their bugles call,
"Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe!"

There are gardens in the southland where the Tartar may not go;
There is dewy corn in Babel where the desert used to blow;
In the vineyards over Gaza you may see the grapes aglow:
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.

You shall watch the ships adrifting with the Tigris underkeel;
In the crooked streets of Baghdad you shall see the camels kneel
With the good things out of Persia that the robber could not steal:
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.

In the brain of wounded England lay the silence for a span;
Then she rose and wrought a marvel by the steppes of Turkistan:
Oh, ye women-folk of Irak! Oh, ye children of Iran!
Ye are safe! Be at ease! Ye are safe.

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THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE

By Roy Irving Murray

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

IT was strange how few changes the years had made. There was that curious intimacy of association about the very buildings of the little town, that inevitableness of grouping, as of details in some picture, known intimately, forgotten, and then seen again. The same uninteresting shop fronts lined the shaded street, almost, one would have said, with the same thin array of articles behind their dingy glass. Beyond the turn, the street would widen into a vista of branching elms, there would be a stretch of lawn, glimpses of mellowed house fronts, finally the little group of college buildings. Nothing had altered; it was as though time had stopped to wait for his return.

The man handed a coin to the boy who had brought up his bag. Then he drew a chair to the window of his sitting-room in the hotel and sat down. His eyes searched the line of trees, farther up the hill, until they found the red-tiled roof of a house set high above a terraced garden. There they rested.

Life has a way of forcing sharp decisions; the straight road branches, there must be no halting of the march until the journey's end. James Holden had decided which turn to take—had decided it instantly. It occurred to him, afterward, that all that he had wanted was the occasion for decision. That had come yesterday. Perhaps it had come too late—it happened so sometimes—a man awoke to the realization that life was to be one ache of longing for the thing which he had thrown away. Since yesterday, when the lawyer had made his final report and had bowed himself out of Holden's office, he had been pulling his mind resolutely away from that possibility. Now the thought of it came again, stronger than ever.

In the gathering twilight the red roof up the hill melted into the surrounding grayness. Holden turned from the window. He must think, must try to form some definite plan; the nearness of the issue was confusing. The room had darkened; it was long past time for dinner. He put the idea of food aside as incongruous—a man does not eat when life lies like wet clay in his hands waiting to be moulded finally. Once, as he sat there, a sound of singing floated through the open window. He looked out; a group of obvious undergraduates were loitering arm in arm down the street. The words of the song flashed into Holden's memory: something about "youth" and "hope" and "glowing visions." It was years since he had sung them, years since an arm had been caught into his in that sort of careless intimacy. Somehow, it was a symbol for all that he had missed—the trust of other men, the friendliness of intercourse, the confidence, the love. He was going to win them back now, hold them forever. He had come to do that. Or else—? The alternative was impossible. No, it would all come right, of course, once he had explained the whole hideous mistake; life would begin again—new, splendid. It was beginning now! The man got up from his chair. He walked the length of the room and back; then he caught up his hat from the table where he had laid it. After twenty years, the idea of another hour's delay was suddenly intolerable; he must know now—to-night! He walked heavily down the two flights of stairs and was in the street.

The trees made black shadows on the walk. Far back across lawns lights glimmered from open windows; there were blurred suggestions of figures on some of the steps—the thin sweetness of a mandolin; the June night breathed with intimate sound and movement. Once, a young woman overtook him, passed, and turned into a gate in the hedge bordering the sidewalk. Holden noticed the long lines of her frock, that she wore no hat. The college clock, close now, struck the

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quarter—he recognized the same flat note of years ago in one of the bells. His real mind had stopped trying to think; these details were simply the fringe of things brushing the outer edge of consciousness.

Suddenly the mass of the house with the red-tiled roof confronted him, gray in the moonlight. There was no sign of life there; only the dull glow of the hall lantern through the open door. He turned down the short walk leading to the door. As he climbed the steps he heard music—low, modulated chords resolving into a vaguely familiar melody. From the door, he could see dimly a figure sitting at the piano which sprawled under a shaded lamp at the far end of the living-room. He stood there, in the doorway, until, as though conscious of observation, the player turned, leaving the tune hanging in mid-air.

"I didn't hear you come in." The voice came across low, resonant.

"Is this still the Omega House?" Holden questioned.

"Still?" A puzzled frown drew the other's brows together for a second; then —"Oh! Yes. Was there anybody you wanted to——?"

"I used to live here," the man cut in, "I'm Holden—James Holden, class of '88." He stepped toward the circle of light. The boy stood up—a tall, slender lad, in baggy corduroys and a Norfolk jacket.

"I'm sorry," he began. "I mean, I'm sorry nobody's here. They've all gone to a dance at the Country Club." He was dragging a chair forward. "You'll sit down, won't you? I suppose you're back for a class reunion? A lot of alumni are due this commencement." He fumbled in the pocket of his jacket. "I've got some cigarettes. I'm sorry everybody's cleared out," he said again.

It came to the older man that he ought to make some sort of reply.

"Thanks." He took a cigarette from the boy's case, and sat down in the chair suggested. "I was just passing—taking a walk. I turned in to have a look at the old House—it's twenty years since I've seen it. I wish you'd go on playing," he ended lamely, and instantly regretted the remark.

"Oh, that's not my stunt. I only do it when nobody's around." He had sat down on the bench again, his back to the keyboard. "Mostly when I get low in my mind," he went on, as though to himself.

Holden glanced up sharply; the remark struck him as strange. The lad was looking absently down the long room. "You see," he said, "I'm especially low just now." He smiled. "Natural result of entering the business world. I got a job down-town to-day, and I've discovered that I can't add straight. It's a little awkward to find out, at the end of Junior year, that you can't add."

Holden laughed. "You're likely to run into a good many things that you can't do," he said. "I did. I do yet."

"I suppose college isn't really for that sort of thing, anyhow," the boy brought out after a silence. "And I have learned some things."

"Such as—?" the man prompted.

"Well, I've learned to care for the place a lot. I'm glad I didn't miss my three years here. Mostly I'm glad I didn't miss getting into the Society. You hear a lot of rot talked about fraternities, but it's that, mainly, I think, that gets hold of a chap—that feeling that he's got all those bully friends—that he can come back, and it will always be the same, no matter who's here." He smiled at the older man, rather an embarrassed smile. "My talking like this to you—right off the bat—that's partly what I mean; you're coming back—it's twenty years, didn't you say? It's largely the old feeling for the Society—isn't it? It makes us—well—not strangers," he ended, a trifle vaguely.

Holden felt himself lifted into an atmosphere of unreality. Possibly it was the boy's face which caused it. He liked the face, lean and brown above the soft white collar. The lamplight glowed down on the upstanding, fair hair; the boy was leaning back on the bench, his long fingers laced together around one knee, his eyes—frank, clear eyes they were—resting quietly on Holden's. No, it was not the face. Mostly it was the voice—something unusual in the rounded smoothness of it—something, too, in the simplicity, the straightforwardness, with which the boy was talking of things which touched him nearly. Suddenly Holden felt himself caught in the inevitable whirl

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of one of those familiar experiences where the details of a situation seem to have been lived through before; he knew what he would say, in a minute now—what the answer would be. He hesitated; then: "You haven't told me your name."

"Oh—Ashton. I thought I mentioned it—Baily Ashton. Mostly you don't get your real name here, of course. The fellows take any handle that seems to fit. But——"

When the room stopped spinning Holden shot a glance at the other. Evidently it had lasted only a second or two. He got up.

"Could we"—his voice sounded unnaturally loud—"it's a little close in here——"

"I was just going to suggest outside." He stood aside to let the man pass through the door into the veranda. It was the darkness that Holden wanted. Astonishing, he reflected confusedly, how things bowl one over. This thing that had been at the centre of his thoughts—one felt a fool, not standing up to it better.

"I think, sometimes, that the garden's really best at night—when you have to guess at most of it. Still, you've got to have seen it before, I suppose."

"Yes," Holden said, "you can't imagine what you haven't known."

"Those white things," he was pointing to a gray stretch against a hedge, "are lilies. Was there a garden in your time, Mr. Holden?"

"Oh, yes," the man answered, "it's an Omega tradition."

The boy was sitting on the wide rail of the veranda, talking about gardens. "I know God walks in mine"—a line of the poem came into Holden's brain. "God," he whispered, "walk here, in this place—now! God, walk here!"

His mind was a haze of confusion. Suddenly it cleared, like the abrupt stopping of some hideous noise. It left a blank, as though he had fainted. Then, somehow, he knew—knew exactly. He picked up a book from the table at his elbow, then placed it carefully back.

"I've been thinking," he began, "of what you said a moment ago. I mean," he explained, as the other drew a chair across the porch and sat down opposite, "I mean—about one's not being wholly a stranger. There *is* something in the old place—something in this old Society of ours—I know I must have missed a lot of it—still, it's there."

The boy leaned forward in his chair. "Yes," he said, "it's there. You feel it—it catches you. It's one of the big things."

"It's *the* big thing—touching other people, like that, without the muddle."

A sudden breeze brought a wave of fragrance from the terrace below, stirred the trees into soft rustling.

"There's a good deal of muddle, first and last," Holden went on, almost absently. "It's worth while keeping clear of that—trying to, at least." Then, abruptly: "Wasn't your allowance big enough?"

The boy started. "Big enough?" Astonishment rang in the words. "What do you—? Oh!" he laughed, "I see! It's what I said about getting a job."

"Yes, you did say something about going to work. People don't leave college at the end of Junior year like that for nothing. You see, it interested me. You won't mind, I hope? It's what you said—one isn't entirely a stranger, after all. I wondered if possibly you'd let me—help you, perhaps?"

"It's a little odd," the boy cut in. Then, all at once, he smiled again. "I mean," the quiet voice went on, "of course, you'll think it's absurd; I suppose it is. But, you see, I knew something was likely to happen to me to-night. That's largely why I didn't go to the dance. It's a sort of second sight that I've got. Besides, you've hit the very middle of the thing that's bothering me."

"Look here." Holden's hand went out toward the other; he pulled it back with an effort. Not time for that yet. "It's only this," he said, after a moment; "I'm older, and if there's anything—that is—well, if you've got yourself into some kind of difficulty——"

It was senseless, fumbling it like that. He sat back, waiting. The boy had twisted his chair out of the moonlight; Holden could not see the face, but he knew that the grave eyes were searching his.

"Yes," the words came finally, as after some deliberate effort at decision, "I've wanted to talk to somebody. I need that. I'd like to talk with you, I think—if you'd let me?

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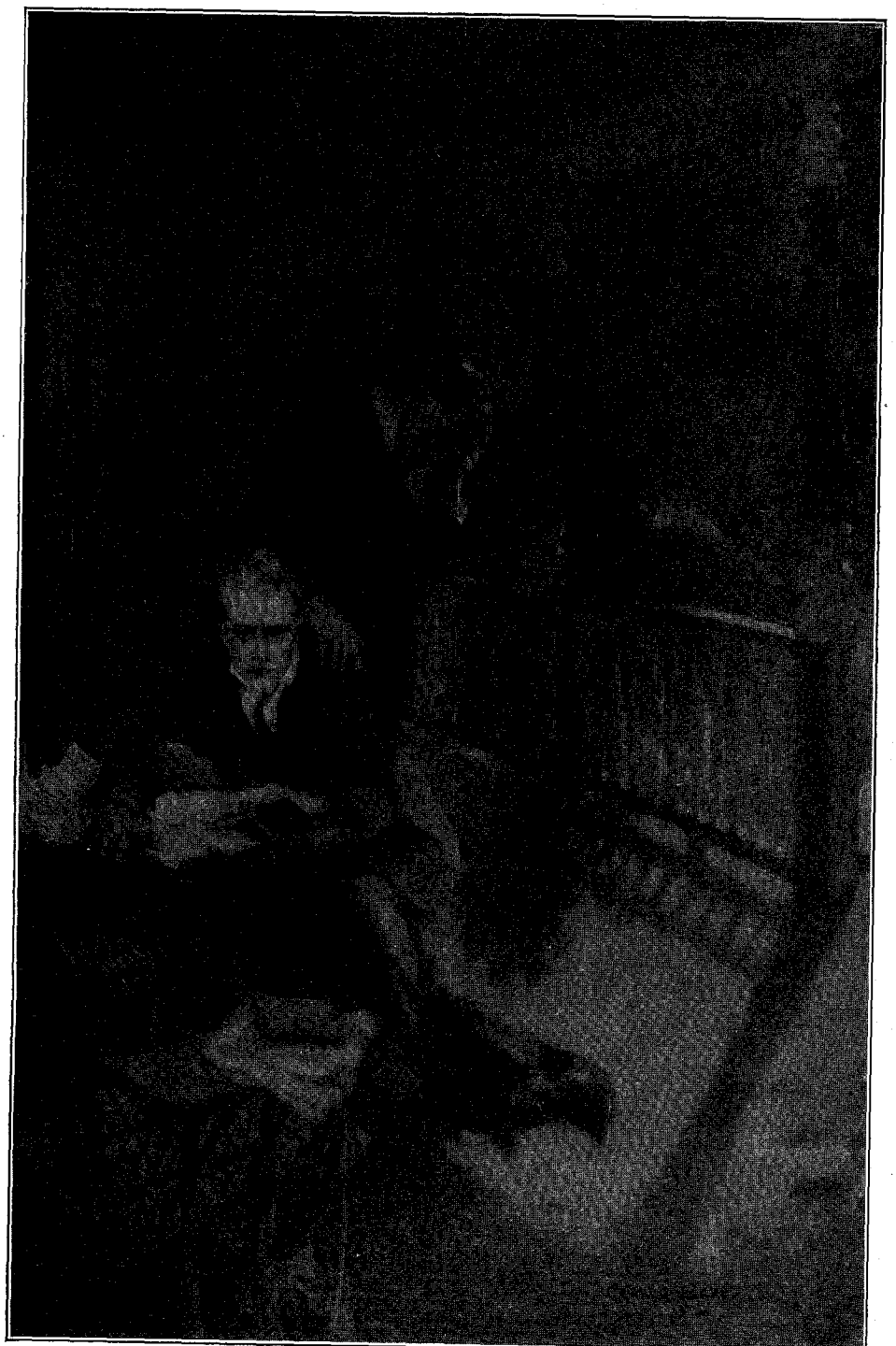

Drawn by Gerald Leake.

Twice, in the long hour that followed, the lad spoke, in monosyllables.—Page 749.

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"It isn't that"—again the man's hand went out. "It's if you will. People don't, as a rule. But—I'd like to have it to remember that you—that somebody—wanted to."

The unconscious loneliness in the words cut the last barrier of the boy's reserve.

"It's odd," he brought out again, "but I *do* want that. I'm in a good deal of a mess, really. Likely you'll know how to advise me. I don't know much about business—I told you I couldn't even add!"

The lad had gone back to his seat on the railing.

"It's about money that I owe. A lot—I've got to pay it back." Holden sat up straight at that.

"It's rather unusual—the whole thing," the words went on, "but, you see, there's nobody to pay it back *to*. That's what makes it all so much worse—I can't get his name even; the lawyers keep putting me off about that. And I want him to know what I'm going to do." Holden started at the abrupt change in the voice—a sudden, choking hardness. "I want him," the young features stiffened, then blazed into a flame of anger, "I want him to know that I'm going to pay it back—every cent—that I've cleaned myself of his filthy charity. I want to get where he is—where I can——"

Holden leaped from his chair; it was automatic. Instantly the rage died out of the boy's white face.

"I've never said it to anybody before—like that." Holden had half-carried him to the chair. "It catches me—I'm a beast then. It's—it's——"

"It's human nature," Holden finished quietly. The lad sat for a moment, his head between his shaking hands. Holden waited until the face lifted. "Now," he said, "tell me. Of course," he went on after a silence, "if you'd rather not——"

"After that rotten exhibition?" Incredulity hung in the words. "You'll still listen?"

"I've hated people pretty thoroughly myself," the man said in a detached voice, as though to himself. "Sometimes, lately, I've thought that if I could have told somebody—if I could have talked it out— But that didn't happen. It poisons you, hating people. It poisoned me. It wasn't worth it, boy." He put a hand on the other's knee. "You see," he smiled, "I know, and I'm telling you."

"Yes," the slow word came, "it burns up something—something inside your soul."

The two sat so, in the silence. Holden lost track of time. He was looking down across the garden. The moonlight had found the row of lilies against the hedge; it was so still that he heard the wash of the lake, far down below the garden. The peace of night—it was that—something almost definitely personal watching, calm-eyed, the gray shape of a fear that stole nearer, nearer. It must not cross the line that was the border of his real consciousness—he set his will against that. The boy was talking again—he would listen presently, after he was sure the gate was shut and barred against that threatening presence.

"—and I read it"—Holden's mind gripped the end of a sentence—"I read the whole thing, at a glance, before I realized." The voice was changing again. "Then, in a flash, I knew. Of course, I had to think it through. It didn't seem true. Nobody would have believed it—that's partly why I couldn't tell anybody. Besides, you can't tell a thing like that. I don't know why I'm doing it now—to you. Somehow, it's mixed me all up. I'd taken things for granted—just gone on without thinking. There was always money—he'd arranged for that. I suppose he thought it was all that mattered!"

Holden was listening now; the gray shape had withdrawn a little. The lad's face, full in the moonlight, turned eagerly to his. He talked rapidly, jerkily, as though in the effort to get it through. Obviously he had been keen to tell somebody—it happened to have been himself who had drawn it out, Holden thought. No—it was because the boy liked him—felt attracted to him. He caught eagerly at that—it was what the lad had said—a casual sympathy between two personalities, meeting by chance at a time of crisis. Perhaps he ought to wait; give it space to strengthen—the slight bond between them.

"I'd supposed, always," the words went on, "that he was dead. They told me that. It was always impersonal, right

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Then, into the whirling darkness that was closing about him, James Holden reached out his eager arms.—Page 751.

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from the start—nurses and guardians and tutors. And a child can't realize—not at first. It's like being alone—you don't mind, until you notice how it is. I don't think I noticed, much, until I went to school—then it began to show. Even then I didn't mind—for a while—not having any place to go vacations—nobody who took an interest, like the rest of them had. You see, my mother—well, I can just remember her. Of course, everybody was decent; but a kid does get to see things."

The voice trailed off into silence; the eagerness had faded from the face.

"I used to try to imagine," he went on presently, "what it was like to be going home—where one had people and dogs and ponies. The rest of them were so keen about it, for weeks before holidays. Once I went, for Christmas, with one of them. I was twelve years old. Kids are sensitive—people asked me questions. I never did it again."

The man's quick imagination began to fill in details.

"And that's about all." Holden forced himself to turn again toward the vague figure across the table. "Then I found out—a month ago—I told you: part of a letter that had got slipped into some papers from my guardian. One typewritten sheet—something about increasing my allowance." It was coming again, that surge of insane fury—Holden saw it sweeping across the face like a sudden, devastating tempest. "He'd known—all along he'd known—everything. It was that"—the boy was pulling at his collar with a shaking hand—"it was his leaving me—his own son—like a package you'd check—dodging the whole business after he'd put me into the world—all the years that I'd needed him—when I hadn't anybody— Why, even dogs look after their puppies—even swine— A thing like that for a father—" The boy's lips twisted incoherently. Holden, hypnotized into immovability, watched the two hands shoot out and grasp the table's edge as he stood up, then bent, glaring with unseeing eyes into his face. "Does he think I'd go on—taking his money—after that? That I'd live off him? That I wouldn't beg or steal or starve first? Even the name I've got isn't my own—isn't his. He can't hide where I won't find him—God won't let even the dark cover a man like that! And when I find him—when I get where he is—when I—when—" The voice sank into a whisper, light died out of the eyes, the taut body sagged, face down, across the litter of books and papers on the table. Holden reached out timidly and touched the fair hair with fingers that trembled. Fear had stalked unchecked across the fragrance of the sleeping garden and laid a hand on James Holden's heart. Then it passed.

"Fight!" The word flamed into his consciousness. He stumbled to his feet, his face bent low over the dim brightness that was the boy's inert head.

"Don't—for God's sake—don't let yourself go like that! Nothing—not anything is worth—that. You can't"—he shook with the intensity of the effort—"you can't hate a man like that. You don't know—it's death!"

It seemed to him that he was shouting—that he must shout. Sometimes, in moments of crisis, instinct snatches the reins of conduct from the cool hands of reason: men do strange things then. When James Holden returned to the world of conscious action the boy's shoulders were bent into the gripping hollow of his arm; he was shaking them savagely. The echo of words repeated with rough insistence hung in the still air.

"You must listen to me—you must listen—you must——"

Somewhere, inside the house, a door slammed shut. A handful of rippling chords rang through the windows of the veranda; then, clear and sweet:

"'Au clair de la lune,
Mon ami Pierrot,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot.'"

"Quick!" Holden pushed the boy into a chair. "Yes, that's right," as his face went down between his arms on the table. Holden struck the sweat from his forehead with a hand.

"'Ma chandelle est morte
Je n'ai plus de feu—
Ouvre-moi ta porte
Pour l'amour——'"

"Oh, Baily!" the words cut across the song. "Baily Ashton! Where are you?"

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Then, from the doorway: "Wake up, you— Oh!" as he caught sight of Holden—"I didn't see!" With that, instantly, he was gone.

The boy's face lifted.

"No," Holden said quietly, "don't talk —yet." Then: "It's all right. You went to pieces a bit, that's all. It's all right."

Twice, in the long hour that followed, the lad spoke, in monosyllables; for the rest, James Holden talked—sometimes with a rushing eagerness of argument that rose almost to entreaty—sometimes in broken sentences whose pauses made for the emphasis of the words that he did not say. After the first effort to cover the boy's collapse—the stinging embarrassment of that momentary loss of self-control—the man's quick brain, the whole strength of his will, pointed into a goad of persuasion, insistent, relentless.

Surely there was something behind what the boy's father had done—some real reason—some motive—adequate, justifiable. Not caprice; no mere lazy desire to shift responsibility. It would have been simpler to have cast the boy adrift, and the man had not done that certainly! These things happened. And they explained themselves, of course, eventually. Patience—always life needed that. Things worked out, in the end. Mostly one must stumble to those final explanations through the dark: it was so with all of life. Meantime, to refuse the man's money—it was childish. Besides, it was the least—the money was—the lawful least that the man could do. And he had done that, hadn't he—*hadn't* he? Again and again Holden came back to that question, each time with a sicker realization of futility. It was as though he were a spent swimmer whose weary limbs move ineffectually under the dying stimulus of the instinct of self-preservation. The boy's stubborn silence—it was like a gray waste of water—choking, heavy.

Clouds had shut out the moonlight; there was a spurt of rain—the rising wind blew a handful of drops into the veranda. The boy's face was a blur against the blackness. The man's sentences fell, short, broken, across lengthening spaces of silence. He had finished what he had to say. Once, toward the end, there had been laughter—the jeering, youthless laughter of disillusionment. It came when Holden was fumbling with the point of duty.

"Yes," the flat voice said across the darkness, "I know! They read it out to you in church. 'Honor thy father and thy mother'—I've got it off by heart. They call it 'the first Commandment with promise.' I don't know what it is—the promise—but I don't want it. Not if it costs—that!"

Failure—it meant failure. The full realization of his incompetence had touched James Holden at last. Always he had known it—been grudgingly aware that it stretched across the utter fiasco which had been his thin existence. Now it lay before him—incorporate in the aloofness of this young life which he had tried to touch. It was ended, of course—all over. God was a hard creditor. Always, at the last, one paid.

"I'm afraid I've kept you pretty late?" The freshness had come back into the boy's voice. "And it's raining."

"It doesn't matter." Surprising how easily one snatches back the decent shelter of the commonplace, the man reflected. "It was good of you to listen so long. Only," he hesitated, "I see I haven't helped you any. I wanted to." A note of wistfulness crept into the words.

"Oh, you have! Not in the way you meant—but you have! It's never the same afterward, when people—well, when they talk about—real things." Holden felt the boy struggling with his shyness. "I've come to feel," he went on bravely, "that, somehow, you're my friend; that you—that you—care. And I need that—somebody, like you—older—to tie to. Balance—I haven't got much of that. You saw."

Holden pulled his chair away from a gust of rain that swept around the corner of the house.

"Yes," he said. "And it's about just that—" He stopped. Then: "I'm going away, in the morning; likely I'll never see you again. No—wait!" This at the other's quick exclamation. "I'll tell you —in a minute." He paused, groping for a strength which he felt to be near, a strength which he must have. There was no sound beyond the steady, soft surge of the rain; the wind had fallen; the sweet-

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ness of the garden hung in the wet air like a perfumed curtain.

"There is one thing—a hard thing"—courage was coming now—"I want you to promise to do it—to try."

"Not——"

"Yes—that. The hardest thing of all—not to hate him." He laid a hand on the boy's arm. "I see how it is; I don't condemn you. But don't let it spoil your life—hate. It spoiled mine—killed it!"

"Yes, but you——"

"I know. Money. I used to think what you are thinking now. But the other thing was all that ever mattered." His hand fell back along the table. "Love"—he said the mighty word quite simply—"twice I've known what that means. Some day you'll know. It means life, boy, and hate—kills it."

The words were coming slowly now.

"I want to tell you, before I go—make you see. I wasn't much older than you are when it—happened. Even then it seemed unbelievable, transfiguring. Lately I have come to think that it must always be so with a man. It lasted for a year. Then I found out the truth. Another man—" Across the waste of years the anguish of that disillusionment echoed in James Holden's voice. Then, in the silence that had fallen, the lad's manhood woke, as he listened, into a rush of half-comprehended sympathy. He stretched out a hand, instinctively, in the darkness.

"Even before we were married; afterward, when the child came—my child, she swore to that; always. The woman I loved— I drove her out, the baby in her arms—in the night. And then—then I—died."

Again the boy's hand went out—found Holden's, clung to it.

"And you can tell—*me?*" he whispered.

"Yes—I want to tell you. I want to make you know how it burns up your life, how it kills your soul—how it's damnation to hate as I hated her—as you are beginning to hate. I want to make you break it, now, before it gets too strong—before it chokes you and turns you into stone. Can't you see—don't you know that nothing is worth—that? Can't you see that you're never going to trust anybody, or help anybody—that you're never going to believe in anything—that you're going to get hard and cold and bitter? I can't watch you walking into hell like that, lad—I *can't!*"

The boy's fingers ached in the crushing grip. He bent toward Holden, across the table, in an agony of dumbness.

"I'm worthless," he stammered finally, "but if there's anything—ever—if you needed—wanted—*me*——"

"Wanted you? *Wanted* you! God!" The word was a wrenching sob. Holden dropped the boy's hand; stood, swaying, at the table's edge. "Don't you see—my wanting you—that's the price I've paid—the price I'm paying now?"

"I told you—in the drawing-room," the brakeman insisted. "You'd better see about it. Hasn't got any baggage—*or* ticket. Looks like the old man's been making a night of it."

The conductor pulled the collar of his rubber coat closer and swung himself up the steps of the Pullman. In a minute he was back, astonishment in his narrowed eyes.

"That man don't need a ticket," he said shortly; "he owns the road."

Inside, a man watched, with sodden eyes, the rain-drops slanting across the window of the stuffy compartment. It did not occur to him to take off his dripping hat. Those who sit amid the ruins of life are unmindful of the grotesque inadequacy of costume in which they play their parts. His brain was clinging to those last few minutes before he began stumbling through the rain. The June dawn had crept across the garden in time to show him the boy's face—the look in the eyes as the head turned away—the utter condemnation. He must tear his thoughts from that, somehow.

It was curious how the rain-drops hurried across the window-pane—gravity and surface tension were the cause of it.

If only the daylight had waited! Then he might remember the face—clear-eyed, smiling—as it had welcomed him when he first stood in the doorway.

When the train started the drops on the window would slant more—it depended on the speed—one could almost calculate the angle.

He had said that he could not add! He had stood there—last night—slim and

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straight, pointing at some lilies in the garden.

The train was moving now, not fast at first, because of the wet rails. Somebody came running after it, down the platform. That was dangerous—running so close, on the slippery boards. He was trying to get forward, of course—forward to the day-coaches; he could catch the steps there, unless he slipped. It would be death—to slip—crushing death—under the wheels——

The train stopped with a sudden grinding jerk. There was a confusion of movement at the far end of the car; some one came stumbling down the aisle.

A shadow fell across the rain-swept window; Holden looked up dully. Instantly, the figure in the doorway of the compartment shut out the universe. Above the clamor that was the beating of his own heart the man caught a single, breathless word—the word by which first we learn to call on God, which, at the last, we hope to whisper, when night shuts down finally across the twilight of our little lives:

"Father!"

Then, into the whirling darkness that was closing about him, James Holden reached out his eager arms.

THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS

By George T. Marsh

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK E. SCHOONOVER

"DE map lie!"

The old Ojibway turned from the slab counter of the trade-house at Jackfish Lake, a lean forefinger still resting on the engineer's map of a section of the preliminary survey for the new Transcontinental Railroad. There was a glitter in his black eyes as they met the surprised gaze of McDuff, the Scotch engineer.

"What d'you mean, David?" queried Cameron, the factor, peering over the Ojibway's shoulder at the map spread before them.

"All dees lak'," replied the old Indian, pointing to a chain of lakes along the shores of which ran a trial line for the contemplated Right-of-Way, "lie two—tree day travel to de sunset from de Flaming Riviere. Dey not flow dees way; beeg heel shut dat valley from de riviere." The speaker indicated with his finger.

"De man who mak' map; I know how he travel," the Ojibway continued. "De freezing moon was near; he was starve an' in great hurry, an' he listen to half-breed. He mak' bad map, for de half-breed lie."

The Indian drew a long breath as his narrowed eyes bored into the engineer's questioning gaze.

"You know this country pretty well, David?"

The Ojibway straightened to his full six feet. A flicker of a smile played at the corners of his set mouth.

"Many snows I hunt dat country. My fader hunt dat country, an' hees fader. I know eet lak' I know my tepee out dere on de lak' shore."

"There ain't a lake or hill in the Kabenakagami country that David don't know," broke in the factor. "He was born there and his ancestors were born there and hunted it. You can depend on what David tells you about the Kabenakagami and Flaming River country."

The eyes of the old Ojibway softened.

"Well, the man who made this flying survey knows his business," grunted McDuff to John Gordon, his assistant, "but if he was close to the freeze-up and had to get out in a hurry, he may have guessed at these lakes flowing into the Flaming River, when he worked up his notes with the topographer. The Agricultural Survey sure made a mess of their western Ontario map, but they hardly made a compass

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survey and plotted a great deal by hearsay."

"I should say so," nodded Cameron; "the man who follows the Nepigon Trail to the Albany with that map will sure leave his bones in the bush. It don't show half the network of lakes you travel through, and water running two ways out of 'em at that."

The government engineer turned to old David, who had been an interested listener.

"David, I want you and your sons as guides until the freeze-up. Will you come with us?"

"To-morrow I tell you." And the erect figure of the treaty-chief of the Kabenakagami Ojibways disappeared through the door.

Later McDuff and Gordon sat smoking after-supper pipes in the factor's quarters.

"There's no doubt in your mind, Cameron, that old David is the best man you've got for our business?" asked McDuff.

"There are others trading at this post who trap the Kabenakagami country above and below David's hunting-grounds, but if your map is correct the preliminary survey runs through the country he has travelled all his life. He's the man you want and he's the most intelligent Indian that trades at this post. That's why he's treaty-chief."

"I guess you're right, but it don't seem possible that Stevens could have made such a bull on the Flaming River survey. Why, it may mean running a new line thirty or forty miles."

"I don't care," maintained the factor. "If David says your map is off, you can gamble your life that it is."

"Well, we've got to go and find out."

Down on the lake shore across the post clearing where already stood scattered tepees of Ojibways in for the spring trade, the occasional laugh of an Indian girl or yelp of a husky dog alone broke the hush of the June twilight. Each day, now, from north and east and west, would bring to the post the canoes of fur-hunters, freighted with noisy cargoes of children and dogs, and the winter catch of pelts. Soon the trade-house would swarm with swarthy trappers, redman and half-breed, bartering fox and mink, lynx and otter, for powder, flour, and cloth, or lounging about, smoking Company nigger-head as they gossiped of winter camps and winter trails in the silent places.

Beyond the tepees, where the cleared ground rose to a miniature sand-cliff above the lake, sat a motionless figure silhouetted against the waning western light. Throughout the hours of the long twilight he had been there, as if carved from stone, chin in hands, gazing across the sleeping lake to purple western ridges. But his eyes had not seen the timbered hills of Jackfish, for they looked on a green, northern valley, where swift streams sang through forests of spruce and birch and fir, seeking lakes shimmering in the sun.

It was a valley that had been the hunting-ground of his father and his father's father. For generations, by the law of the north, it had belonged to the family of the Makwa—the bear. For forty miles none but the Makwa trapped its ridges and streams or netted its fish-filled lakes. In the Ojibway tongue it was called Gwanatch Tawadina, The Beautiful Valley, and there David had been born, and as a boy first learned to snare the ptarmigan and snow-shoe rabbit, and later hunt the moose and caribou. In the outlet of these lakes his father had taught him the art of running the white-water and poling the swift current in a birch-bark. There, as a child, he had lain when the camp was asleep, gazing in awe and wonder at the myriad stars while he listened to the voices of the forest night. Not a spruce ridge, or swift brook, or wild meadow, with its dead water above the beaver dam where the moose came at sunset to eat the roots of lilies and the sweet grasses, but was a loved and familiar sight to the one who brooded in the dusk.

From the largest of the lakes of The Beautiful Valley, called the Lake of the Islands, lifted sheer a rocky mass crowned by a forest of ancient spruce and jack-pine. There for generations had the dead of his family found their long rest. There lay the mother of his tall sons, his father and father's father with their kinsmen, sleeping the endless sleep beneath the murmuring jack-pines and spruce of the Island of the Dead, the sacred ground of the Makwa.

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The last light in the west had long since died. Deep the lake slept at his feet, mirroring the stars. Down among the tepees the voices of the women were hushed. From the opposite shore drifted the hoo-hoo, hoo-hoo, of a gray owl. But the lone figure on the cliff kept vigil far into the night with his vision.

At sunrise the government engineers with their assistants, canoemen, and packers, started north for the summer survey of the Kabenakagami section of the Transcontinental. In the bow of the big birch-bark carrying McDuff and young Gordon paddled the grizzled treaty-chief of the Kabenakagami Ojibways, David Makwa. A hundred miles north, down river to Stevens's flying survey, then months of line running east and west, seeking an easier grade among the hills, around the swamps and along the wild rivers of the intractable wilderness, awaited them.

All summer McDuff and Gordon with their chain-men and voyageurs, red, half-breed, and white, toiled in the Ontario "bush," tormented by the forest pests, the midge, black fly, and bulldog; at times, when the packers failed to bring up their supplies, living on the fish and game of the country, in order that some day the deep voice of the Iron Horse might thunder through the solitudes of the Ontario hills.

Late in August, the trial lines having been run east to the Missinaibi section, the survey-party returned to its base cache on the Kabenakagami and pushed west. Here, in circling ridges and horse-backs, dodging lakes and bottomless muskeg, the skill of that old wheel-horse of the Transcontinental staff, Donald McDuff, was taxed to the limit to find a better grade than that shown by Stevens's trial line, or even maintain the required seventy-three feet per mile.

In the arduous toil of the past weeks the woodcraft and ability as a canoeman of old David had received the acid test at the hands of the gruff Scotch engineer, ruthless in the treatment of his men in the pursuit of his end and aim. And so great was the respect with which the old Indian came to be held that he started west from the big river as head man of the voyageurs.

In September the survey reached the Flaming River, having found no glaring mistake in Stevens's lines. Here, to the west, paralleling the stream, a succession of high ridges barred the way, requiring a wide bend in the line either north or south. Stevens's line dipped south.

One evening in his tent, with the help of two lanterns, the chief engineer and John Gordon were comparing the Flaming River country on Stevens's map with those of the Agricultural and the Geological Survey.

"Well, I guess there's something in what that Injun says about this proposition, Gordon," rasped out McDuff at last. "This country west seems all cut up with small lakes and if the Geological survey wasn't made by blind men, it's some rough."

"Compare these lakes off here to the southwest on Stevens's survey with this map," said Gordon, pointing with sinewy finger. "They don't look much alike, do they? David told me to-day," he continued, "that we couldn't find a break in this ridge to the south for twenty miles. He says it turns and dips southwest."

"If that's so, Stevens made a bad guess then," growled McDuff.

"I got to the top of it yesterday with one of David's boys," went on Gordon, "and the glasses showed nothing but rolling horsebacks. I'm satisfied we must swing north past this big shoulder."

"Call David!" commanded McDuff.

Shortly the old Indian entered the tent.

"Mr. Gordon tells me that you've been clear to the headwater lakes of this river and that the ridge over there holds without a break for twenty miles?" queried McDuff.

David looked the engineer steadily in the eyes.

"Dees heel run many mile' to de sout', den turn wes'. You get no trail tru' flat country for day travel. To de nord you get 'round een leetle piece."

"You say that the outlet of these lakes runs northwest and don't flow east into the Flaming. This map says it does. Are you lying or telling the truth?"

At the insult the Indian's breath quickened. His hands clinched convulsively as he faced the factor, but choking down his anger, he answered:

"Dees lak' run far nordwes' many day

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travel. Dees map ees bad map!" The veins stood out like whip-cords on the old man's temples and neck. His dark eyes blazed defiantly into those of the engineer as he hissed:

"Eet lie!"

"Well, maybe it does; maybe it does; we'll see soon enough."

The Indian's resentment was lost on the thick-skinned McDuff, who turned to the map before him, but there flashed through the brain of Gordon the impression that something more than the error of a surveying-party lay behind old David's vehemence. At Jackfish he had turned like a trapped wolverine to utter in that tragic manner the same words: "Eet lie!"

There was something behind all this, but what it was he could not guess.

Again David assured McDuff that he had been the length of the Flaming and only to the north could they maintain the required grade for the road. When he had gone McDuff turned to Gordon.

"Well, I'm stumped. Stevens gets through this ridge not ten miles above here and he don't have to dig much either, if his altitudes are right, and David, who is about the best bushman I've ever knocked into, swears it's north, not south, we've got to swing."

"To-morrow," he continued, "you take David and an outfit and go up-river a week and see what you can find. I'll swing north. I'm inclined to believe that we've stumbled upon the first bad blunder Stevens ever made. He was in here when the country was freezing up, and starved out in the bargain. That may account for it."

While the engineers still argued the pros and cons of the problem before them, a swarthy face appeared in the tent-opening.

"Meester MeecDuff, I wesh to spik somet'ing wid you," was whispered.

It was one of the half-breed voyageurs.

"Well, what d'you want? Haven't I ordered you to keep away from this tent? If you've got any kick to make, take it up with David. He's your boss!"

The half-breed waited until McDuff finished, his beady eyes wandering from the maps on the rough slab table to the faces of the white men; then he said in a low, insinuating tone:

"Eet ees about Daveed dat I spik. He lie to you. Dees heel over dere," waving his hand to the west, "a beeg river come tru, a day polin' up de Flamin'. I have travel to de headwater. I know dees countree."

McDuff looked at Gordon. Over John Gordon swept a sense of disappointment—of regret. If the half-breed's tale was true, David, whom he trusted, whom he had made his friend in the strenuous weeks behind them, was deceiving them. If the tale was true, the Indian surely had a powerful reason for insisting that the location of the road must swing north.

That the old Indian with whom he was accustomed often at night to talk in Ojibway of the life and folk-lore of his people, whom he had found the whitest Indian he had ever known, should lie to them, was incredible. And yet—there were suspicious circumstances.

"You say that a river breaks through the ridge a few miles above here?" asked McDuff.

"Oua, yes! To-day I hear you have talk wid Daveed an' I cum to tell you he lie."

The half-breed seemed nervous. He turned to the tent-door and peered out into the darkness, then waited for McDuff's reply.

"When were you on this river?"

"Four—five year back. I come up here from the Kabenakagami for to hunt fur."

"Um-m." The Scotchman scratched his bearded jaw. "All right, Jean! We'll soon know who's wrong. That's all—get out!" The engineer pointed to the tent-opening.

As the half-breed left, a dark form noiselessly arose near the rear wall of the tent and was swallowed in the gloom.

"Well, what do you think of that for half-breed jealousy of the Injun boss, or——"

The silence of the night was broken by the sound of trampling in the brush down near the tents of the voyageurs, followed by an oath and rapid talk in the Ojibway tongue.

The two engineers hurried outside, but the camp of their men seemed hushed in slumber.

"There was somebody in the bush out

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there just now. Hello, down there!" McDuff bellowed. "What's all that noise about?"

Shortly one of the white chain-men appeared.

"What are y' having down there, Andrew, a row?"

"All quiet, sir, now! There was a little noise over near the Injun's tents, but no trouble. Somebody yellin' in his sleep. I looked in and they all had their heads under the blankets."

"All right, turn in, then; but I won't have any rows in this camp, understand? Report anything you see!"

"Yes, sir," and the sleepy chain-man returned to his blankets.

Next morning, when the returning supply-boats started back down-river for the Kabenakagami, the half-breed voyageur, Jean Nadeau, reported sick and asked to be sent home. Although he showed no signs of illness, he was allowed to go.

"Looks to me, Gordon," laughed McDuff, as the canoes pulled out, "as if that half-breed who knows so much about this country got cold feet. I guess he wanted to rub it into David, and then lost his nerve."

The same day, with David and an Indian crew, Gordon started up-stream to reconnoitre the country, while his chief followed the ridge to the north on a flying survey.

Towering in the bow of Gordon's big Peterboro canoe old David piloted the craft up the quick-water of the swift river with a skill that only those born to the game possess. As they slowly bucked the current, driven by the setting-poles of David and the five voyageurs, Gordon's eager eyes followed the great ridge to the west searching for the opening that might mean a way through for the line. But in the middle of the morning, when he landed below a long stretch of white-water to get a better view-point for observation, it still loomed far to the south, hemming in the river.

"Can you pole this rapid, David?" asked Gordon.

"I pole it in small canoe, in dees boat, maybe."

"Those shores look pretty rough; where's the Indian portage?"

"Injun portage all dees water 'cross leetle lak'. You no see hill from de portage."

"I don't want to lose sight of that ridge. If you can pole it, go ahead."

There was murmuring and shaking of heads among the crew, but a few words in Ojibway from David served to reassure them, and he turned the nose of the canoe into the boilers below the white-water.

Up the first chute slowly moved the boat driven by the poles of the iron-backed crew—the voice of the tall bowman rising high above the roar of the waters that flung them back. Now they hugged the shore, where ran a deep channel, now shot across current, seeking a way through between ugly ledges white with foam, huge boulders over which piled high the racing torrent, and pinnacle rocks which thrust upward sharp teeth that could slash the bottom of the boat into ribbons. Here, skirting destruction to canoe and supplies by a hair, dodging an upset there by the breadth of a hand, up the rapids the voyageurs fought their way, throwing their weight onto the long spruce poles at the command of the bowman.

They had not got far into the long white-water when John Gordon regretted having made the attempt. His supplies and canoe were too valuable to be recklessly imperilled.

"I think we'd better get out of this, David, and carry around," he shouted.

"Up dere a piece we can land," replied David, leaning on his pole.

Again at his signal the crew thrust the boat forward, sometimes gaining feet, sometimes inches, on the weight of hurrying water. Then, as the bowman pried the nose of the craft off the current to avoid a rock, his pole snapped in his hands. Unable to recover his balance, he plunged head first into the rapids, while the canoe swung broadside on.

Before the crew behind regained control of the boat it was lifted and dropped on a jagged ledge; while, tossed and buffeted by eddies and cross-currents, the Indian was swept below them, his arms clasped about his head, as a protection from the rocks.

Frantically the crew struggled with their poles, finally swinging the canoe off the ledge, then swiftly snubbed down-

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stream on the road they had come and landed half full of water below the rapids.

There on the shore stood David wringing out his clothes.

"Dees rapeed no good for beeg boat," he volunteered to Gordon.

"Are you hurt, David?"

"Naw, not one leetle rock bite me."

The bottom of the canoe was badly slashed and most of the flour wet. The flying survey must be made without delay. No excuses were accepted by McDuff.

"Patch her up the best you can and drop back to camp, boys," he told the crew. "David and I will take a few days' grub and strike into the bush. I want to see what the country looks like from that big hill up-river."

As Gordon spoke the eyes of the old Indian narrowed and the muscles of his lean face set hard, but he said nothing.

That night, miles above the rapids, Gordon and David sat smoking in front of their camp-fire.

"I thought you knew this river pretty well, David?" Gordon essayed after a long silence. But the Indian smoked on with eyes averted, as if he had not heard the question.

As they ate their supper, Gordon's mind had been full of the events of the last few days. In vain he had struggled to throttle the suspicion which was steadily gaining strength—that this silent old Indian sitting there across the fire was playing a deep and subtle game. But why?

In the eastern survey lately completed they had camped together many nights on a flying reconnoissance of the country, as they were then camped. Born in a Hudson's Bay Post where his father was factor, Gordon as a boy had become familiar with the Ojibway tongue, and it was in Ojibway that he talked to David when they were alone. This knowledge of the language of his fathers had been the means of drawing out the proud old Indian as nothing else could have done, and of speedily cementing a warm friendship between white engineer and red voyageur.

Night after night they had burned much tobacco discussing the ways of the furred prowlers and horned wanderers of the Ontario forests and muskeg. David had spun many a tale of his journeys to the great salt bay of the north where the geese and duck swarm in myriads for the fall migration. Gordon had spent two years in the British Columbian Rockies and his talk of that land of summer snows and glaciers, lying far beyond the sunset, enthralled the imagination of the Indian. But for the most part it had been David who taught and Gordon who listened. The old man's knowledge of woodcraft, his many winter trails with the dog-teams and summer journeys in the boats of the Great Company through the Ontario silent places, his love of the mystic in nature, had been a source of interest and delight upon which Gordon never ceased to draw.

And now, as he sat there by the fire, his doubts had at last crystallized into a deep suspicion of his friend. Well, a day or two would tell the story, he mused, and with a "Good night, David," turned into his blanket.

It was the afternoon of the next day. They had climbed to a shoulder of the big hill Gordon had seen far down the river, and sat for a space smoking. North and south at their feet ran the winding valley of the Flaming River. Low hills of spruce and fir splashed with the yellow and gold of birch and poplar rolled to the eastern horizon where the pale blue of the watershed ridges of the Kabenakagami merged in a hazy sky. In places, where silver reaches of river met the yellow birch forests, the stream seemed suddenly to burst into flame.

"Now, I know how the river got its name. It looks afire down there, David!" exclaimed Gordon. "It's certainly a rare country."

"I show you one at sunset," said the old Indian, whose brooding eyes were blind to the beauty of the valley.

Then something impelled John Gordon to ask:

"David, why did you take me into that swamp yesterday and lose me?"

For an instant the Indian did not answer; then, turning, he rested his hand on his friend's knee and said in Ojibway:

"Because, one sleep ago, the face of the sun was hidden, and when it died behind the hills the sky would not hang with the

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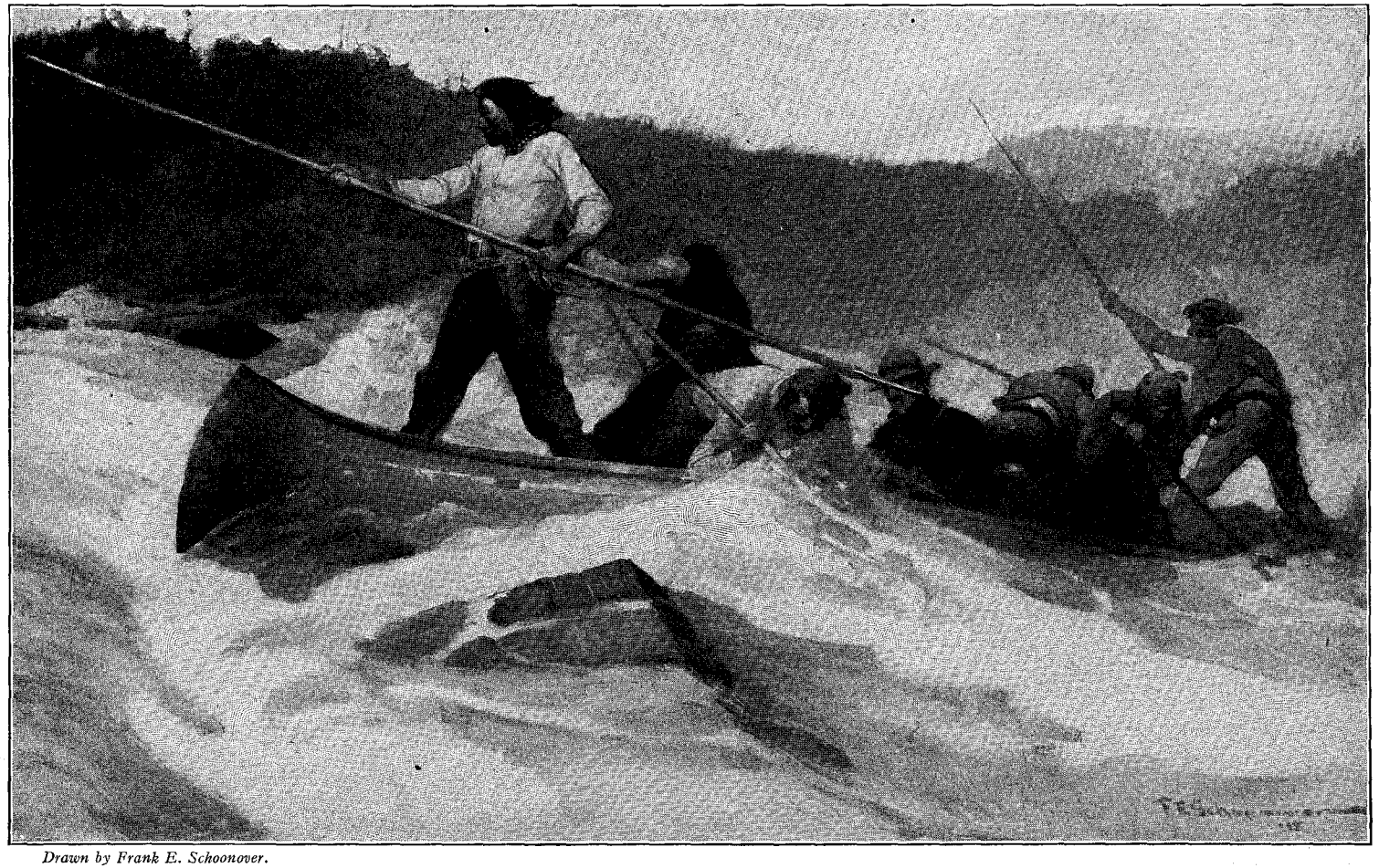

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

Again at his signal the crew thrust the boat forward.—Page 755.

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colors of the flowers of the forest over The Beautiful Valley."

"The Beautiful Valley?" Gordon's eyes widened in wonder. "What do you mean?"

"My son," continued the old chief, "the country you look upon gladdens your heart, for the great Manitou has given you eyes to see the rivers and the hills. In a little while when we stand on the bald head of this mountain above us as the sun dies in the west, you shall behold a land as fair as the Happy Hunting-Grounds that lie at the end of the last trail, for you shall look upon The Beautiful Valley."

Thrilled at the words, Gordon vaguely sensed what he was about to hear.

"One sleep ago, if you had been the Big White Boss who has no heart you would now lie in the black swamp down there and no white man would see your face again—for the black swamp keeps its dead. But you have the soul of an Ojibway; your heart loves the lone lands; your ears hear the voices of the rapids and the talking wind in the birches. To me you are as a son."

Held by the tragic face of the Indian, Gordon listened to the dramatic confession. The old man rested his saddened eyes momentarily on the valley, then faced the engineer with a gesture of hopelessness.

"But it is no good! Others would come some day and find the break in the hills and bring the Iron Trail to The Beautiful Valley. The white man is strong. It is no good!"

"You mean, David, that you have been trying to keep us out of your hunting-grounds—this valley you call The Beautiful Valley? There is, after all, a break in the hills above here?"

"Yes, my son; the map does not lie."

For Gordon the situation had cleared.

"I thought yesterday when you led me into that swamp—that you were trying to lose me," Gordon said, half to himself. Then he reached out impulsively and gripped the hand of the heart-broken old man.

"David, you know we are sent here by the government. We are ordered to find a trail for the road by the Fathers at Ottawa. If we make a bad trail, others will follow and find a good one. If I could—if I could keep the Transcontinental out of your valley, my friend, I would. You know I would do it, don't you?"

"Yes, you would help me, my son, for you have the soul of an Ojibway. You love the clean waters and the green forests. The burned lands sadden your heart."

To John Gordon the despair of the old man who stood with averted face to hide the play of emotion on his twisted features was a pitiful sight.

"You will know when we stand at sunset and look upon The Beautiful Valley, why David, a chief, has lied to the White Boss that the Iron Trail might not come to the land of the Makwa."

For a time the two sat in silence, then Gordon asked:

"You scared that half-breed Nadeau into going back with the supply-boats?"

"Yes, he knew this river. I followed him to your tent and heard what he said. Then I told him to go back with the supply-boats, for he fears the Makwa."

"And you broke your pole in the rapids and risked drowning yourself to keep us from finding the break in the hills?"

"Yes, but it was no good, no good!"

"Will McDuff find an easy grade through to the north?"

"No, there are many hills there and high; they must come this way after all."

"David, my friend, if there was a good way north, I'd try to help you. But other engineers follow us this winter on the snow. We are only a flying survey. They are sure to find the easy grade through the hills above here."

"Yes," assented the old man sorrowfully, "the white man is strong; he will find The Beautiful Valley."

At sunset they climbed to the bald brow of the mountain. Gordon followed his guide up out of the thick scrub to the rock face of the summit and stood thrilled at the panorama rolling away for forty miles to the west.

With a sweep of his long arm, David said proudly:

"Look, my son, upon The Beautiful Valley."

Flanked by high ridges to the north and south, the lower levels broken with undulating hills of jack-pine, spruce, and fir

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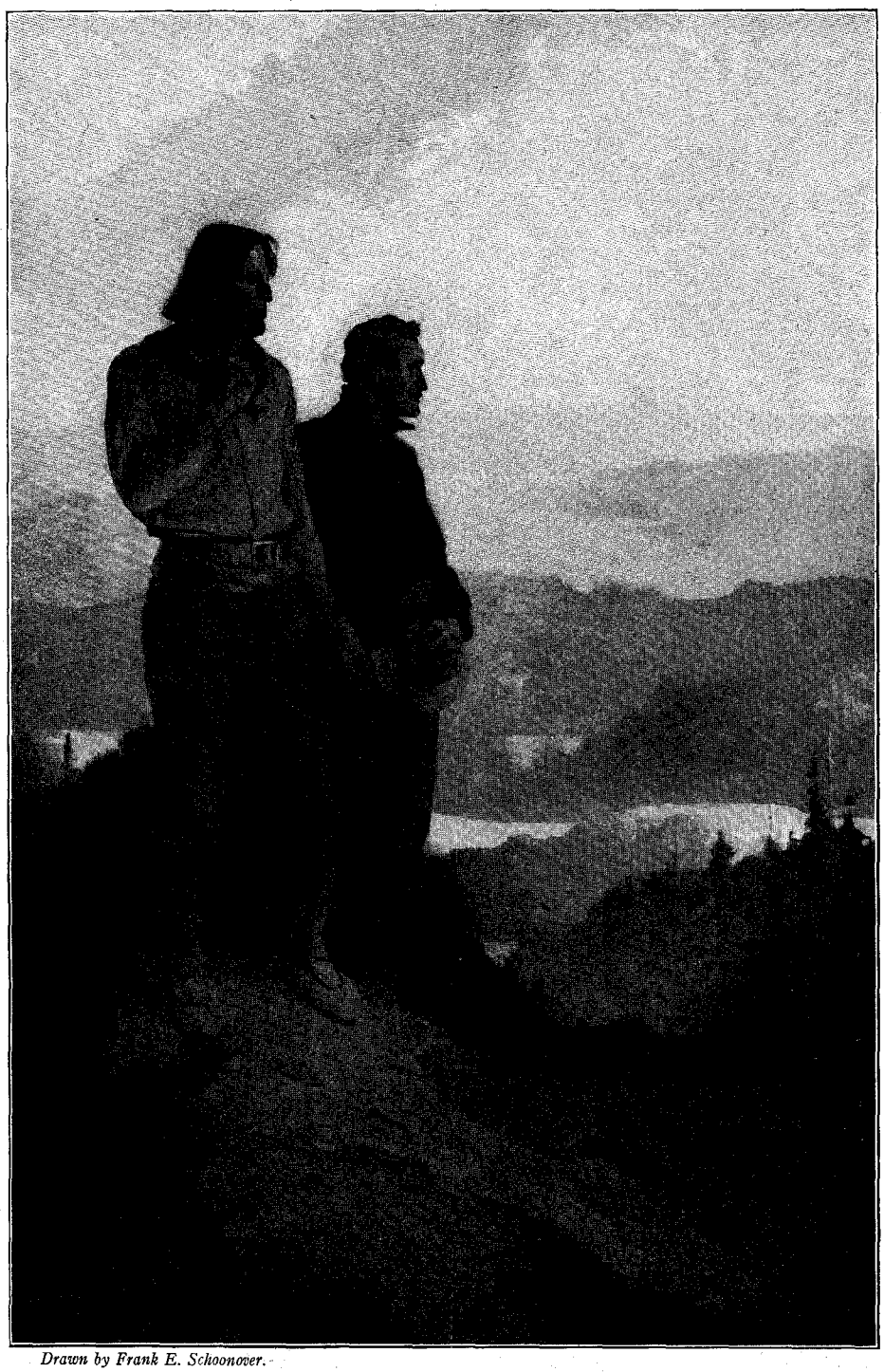

Drawn by Frank E. Schoonover.

Long the enchanted Gordon drank in the beauty of the picture.—Page 760.

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shot with the maroon and gold of the hardwood, the hunting-ground of the Makwa faded far into the sunset. Here and there—like silver islands studding the sea of endless forest—shimmered a hundred lakes. And out of the nearest of these the bright thread of a river, now lost in emerald depths, now emerging, flashed off to the southeast.

Far at the head of the valley loomed a range of purple hills, over which in wondrous hues the sunken sun painted the canvas of the sky with magic brush. Not a blemish of burned country or barren marred the perfect whole.

Long the enchanted Gordon drank in the beauty of the picture.

"God, what a country!" he finally sighed.

"You know now why David lied?" wistfully the old man asked.

"Yes, I don't wonder you fought for it."

Then as the two watched the deepening splendor of the sunset, the Indian began:

"Often I have journeyed to the south in the boats of the Great Company. Once, many long snows ago, far by the Big Sweet Water I saw white men, like ants, cutting a wide trail through the living forest. Again, when the mail-canoe went south we met the smoke of forest-fires, so thick that it hid the sun, two sleeps from the great trail. There we found men, as many as there are midges in a swamp, digging holes in the hills like the foxes, and shooting the rocks and ledges with gunpowder, following those who went before. North and south for a day's journey stood blackened ridges burned by the fires these men had made. Later they laid small trees on the naked earth and over them made a trail of iron that ran into the east, without end.

"And then one summer we saw the Iron Horse, fed with fire, come out of the east following the Iron Trail. And with the Iron Horse came the free-traders to barter for furs the burning water which the Great Company would not give the Indians. Here I saw Ojibways sell in one day for this devil-water their winter hunt of fur, while the women wailed in the tepees where there was no tea or flour. The young men, no longer men but slaves to the traders—and not ashamed—begged for the bad medicine that filled their veins with fire and stole their manhood. Here I looked on starvation and misery among my people brought by those who followed the Iron Trail with their camps.

"All this I saw when I journeyed far south to the Big Sweet Water.

"When I learned, two long snows ago, that the white man would make another Iron Trail, my heart was saddened. It was in the freezing moon before the last long snows that white men came to The Beautiful Valley. I was south at the post when my sons found them, so they gave them their lives."

On the old man's face was written the torture of his thoughts. Shortly he continued:

"You have the soul of an Ojibway, and understand. Look down there at those forests untouched by fire; those lakes, clean as the springs which feed them; those hills without a scar. In that big lake far up the valley—we call it the Lake of the Islands—lie the bones of my people. For many, many long snows, since the big battle when we took the country from the Crees, it has been the home of the Makwa, and now the Iron Trail will come through the break in the hills and The Beautiful Valley will vanish. What your eyes see to-night will be hidden by the smoke of the burning forests. The thunder of the white man's powder will echo among its hills and its lakes lie befouled by the camps of the wood-choppers. And later the traders will come and corrupt my young men and women with their poisoned water.

"But it is no good. I am old and the white men are strong."

With a gesture of despair David turned his tragic eyes from the land of his fathers and covered his face with his hands.

Gordon tried to explain how the government had made laws for the building of the new road; how there were to be no forest-fires started by careless workmen; how the whiskey-trader would be banished from the Right-of-Way; but in his heart he knew that David was right. The magic of The Beautiful Valley would vanish at the coming of the Iron Trail.

Slowly the riot of pagan color faded from the western sky, and twilight followed. But not until dusk masked the

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valley did the watchers on the mountain stir.

In the middle of October, when the leaves of the hardwood yellowed the floor of the forest and the first stinging winds from the north gave warning of the freeze-up, the flying survey through the land of the Makwa was completed. In the last weeks old David had seemed to Gordon, who tried to cheer him, somewhat reconciled to the inevitable, but the heart of the proud Ojibway was broken.

One afternoon the canoes of the party, having run the outlet of the lakes on their way to the break in the hills, were nearing the portage which skirted the steep cliffs of the gorge through which thundered the river. In front, in a sixteen-foot birch-bark, David paddled McDuff. Close behind, Gordon and five voyageurs followed in a Peterboro, with the remaining canoes in their wake. The large boat had already turned in to the shore at the head of the rapids, when suddenly the Indian rose to his knees, and calling to Gordon, "Bo'-jo'! Bo'-jo'!" paddled like a demon out into midstream.

Off his guard, McDuff at first took it as an attempt by David to frighten him, but when the grim-visaged Ojibway, heedless of the engineer's shouts to turn inshore, drove the light canoe into the broken water toward the suck of the first chute, he knew that it was a madman who paddled in the stern. Then, for he was no coward, McDuff plunged into the river, attempting to reach a ledge jutting from the shore. But, though he fought desperately, the swimmer, together with the canoe, was swept into the flume.

Stunned by the swiftness of the tragedy moving before his eyes, Gordon fancied he saw, as the canoe took the plunge, a smile light the swarthy face turned toward him and a hand raised in farewell as the doomed craft was sucked into the riot of wild water.

Far down the break in the hills they found the battered bodies of the drowned engineer and the Ojibway. As Gordon lifted the broken clay and looked at the face of the old chief, he knew that it had been a smile of triumph his fancy pictured lighting the dark features in that last look back at his friend. For from the face of David sorrow and despair had vanished, and in their place, was peace.

While the rest of the survey continued on down the Flaming River with the body of the chief engineer, Gordon, with David's sons, brought the old chief up the valley to the Lake of the Islands. There, on the Island of the Dead, they laid him beside his forefathers for his long sleep beneath the talking pines he loved.

Gordon stood by the grave at the head of which they had erected a cross of hewn spruce, and repeated what he could remember of the burial service. Then, in personal tribute to his friend, the engineer cut in the white wood of the arm these words, in English:

HERE LIES DAVID MAKWA, OJIBWAY CHIEF, WHO, RATHER THAN LIVE TO SEE THE IRON TRAIL DESECRATE HIS BEAUTIFUL VALLEY—CHOSE DEATH.

HIS WAS A GREAT SOUL!

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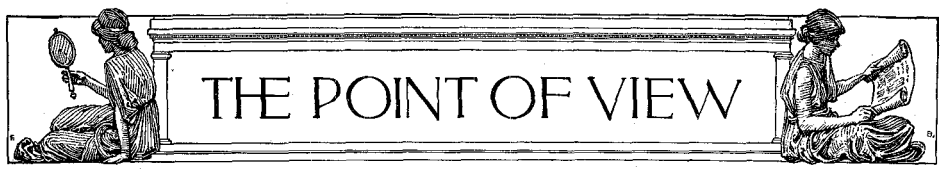

Thoughts at Commencement

IT is an obvious contradiction in terms that a prolix legal argument should be entitled a *brief,* and it is equally anomalous that the exercises which mark the end of four years of college should be called a *commencement.* But there is never any profit in combating the vagaries of the vocabulary; and by any other name a commencement would remain what it is—the door through which thousands of young men and young women pass every spring on their way from their pupilage to their independence. While they are still lingering on the threshold of the outer world, they are copiously besprinkled with advice, with monitions, and with exhortations. They are told what to do and how to do it; they are solemnly warned against the evils of the outside world to which they are about to be exposed. They are asperged with precepts—which probably pour from off them as speedily as the water from the duck's back. As a professor of Yale once put it pithily, "The capacity of the human mind for resisting the introduction of useful information cannot be overestimated"; and its capacity for rejecting advice is at least as immeasurable.

But if the baccalaureate sermons and the Phi Beta Kappa orations do as little good as they do harm to the young folks who sit under them restlessly, these addresses serve to relieve the feelings of the pastors and masters who stand and deliver them. They afford a superb opportunity for letting off steam and for expressing opinions on things in general and on the world at large. More particularly is commencement felt to be the fittest occasion for calling attention to the manifold defects of our educational system. Regularly every June our mind focusses itself firmly on these manifold defects; they are catalogued and they are deplored and they are objurgated until we are almost persuaded that these defects really are manifold. On the whole, our educational system seems to be fairly sound; but as it is a human institution, it cannot be perfect. There is profit, therefore, in any discussion which may point the way toward an ideal perfection, never to be attained and always to be longed for.

The common school, the high school, the college, the university, the several technical schools are always under attack; and they go on doing their work in their own fashion—not to the complete satisfaction of everybody concerned but fairly well, all things considered. They are doing their work more satisfactorily than they would be doing it if the host of educational reformers were allowed to have the final word—those educational reformers, who, in President Butler's delightful phrase, believe that "education is the art of conducting the human mind from an infantile void to an adolescent vacuum."

Perhaps it is in consequence of the manifold defects of our educational system that it has been supplemented of late by what is known as University Extension and by what is known as the Correspondence School. University Extension may be defined as an educational department-store, with a bargain-counter in the basement; while the Correspondence School is an educational mail-order house. From one or the other of these organizations, with their up-to-date business methods, any one of us can get instruction in any department of human endeavor; he can be guided to the acquisition of the art of playwriting and to the mastery of the science of plumbing. Reading and writing may come by nature, as it was once maintained; but nowadays playwriting and plumbing come by parcel-post.

We are assured that if we subscribe for the course in self-mastery and self-expression, we can at once raise the contents of our pay-envelope from five dollars a week to five hundred. We are allured with a promise that we can be taught by a familiar epistle how to approach a "prospect"—I believe that is the correct term to designate the person from whom you propose to extract an order; and we can be instructed as to the precise psychologic moment, when we are to tell the prospect to "sign on that dotted line, please—just here. Thank you; that will be all to-day." When we have absorbed the attractive advertisements of

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these benevolent institutions we wonder how it is that anybody can resist their fascinations and how it is that everybody isn't a plumber or a playwright, with five hundred a week in his pay-envelop. The door of opportunity yawns widely before us. Every man can be his own university and get culture while he waits.

More Thoughts on Education

STANDING by the side of University Extension and the Correspondence School is the Teachers College—which is the normal school in a dress coat. The Teachers College not only teaches almost everything, but it also teaches how to teach everything. In the catalogue of one Teachers College I find one course on how to teach the "History of Husbandry as Social Control," and another on how to teach "Field Work in Household Arts in Rural Communities," while yet a third course is on how to teach "Costume Design for Dressmaking." Here is food for a diversity of creatures; and digestible food, no doubt. If these subjects are to be taught—as to which there is, of course, no question—then the teachers of these subjects ought to be trained to teach them as skilfully as may be.

What is even more admirable is that there are courses in this Teachers College not only to teach teachers how to teach but also to teach superintendents of schools how to superintend. This is as it should be, since the art of superintending is obviously different from the art of teaching. Superintendents are always teachers who have shown fitness for administration. But when these teachers are taken away from the teaching they have learned how to do, they need to learn how to superintend. Whatever has to be learned can be taught; that is to say, the learner can save time by taking instruction in the new art from those who have acquired experience by practising it.

Yet even this most comprehensive catalogue of this most progressive Teachers College does not proffer two courses which seem to me to be as necessary as those which teach superintendents how to superintend. After diligent search I failed to find any course intended to teach college presidents how to preside; and, what is an even more lamentable deficiency, I was unable to discover any course intended to teach college trustees how to discharge the duties imposed upon them by their trusteeship.

Both these courses ought to be established at once. Just as the school superintendent is a promoted teacher, so the college president is a promoted professor—at least, he usually is, and when he isn't he is a failure, more often than not. Now, the job of being a president is very different from the job of being a professor; and the president is called upon to do a lot of things entirely outside of the professor's field of activities. He has to pass from the comparative obscurity of the scholar's study into the spot-light of publicity. He has to be the mouthpiece of the college; he has to be the connecting-link between the students and the alumni; he has to be interpreter of the faculty to the board of trustees and of the board of trustees to the faculty. He has to respect the traditions the college has inherited from the past, to guide its activities in the present, and plan for its enlarged duties in the future. And for these multitudinous tasks he has not been fitted by his experience as a professor; and there is not even a five-inch shelf of text-books from which he can acquire the elements of his new profession.

Perhaps the need is even more imperative for a course teaching trustees how to trustee. They are not promoted professors; they are often not even alumni; they are sometimes rank outsiders, innocent of culture and even of education. What a beneficent thing it would be if there was a Teachers College course, a University Extension course, or a series of Correspondence School lessons which might impart to the ambitious trustee the information he needs as to his exact function in the educational organization—a function most useful and yet often strangely misunderstood. By the mere fact that in many colleges the powers of the board of trustees are unlimited—sovereignty must reside somewhere—the individual trustee ought to learn the precise limitations which the board, individually and collectively, must place upon these powers.

It may be going too far to insist that every man who is elected president or trustee of a college should be required to take one or the other of the courses I have here suggested; and that he should not be al-

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lowed to preside or to trust until he has passed an examination in the work of these courses with a grade not lower than B—. I am not sure, however, that it might not be advisable to require every candidate for a presidency or a trusteeship to take one of the psychological examinations which are now so popular, to discover whether he possesses the inherent qualifications which would justify the hope that he might fit himself for the post to which he aspires. I make no doubt that the expert psychologists who have devised the trying-out tests for army aviators could be counted upon to arrange a proper sequence of experiments and inquiries to gauge the capacity of the applicants. With the hope of persuading as many as might be of all candidates for a college presidency or a college trusteeship, it would be well to conceal from these candidates that the soldiers in our various cantonments were so disrespectful as to designate the psychologic experts as "nut-pickers."

The Unpopularity of Economy and Thrift

THERE is one week in the year to which I always look forward with a feeling of irritation and annoyance—the week in which the representatives high in authority of the great insurance companies of the country meet in order to warn the public at large of the consequences of the great American sin of extravagance and waste. For, in the first place, human nature is such that few things are more exasperating to a person of moderate income, than to be lectured on the sin of extravagance by a man whose salary is four or five times larger than his own. Then again one is reminded that it isn't so very many years ago that the predecessors in office of several of these very men were brought sharply to book, by an investigator who has since become famous for the exes which are now attached to his name—ex-governor, ex-associate justice of the Supreme Court, and ex-candidate for the Presidency,—for this very sin of extravagance in its extreme form in the management of their huge trust funds.

The truth, I suppose, is that economy and thrift are not popular in America. Under Mr. Hoover's guidance, and Mr. Vanderlip's, with his War Saving Stamps, they made some headway. Since the Civil War we had almost forgotten how to acquire the habit of thrift or how to practise the virtue of economy. Except under the direst necessity these baleful words were by tacit consent tabooed in the domestic circle as almost sure to result in discord. "There are three words," said my cynical friend, as he dropped into his easy chair at the club, "that I never want to hear again—Reform, Uplift, and Jane Addams." Many American men and, I think, all American women would, if they were asked, express themselves in the same way about the words Economy and Thrift.

To the casual observer of affairs it does seem as if this love of extravagance were a national trait. It reveals itself everywhere. Nowhere is it more conspicuous than in the willingness, nay the reckless eagerness, with which representative bodies, from the small board of selectmen in a New England town to the Congress at the national capital, spend other people's money on all sorts of projects, bad and indifferent as well as good. And the surest way in which to bring abuse and obloquy upon one's head is to begin to preach upon the sin of such wasteful public expenditures and the necessity for economy. The real hero of to-day is not the man who courageously points out the dangers that lie in the pathway of such extravagance, but the man who is ingenious enough to find additional sources of revenue by taxation.

Occasionally it is possible to arrest for a moment the attention of the individual who is given to extravagance by those always tiresome things, statistics. The apostles of thrift take peculiar delight in delving into the records of the surrogate's courts and the probate courts, and in confronting you with the grewsome facts which they find there. They will tell you, for example, that as Americans are living to-day, out of every one hundred men who die three leave estates of more than ten thousand dollars, fifteen others leave estates of from two thousand to ten thousand, while the remaining eighty-two leave no income-producing estates at all. But the only reply that you are likely to get from any man of extravagant tastes to whom, in a moment of reckless confidence you may repeat these facts, is that "figures can be made to prove anything," and that he is more interested in deciding upon the color of the new motor-car he is planning to buy!

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KENYON COX

By Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.

TO estimate the personality of a man with whom one has had relatively short acquaintance may seem impertinent. Yet any criticism is perforce an estimate of personality, and that of Kenyon Cox was too masterful not to have a public character. When hardly out of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, a struggling young artist in his late twenties, Kenyon Cox began to be a legend and a portent. People admired him and feared him; in his regard, no one thought of being lukewarm. He was one of that group of modernly trained young men from Antwerp, Munich, or Paris who perturbed and eventually dominated the old National Academy through the transient rivalry of the Society of American Artists. The treatment these honest reformers received is one of the mysteries of the history of American taste. Without difficulty they got social and critical approval, everything but purchasers. For a generation, under the tactful coaching of the dealers, the collectors of New York had bought dearly the "conscientious nudes" of Lefèbvre and Cabanel, not to mention Bouguereau. Why they should have ignored the equally able academies of Cox is not easy to fathom. Why the critics should have cavilled at these very skilful exercises of Cox, while applauding the precisely similar achievements of his Parisian exemplars, is again mysterious. Perhaps it seemed right for Frenchmen to indulge a taste for the academic nude, but wrong for an American. Or with a subtler epicurism the connoisseurs of our by no means naughty nineties may have felt that a conscientious nude, like a cask of sherry, needs a sea-voyage to make it desirable. However that be, Cox, like most of his artistic contemporaries, was driven back on teaching, writing, lecturing, illustrating, meanwhile laying in neglect the solid foundations for future success as a mural painter.

In neglect but not in obscurity. As a teacher in the Art Students' League and committeeman or official of the Society, his influence carried far. He was an embodied conservative conscience, a stalwart and dreaded champion of the great traditions of painting, a dangerous critic of successive new schools and fads, a formidable foe of every sort of sloppiness. The times were fairly sloppy, so he was not popular. It was a lot which he accepted, because he was thoroughly honest and fearless, and because it was the condition of his loyalty to what he believed the great tradition. His death must have caused relief if not rejoicing among the wild-eyed inspirationalists of Greenwich Village. For them he was an uncomfortable person to have around.

Cox came of extraordinary ancestry. His mother was the daughter of Doctor Finney, the great evangelist, and first president of Oberlin College. His father, Jacob Dolson Cox, had an amazingly various career. He was a Civil War major-general in the field, and later one of the best historians of the war; governor of the State of Ohio, as he was senator and congressman; secretary of the interior for Grant, forced out of his place for resisting land-grabbing; president of the Wabash Railroad and of the University of Cincinnati. As if that were not enough, he was a lawyer, an admirable book reviewer for the *Nation*, a renowned microscopist, and had an uncommon knowledge of cathedral architecture. With all this versatility, he was a man of most stable competence and of highest integrity. To be born of such a father is a patent of intellectual nobility.

Kenyon Cox was born in Warren, Ohio, in 1856. The rich and pleasant scenery upon which his eyes opened was the subject of one of his rare landscapes, a beautiful picture called "Passing Shadows." His formal education was much hampered by illness, though in such a family as his the training of home was the best of educations. His

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chieftain father came back from the war to find the tall lad in bed. From his ninth to his thirteenth year he was bedridden, at times in peril of his life, and periodically under the surgeon's knife. To this deprivation of the usual activities of boyhood one may ascribe a sort of bodily ungainliness, oddly contradictory of the robust pattern of his mind. On acquaintance this paradox worked as a charm.

From early childhood his calling as a painter was manifest, and from his fourteenth year he was allowed to take drawing lessons. At twenty he sojourned for a rather unprofitable year in Philadelphia, at the Academy School, and at twenty-one, 1877, he sought the land of painter's promise, and Paris. Beginning with the master most in vogue, Carolus Duran, he left him in a year for the severer atelier of Gérôme. From 1879 to 1882 he was an exhibitor at the Salon. He returned to New York in that year, being twenty-six years old, was immediately elected to the Society of American Artists, and soon became prominent in its schools and councils. He had pursued with passionate conviction the academic study of the nude at Paris, and continued it in New York against the difficulties we have already noted. With the plain man's disinclination to hang the academic nude in his home, I have considerable sympathy. He is naturally offish toward what he suspects is an exercise or a show-piece, and at best a hussy without clothes. The New Yorkers of the eighties and nineties, perhaps, deserve less blame for their uncovetous admiration of Cox's admirable exercises than for the snobbishness with which they bought entirely similar and by no means better academies only because these were made by European artists. Cox was really preparing himself with dogged grit and intelligence for his ultimate work as a mural painter. One sees in these designs the struggle for freedom through discipline. And half a dozen of these sheets he hardly surpassed.

A discerning person might have inferred this from his delightful and too little known illustrations for Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," 1886. Meanwhile he achieved a few figure compositions, such as "Moonrise," which will be more valued as time goes on, and did occasional portraits of character and distinction. In some fifteen years of purposeful effort, without attaining vogue, he attained what is more difficult—personal authority. Then his chance came as a decorator, at Bowdoin College, in the Appellate Court, New York, at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, and in the Congressional Library. In this new phase, as he has himself written, his development was characteristically slow and thorough. The color he had learned in the Paris schools and the habit of representing the model rather literally had to be foregone in favor of colors and forms suitable for intricate compositions and great wall spaces. His whole practice had to be renewed in the light of the great masters of monumental design. Too robust to seek the solution of bleached tones, with the followers of Puvis, he turned to the Venetians, Titian and Veronese. Since Rubens and Van Dyck probably no artist has studied them more penetratingly. He believed that their richer forms and colors and intricate rhythms in depth were more suitable for our modern ornate buildings than the paler hues and simpler forms based on the primitive masters of fresco. In his practice, as later in his writings, he scouted the idea that mere flatness and paleness were in themselves decorative necessities or decorative merits. I have often heard him laugh at the current notion that Veronese or Delacroix or Paul Baudry lacked monumental quality in comparison with Giotto or Ingres or Puvis. In such a view Cox stood almost alone. Though the unobservant took him as a formalist, he really was the foe of too narrow formulas whether old or new.

From the year 1900 or thereabout Cox's decorative style assumed more urbanity and sureness in design while his color grew richer and more unified. I have not had the good fortune to see Cox's best decorations in place, but I did see the growth and promise in such works as the lunette "The Light of Learning" at Winona, Minnesota, when it was being finished in New York. Its beautifully calculated rhythms are both easy and noble, its color resplendent. Even more ingratiating are the little lunettes for the Iowa State Capitol. There are fine decorations in the court-house of Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and mosaics and wall paintings in the State Capitol at St. Paul. For these learned and gracious designs I doubt if Cox ever got approximately due credit outside of the pages of this Magazine. It is fair to say

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that the few competent newspaper critics are naturally embarrassed before the necessity of judging a mural decoration in the studio. The appraisal naturally belongs to the art critics where the decoration abides. Unhappily, regions that can very well afford mural decoration cannot afford critics, so many of our most noteworthy mural decorations never receive adequate criticism at all. Kenyon Cox had even worse luck in the grudging character of the mention he did get. He had been too long an Aristides, and the critics usually slurred him without intelligence. I present with only the comment of my own italics a passage which illustrates the journalistic formula for judging a Cox. It was written, by it doesn't matter whom, on Cox's "Marriage of the Atlantic and Pacific" at St. Paul. "One might have wished, *despite the beauty of design inherent in his work*, that Mr. Cox had chosen a less formal method of treatment."

Kenyon Cox was an art critic himself for a matter of twenty-five years, and it is safe to say that in all that period of work, and often of hack work, no sentence like that ever slipped from his pen. He early won his spurs as a writer by becoming a reviewer for the *Nation*. To this Magazine he was a frequent and welcome contributor. From 1905 begin his remarkable books collecting his periodical essays or embodying his lectures: "Old Masters and New," "Painters and Sculptors," "The Classic Point of View," "Artist and Public," "Concerning Painting." It was an unusual type of criticism—forthright, clear, emphatic. It drove straight to main issues, avoiding subtleties and by-paths. It was so clear and accessible that it was easy to underestimate its literary merit. I have heard the work dismissed as obvious. Such a judgment misses entirely the athletic compactness of Cox's English as it does the fine energy of his thought. There never was a greater error than to dismiss him as a cold person; he loved and scorned tremendously. Right-mindedness was a passion with him.

On the positive side Cox has left us unsurpassed appreciations of Veronese, Corot, Millet, Holbein, Saint Gaudens. These essays seem to me already classics in a field in which classics are few. The various studies of Rembrandt and that on Michelangelo add something to these well-worn themes. Whatever theme he touched he enriched. Leonardo da Vinci, Raphael, Vermeer of Delft, Puvis—much bewritten as these masters are, Cox supplied fresh points of view. It is not safe to neglect even the shorter essays and notes, most of which were taken over from the *Nation*. On Whistler and Burne-Jones, for instance, no one has written with more justice and discrimination.

Again, on the constructive side, Cox treated the whole matter of the education of the artist and of the right relation of artist to public. Here, against the headlong individualism of the day, Cox took his stand on the side of a traditional and social art. The idea that the artist could find all necessary warrants in himself he rejected as sure to lead to eccentricity. To such barbarous self-assertion he opposed the Classic Spirit. "It is the disinterested search for perfection; it is the love of clearness and reasonableness and self-control; it is, above all, the love of permanence and of continuity. It asks of a work of art, not that it shall be novel or effective, but that it shall be fine and noble. It seeks not merely to express individuality or emotion but to express disciplined emotion and individuality restrained by law." Such doctrine was naturally poison to young people who with neither knowledge of the past nor vision of continuity nor respect for law were trying to slap their souls rapidly on canvas. What could they make of the great half-truth, "the only study that has ever greatly helped the designer is the study of design as it has been practised before him"?

On the all-pervasive Impressionism, the success of which within its proper limits Cox generously acknowledged, he wrote: "Impressionism, which makes light its only subject, and ruthlessly sacrifices clarity and structure in the interest of illusion, is acceptable in inverse proportion to the essential beauty and interest of the objects represented." For the rest he felt that the handling of the Impressionists was often brutal and ugly and hindered the attaining of a modern technic.

To note the limitations of Cox's manly and pondered criticism is, perhaps, to repeat the error of the scribe who at once admitted that one of Cox's decorations was beautifully designed and in the same breath wished it quite otherwise. Cox necessarily missed certain finesses of appreciation which one finds in such all-viewing masters as

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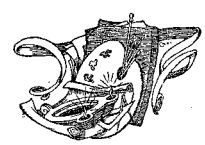
Mr. Brownell and the late John La Farge. Being almost impeccably right, as it seems to me, he was sometimes right on terms of an artificial simplicity. His intense perception of general principles sometimes colored unhappily his particular judgments. He so loathed muddle-headedness that he insufficiently admitted that irony of life by which a quite wrong-thinking person may act rather well, while an artist with wrong ideas or none in evidence may do very beautiful work. He was so resolute in condemning what seemed to him subversive theory that he sometimes swept into the indictment rather notable works. Thus he did scant justice to Rodin's real greatness, it seems to me, largely because Rodin had unwittingly demoralized the young generation of sculptors. But with all these reservations the bulk of Cox's critical writing seems to me sound and hearty and permanent. To read contemporary criticism after fifty years is usually to thank God that we are not as other critics were. I don't think Cox will give much basis for this kind of complacency, say, in the year 1969. I believe his occasional reader then will rather marvel how so much fighting energy and conviction could be combined with so catholic a taste and so delicate an insight, and will marvel the more that these books with their fairly eighteenth-century ease and lucidity could have come out of the welter of the early twentieth century.

From the competent Cox never lacked honor. He was chosen an associate of the National Academy in 1900 and a full member in 1903. He was medalled by the Salon, the National Academy, the Architectural League, and at the recent world expositions. He had honorary doctorates from Oberlin and Dartmouth and was an early member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters. He believed in organization and authority and worked indefatigably in conservative propaganda on the lecture platform or in the drudgery of art juries and committees. He had force and discretion, was a natural leader. No doubt, had occasion served, he would have led a brigade in the field as competently as his father did. His failure to gain from young students the confidence his contemporaries gave him was due to the fact that his teaching countered sharply the restless spirit of the times. Indeed, few of the art students of the nineties had historical background enough even to know what Cox was driving at. For this isolation there was balm in the fact that he was able to nurture a delightful painter's gift akin to his own in a wife and a son.

Dying at sixty-two, Kenyon Cox's career as a painter snapped in the years when an artist of his reflective type is just coming to his own. Every mural design was finer than the last, his practice was gradually measuring up to his high and arduous theories. Hence there is especial tragedy in his cutting off. What he had done up to his fiftieth year seems merely preparatory to great mural design, and it is only within ten years that he had been doing work that relatively satisfied his ideals for himself. Hence, considerable as the work is, it is fragmentary as compared with what it might have been had strength and long years been granted to him. His was a painstaking and gradual development like that of certain of the old masters—Dürer, for example—whom he loved. Such artists rarely give the full measure of themselves in their painting. So I feel it is with Cox. Whether in his pictures or in his writings, the future will have difficulty in realizing the massive and brilliant integrity of the man who is gone.



A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 23.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

GERMANY'S INDEMNITY AND THE MARKETS

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

BEFORE the close of April, the change in sentiment throughout this country in regard to the financial, commercial, and industrial future, was apparently complete. As against the doubts and hesitations of January and the gloomy forebodings of February, recognition of the strong economic position of the United States, belief in resumption of a forward movement in prosperity, had come to pervade every section of the community. These new convictions were embodied, as they usually are, in the action of the Stock Exchange.

The upward sweep of prices was accompanied by the traditional evidence of confidence on the part of the large financial public—a long succession of days in each of which transactions on the New York Exchange ran beyond a million shares. Not the least striking part of this demonstration was the converging of interest on stocks of companies doing business in almost every American industry—iron and steel, shipping, food products, copper, chemicals, textiles, motor cars, oil, railway equipment. The one label on an investment enterprise which seemed to invite participation by the general public was the fact of its being an enterprise associated with American production, trade, and manufacture. Before the opening of May, average prices for the shares of such companies were at the highest point reached since the closing weeks of 1916.

Testimony of the Stock Exchange

NOW a movement of this sort may have any one of several immediate causes, and it may not always have the same significance. Sometimes it will mean that all circumstances are working toward great industrial prosperity. Sometimes it will merely reflect an overflowing surplus of unemployed money in the country. But it can never be wholly without significance.

Occasionally, the advance in stock-market prices was ascribed by conservative watchers (with some vagueness) to "inflation." But actual inflation, both of the currencies and of bank credit, existed in European countries as it certainly did not exist in the United States. Since the beginning of the year, and despite some temporary reduction, outstanding currency had increased $100,000,000 in England, $800,000,000 in France, and $1,000,000,000 in Germany, whereas the United States paper currency at the end of April was $136,000,000 less than at the end of December. Yet there had been no such advance in the financial markets of those countries as in ours. Even at London, Stock Exchange prices at the opening of May were figured out as 3 per cent lower on the average than when the year began, and there had been a decrease in every month of 1919.

Reasons for the Rising Markets

There were some singular circumstances about the rise in prices. In the United States, this four-months' period had been marked, so far as industrial enterprises were concerned, by progressively smaller business and by reduced profits. Orders on the books of the great Steel Corporation decreased in three months from 7,300,000 to 5,400,000 tons; the country's iron production in March fell below 100,000 tons a day for almost the first time since 1915. Mills which six months ago were turning out steel at 90 or 100 per cent of capacity were down to 45 and 50 per cent. Many of the largest manufacturing companies reduced dividends; a few suspended them. The Steel Corporation's annual rate was fixed at 5 per cent, as against 16 paid in 1918.

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Evidently, therefore, the rather remarkable movement of the investment market reflected expectations of the future rather than actual developments of the present. The part played in creating such hopeful views by the brilliant outlook for the American harvests, and by the extraordinary results in our foreign trade, every one knew beforehand. Confidence certainly had grown in regard to the world's urgent need for our products whether of agriculture or of manufacture; and, along with this conviction, the fear which beset the American commercial mind in the earlier years of war—the uneasy feeling that, when once the fighting was over, European manufactures produced by labor at "starvation wages" would undersell our own producers in our own markets—began to disappear.

Question of an "Industrial Invasion" from Europe

IT did not vanish entirely. As late as the end of April, the chairman of the United States Senate's next Finance Committee was urging in public speeches new legislation for an "adequate protective duty" to preserve the American industries from foreign competition. Yet in the very same week the experts of the steel trade were pointing out that removal in April of government control over prices in England had resulted in an advance, not a decline. Under the new prices steel bars sold for $88.54 per ton as against $52.64 in the United States and steel rails at $69.90 against $45. Here was the plainest possible evidence, in a typical world industry, of how correct were those predictions, as far back as 1915, which held that, in view of Labor's control over European politics and Europe's loss of man-power in battle, the factor of labor-costs would run so heavily against Europe and in favor of America, in the aftermath of war, as almost to reverse the old-time competitive situation. The prices quoted in the April steel market opened the possibility of selling American steel in Lancashire at a profit.

To what extent such considerations as these explained the attitude of American financial markets any one may judge for himself. But nobody in Wall Street doubted that there were other causes. The whole history of our financial markets in the war years goes to prove that the most favorable economic events at home could not offset convincing evidence of a turn for the worse in the European military situation. What the struggle of the armies signified to the attitude of finance between July, 1914, and November, 1918, the negotiations of the diplomatists have signified in 1919. The Stock Exchange of 1898, notwithstanding an extremely favorable economic situation, merely hesitated after the military and naval defeat of Spain in July, and developed the real enthusiasm of the hour only with the certainty, a month later, that peace would be successfully and satisfactorily ratified. Precisely so, it was without question the increasing belief in conclusion of peace with Germany on just terms, and in Germany's acquiescence in those terms, which colored the movement of financial confidence at New York as the conclusion of the Paris Conference drew near.

Germany, the Allies, and the Terms of Peace

THESE expectations involved an implicit answer to three separate questions. Could the Entente Allies agree on the terms of peace? Would Germany accept the terms when they were announced? Could the German constitutional government escape a chaotic overturn at the hands of the anarchists, after the severe stipulations of the victorious enemy were laid before the people? All of these questions were more or less intimately bound up with the further question, whether Germany could meet the heavy money requisition laid on her as requital for her unlawful depredations in the war, or whether the terms of peace would confront the country and its people with economic ruin.

Precisely what the German Government and the German people themselves expected, it is naturally difficult to say. According to their national tradition, an immense indemnity was the order of events. It was so, regardless of the question of reparation. It is impossible that any German familiar with his country's history should have overlooked the fact that the five thousand million francs exacted from France by Prussia in 1871 were im-

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AMERICA'S OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA

By Maurice A. Oudin
Vice-President International General Electric Company

CHINA was the first country to feel the world impulse toward democracy. The revolution of 1911 which overthrew the Manchurian dynasty and forever eliminated the principle of hereditary rule, was engineered and successfully carried out by Chinese of the intellectual class who had studied abroad and had brought back with them to their native country the new thoughts and ideals that became current during the first years of the present century.

The second-greatest of the latest democracies to-day is Russia. But it required a cataclysmic war and the fatigue and exhaustion incident upon it to bring about the elevation of the people to the control of government. In Russia 10 per cent of the people are said to be over-educated, while the remainder are ignorant. In China a smaller percentage are literates in a sense, but the balance of the vast population of that country have some education and possess common sense in great and conspicuous abundance. We know much about Russia, but our knowledge of China is limited. We have discovered Russia through the newspapers. It needs a new explorer to reveal to Americans China and her possibilities.

A recent cartoon pictured a number of men carrying a struggling individual. The accompanying legend explained that the victim of this *force majeure* was being hustled along to an insane asylum as the only fit place for one who was laboring under the delusion that he knew all about the situation in Russia.

The magnificent part played by Russia as an ally, its tragic collapse as a power into an impotent and disintegrated country, and the condition of unspeakable horror into which it has been plunged, have arrested our attention and excited our interest. As a result the average American reads with avidity all that the newspapers may publish about Russia.

But as to China and its problems, its trade and commercial opportunities, and its relations to the United States and other countries, upon the solution of which probably rests the future peace of the world, our newspapers are almost silent. China is not advertised as has been Russia, and in consequence there exists a rather general ignorance on the subject, and a still more wide-spread indifference. In thus ignoring China we are evading our supreme responsibility toward Asia.

Russia, if we may speak of it as a country that will some day return to a sane and sound form of government, is known to offer unparalleled opportunities for commercial enterprise and capital investment. Our business people and our bankers and capitalists have a fair knowledge of these opportunities, and on the return of normal conditions are planning to carry out schemes in part already formulated.

In the case of China, our merchants have exhibited a greater knowledge of conditions there, a keener insight into the possibilities of trade, and a courage and enterprise greater than that shown by American suppliers of capital. Yet China, free from social disturbance as compared with nearly every other country, offers unexampled opportunities for trade and the safe investment of capital.

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In almost all quarters of the globe Americans face unprecedented competition in trade, and at the same time are handicapped by the preference secured by other nations through their existing investments. Thus in South America, England, Germany, and France control, through capital investment, public utilities, commercial houses, mines, and railways, all of which are purchasers of the products and manufactures of the nationals in control. Add to this a sparse native population of comparatively low purchasing power, and the South American market for goods from the United States loses some of the glittering attraction which many have assigned to it.

The new impulse to the nationalistic movement in the English colonies and self-governing parts of the British Empire presages a coming competition with the mother country, and preferences in favor of the latter which will cut into the profits of other nations dealing with those parts of the globe. In Europe we must expect that every effort will be made to render importation of American goods increasingly difficult. As a matter of pure economic self-defense it becomes necessary that the impoverished countries should manufacture everything they can, and incur as few bills abroad as possible. The recent embargoes on certain imports by France and by England have these ends in view. Already we hear of the disappointment of American business men who have recently invaded France in great numbers, and who in their enthusiasm have been led to hope for large orders for material for the reconstruction of the devastated parts.

American specialties and mechanical devices, the outcome of American inventive genius, and the products of our soil and mines, and semimanufactured articles, based more or less upon a partial monopoly of raw materials, will always find a market in Europe and elsewhere. But it would be folly to count upon the continuance of business which was done prior to the war, and more particularly that done during war conditions, for the countries of Europe have developed an efficiency in manufacturing, which with other conditions entering into cost, more particularly labor will, on the return of normal times, make it impossible for America to sell its wares in competition with home-made products of similar kind and quality.

It is to those countries where industrialism has as yet made little or no progress, and whose natural resources of extraordinary richness are as yet undeveloped, that we must look for the best results of our economic endeavors. The country which comes nearest meeting these specifications is China. It was that great statesman, John Hay, who early foresaw the possibilities of China as a market of growing importance for the United States, and who wished to preserve it for the merchants of this country. He induced the principal nations to accept the Far Eastern policy of the "open door," a policy which is as important to American commercial interests in the Orient as is the Monroe Doctrine on this continent in a political way. Honest adherence to Hay's doctrine means that no one nation or no group of nations may pre-empt in China special rights, either economic or political. In other words, equal opportunity in all China for all comers.

The competition for trade, for concessions, for opportunities will be as keen in China as elsewhere, for all commercial nations will exploit this, the greatest market in the world. However, Americans have the advantage over other traders in that they possess the good-will and friendship of the Chinese as no other people. The United States alone is known to be disinterested, having never coerced China, never sought political advantage there, and never had any designs upon her territorial integrity. On the contrary, the United States has always upheld China's own interests and complete sovereignty. It was because of this confidence in America's intentions that in 1916 the Chinese Government negotiated with an American concern a contract for building one thousand miles of railway which embodied the most liberal and advantageous terms ever granted a foreign company.

It was not without reason that the German Consul-General at Harbin before the war said in a private conversation: "We Germans do not worry about competition from the English, nor that of the

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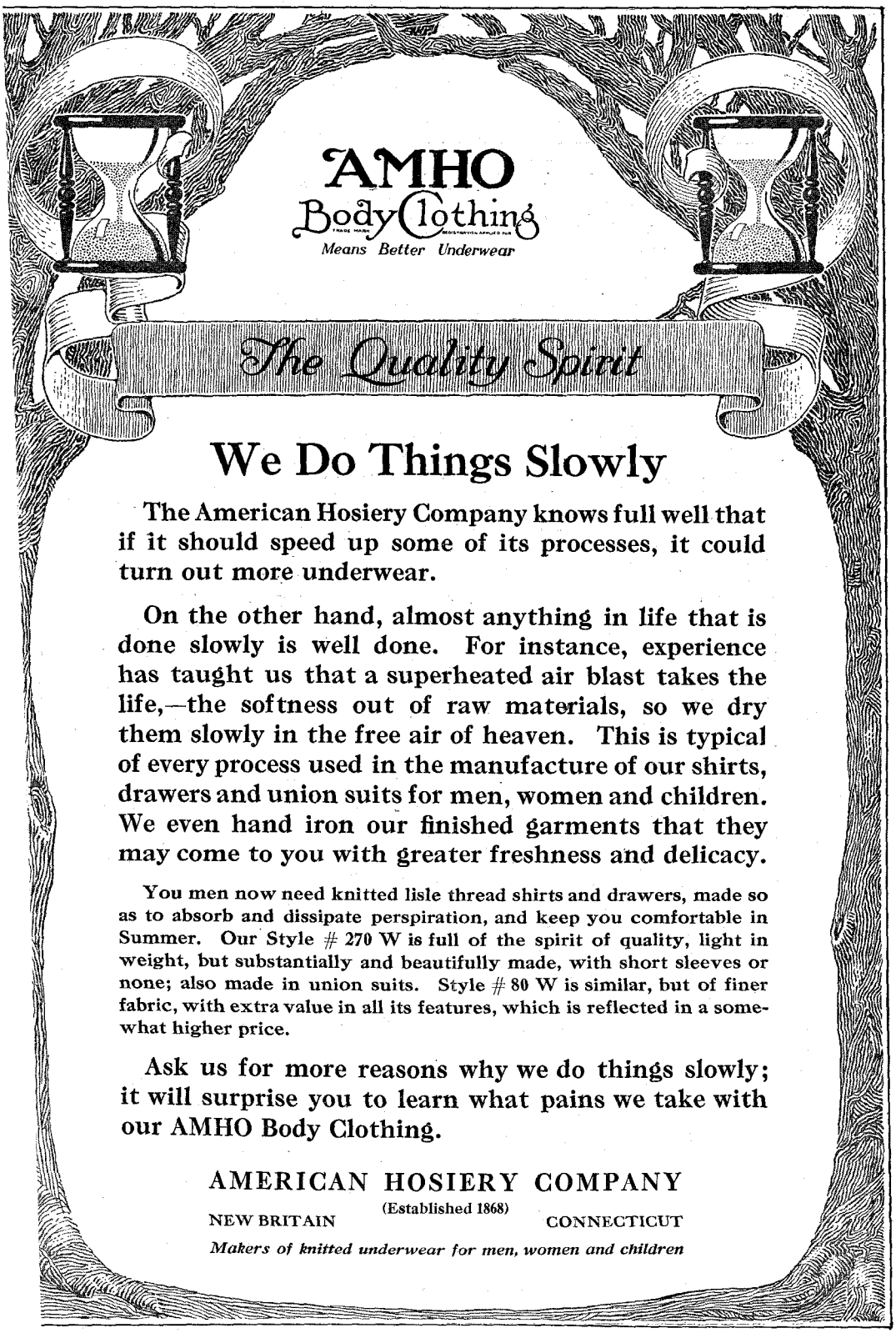

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

Continued from page 770

posed on a belligerent who had been unable by force of circumstances to do any injury to the people or property of the victorious enemy, and were imposed by a belligerent who, in so far as the opportunities of a brief war permitted, had indulged during 1870, on the soil of France, i the identical amenities which received so muc more attention from the outside world, whe practised again by the invading Germans of 191.

Financial Situation, continued on page 66

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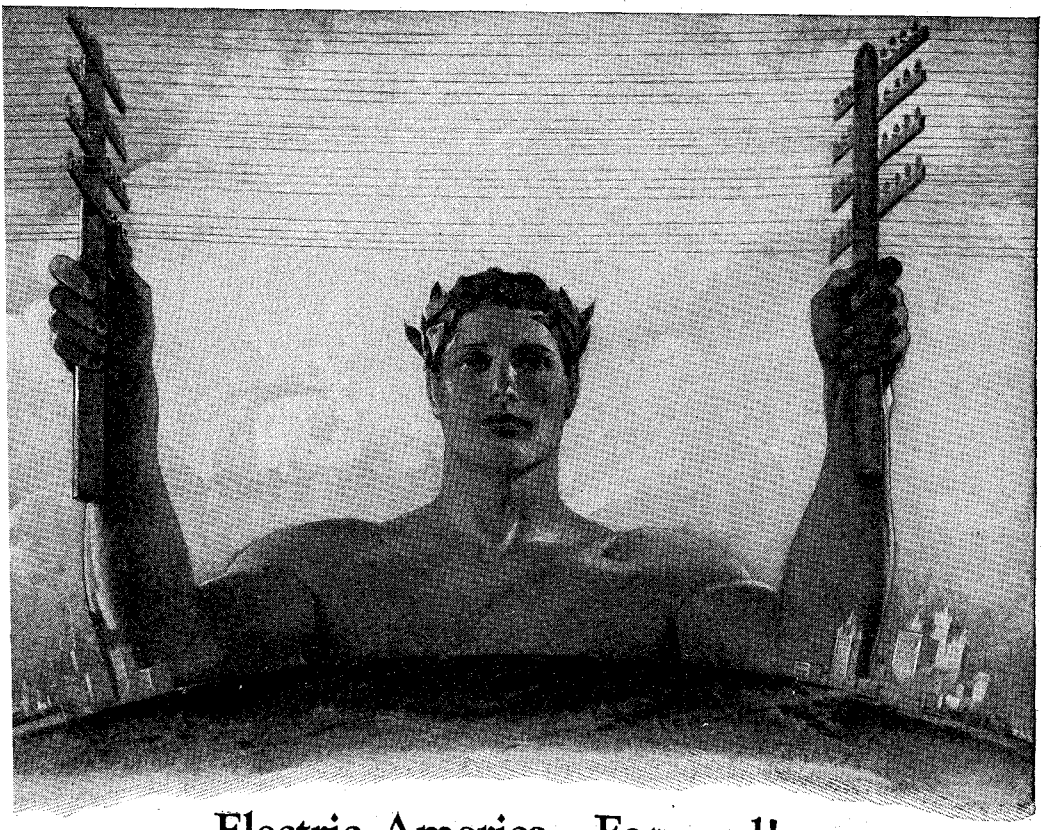

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Financial Situation, continued from page 64

THAT is to say, Bismarck had set the example, as regards both financial and territorial exactions, of an indemnity imposed simply because the defeated government was at his mercy. But there is sufficient evidence that the German people have also been aware of what their army and navy had been doing in this war, contrary to all the rules of humanity and rules of war. It is impossible that they should not have taken into reckoning the fact that the victors would demand and exact money reparation for these performances.

As to "Paying the Cost of War"

When Lloyd George and his colleagues, in the stress of a contested English election, announced that Great Britain and her allies proposed to exact from Germany the full amount of money which the war had cost the Entente, the declaration elicited a good deal of indignation and a little contempt, even among some of the British Government's allies. But no good reason existed why it should have inspired such sentiments in Germany. As long ago as August, 1915, when Dr. Helfferich, then occupying the post of Imperial Finance Minister, was setting forth to the Reichstag his reasons for not paying any part of the German war costs with taxes, he explained that "those who provoked the war . . . deserve to drag through the centuries to come the weight of these thousands of millions." The official opinion of this Deutsche Bank director as to who provoked the war, and the opinion of the present victors on that point, may have differed. It is even true that Dr. Helfferich expressed doubt as to whether the defeated and exhausted Entente powers would be able to pay back Germany's war costs. But the principle was asserted by him as unqualifiedly as Lloyd George asserted it last December, and every German who read the newspapers in 1915 knows that he did so.

This does not by any means prove the rightfulness of Lloyd George's attitude. But it has some bearing on the attitude of Germany; to whom it left as the real matter of controversy, not what Germany deserved to be made to pay, but what she could pay. But it is supposed that on this very point the Committee on Reparation at the Paris Conference, to which some practical and experienced Entente financiers were the advisers, had taken counsel with German financiers. The terms of reparation and indemnity, as arrived at by this committee, were severe. But they are not as crushing as those which either Lloyd George or Dr. Helfferich proposed. They are assessed primarily as repayment for wanton and admittedly unlawful damage, and the question of Germany's capacity to meet them has been canvassed with the utmost care. If such payment can be made only through turning Germany into a tributary state for a series of decades to come, that merely signifies, through the postponed payment, that the instinct of the victors was to be merciful and lenient even while being just.

THE question, what would be the immedia effect on Germany—political or financial- of the announcement of this huge indemnity, t imposition of this heavy tribute for a generatic to come, was open only to conjecture. Comme even from German sources was neither unanimous nor enlightening. Speaking to the National Assembly a month or two ago, the new German finance minister merely remarked that "no o is in a position to say whether Germany can e tricate herself from her present financial situ tion." That "will depend on the kind of pea the Allied Powers decide on." One cheerfu futile proposal, emanating from Prince Max Baden, was that the question should be sett by neutral commissions, after deciding on t facts, first as to responsibility for the war, secc as to responsibility for its prolongation; thi as to the "violations of international law a atrocities with which the belligerents mutu reproach one another." Here is a somewhat thetic echo of the ninety-three professors of 1c

Germany's Ideas on t Indemnity

More to the point, one of the Berlin bank lately remarked to an American correspond that "Germany's position is that of a bankr with the sheriff at the door to attach the fu ture," and the only comforting reflection he cc make was that the Allies "must, from sheer s interest, keep us upon our feet economically, they will be able to collect no indemnities wha ever." Another German financier, Von Gwi of the Deutsche Bank, declared to another cc spondent that "at present we cannot pay," that a commission might ascertain, after say years, how large a money indemnity it woul possible to exact. "Germany," he contin "can give what she has—labor and what he produces. We can help in restoring what h be rebuilt in France and Belgium. We took als, goods, machinery, from the occupied reg Where, for example, we took a machine, let u one back; a better one, if possible. It will heavy item, but we shall have to suffer a vanquished party."

It will be observed that this very em financier did not at all dispute the rightfu of the heavy indemnity. But beyond even considerations, Dr. Von Gwinner expresse judgment that while, in his view, "Eurc ruined," Germany "is ruined first and m all, unless we come together and find way means to put the Continent politically financially in order against Bolshevism." arises the question of politics, and to the "s of Bolshevism" a good part of the attent the cable dispatches was devoted while the of Germany's indemnity was under disc It must however be confessed that a vast c nonsense came over the cables; partic when governments were being announc "overturned" in Bavaria and Saxony.

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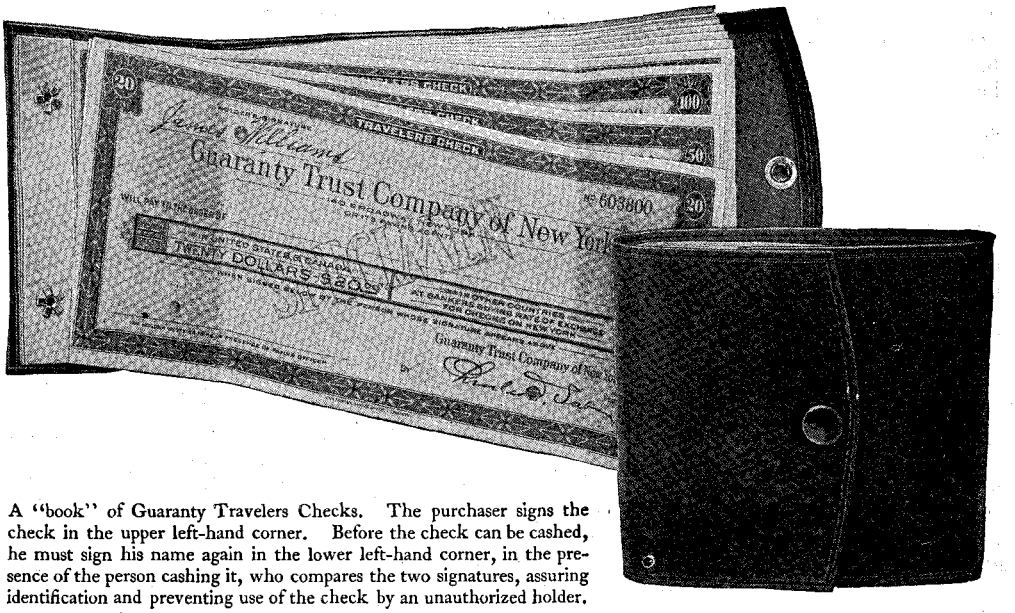

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REGARDING this somewhat highly colc news, financial markets took a somew calmer view than the general public. They v not at all affected by the mournful prediction the foreign correspondents, and for an excel reason. On the 19th of January the German people, by a perfectly free and open vote, chose their new national legislature, and the legislature chose the government. Out of the 421 delegates sent to that national assembly Independent Socialists, of which party the called "Bolshevists" are a faction, elected actly 24. The City of Munich cast in all 325 votes, and of these only 34,000 votes were for the same political extremists.

The Rev lutionar Uprising German

Now there is one plain reason why a Bolshe minority was able to get control of Russi Hungary. In Russia the constituent assen had not been called; in Hungary it had not l elected. In both countries, a self-appoi provisional government was in control. It therefore, with a certain crude logic that Lenines and Bela Kuns could assert that had chosen to appoint themselves as rulers stead of the others; that, since neither fac had received endorsement from the people, had as good a title as the other, and that f should settle it. But the case was manif different when the people of a given country voted, had voted within a few weeks, had v distinctly on the issue of the kind of governr which was to be set up, had voted down the shevik kind by 10 to 1, and, through the gates thus elected, had endorsed the E government. The only position which could be occupied in Munich and Saxony, by "C munists" or "Bolshevists" who should propo upset the existing government and admin government themselves, was the position numerically insignificant minority resisting people's mandate.

Sometimes we call this sort of thing a sometimes a rebellion. It will clearly be annoying a demonstration when a city is fi abandoned machine guns and ammunition when such things are stored in a single ars closely guarded. But the principle remains that the principle was recognized, even by Workmen and Soldiers' Councils, was prove the vote of those very organizations afterwar their own account. In response to such a and even in an industrial city such as Ham the "Soviets" cast 82 votes of preference fo Majority Socialists (the party now in power), 33 others for the conservative Democratic p and only 13 for the extremist Independents. Kiel, lately the hotbed of proletarian insurre the Soviet vote was 15 for the Ebert party ag only 4 for the Independents. Very probably vote even of the Russian Soviets, if the Petr dictators should allow it, would show simil sults. It is undoubtedly because of know of this awkward possibility that the vote ha

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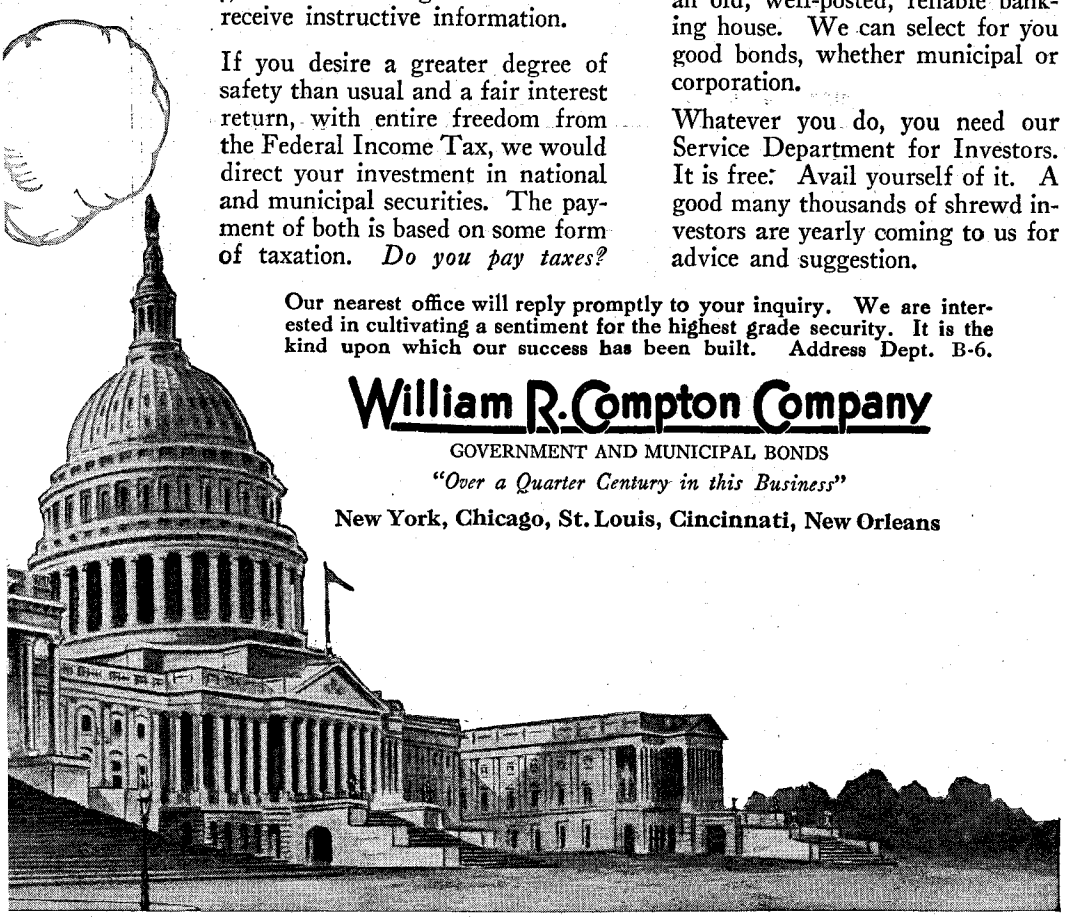

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Financial Situation, continued from page 68

been allowed. But even so, Russia's positio in the matter of "Bolshevik rule" is not yet Ger many's. As to what Germany's position actu ally is, no intelligent observer can mistake.

Germany's People and the Indemnity

WILL discussion of the actual terms of th indemnity result in a new and more form idable demonstration by this small minority? A things are regarded as possible in these unquie days, but confident prediction to that effec would be one of those numerous prophecies which the course of events, both before and since the armistice, has shown to be extremely rash. The prospect of such a sequel will be much discussed; with, however, these three plai facts to govern it. Germany has already lai down her arms, and is no longer capable of mil tary resistance. Her existing government is, an probably will continue to be, the only avenue c access to the food supplies of the outside worl Finally, as to precedent, the harsh terms of ir demnity imposed on France in 1871 were similarl submitted to a new Constituent Assembly, ju chosen by a vote of the French people. Bi marck's terms were denounced in France with th utmost indignation. Appealing to the provinc in impassioned speeches, Gambetta urged refus and a fight to the death. But the Bordeau Assembly recognized that acquiescence was i evitable, and approved it by a vote of 433 to 9

It is for the future to show how Germany w provide for this enormous payment, spread ov so long a period. Her gold reserve is flowing o of the country to pay for food. The paper cu rency issued by her national bank is $2,500,00c 000 greater than in the armistice week, and th valuation of that currency has shrunk so rapid in neutral markets that their exchange rate c Berlin lately reached 71 per cent depreciatic from parity.

In other words, if German exchange were st quoted at New York to-day, the mark, instead its normal value of 23⅞ cents, would bring som thing less than 7 cents in American mone How this adverse position in regard to oth markets can be changed for the better, we sh know in the course of time. Perhaps the sugg tion most in point would have to do with t well-known fact, demonstrated by all the fina cial occurrences of the great war, that a tho sand million dollars in these days means no mc to the accumulated resources and the econom power of to-day than a hundred millions wou have meant half a century ago. It was then th France was considered to be economically crush by the billion-dollar war indemnity; which actual fact she paid with no evidence whatev of ultimate impairment in her economic power.

ALL such considerations clearly had a ha in the season's great rise in the Americ markets. But when that is said, it remai equally true that the outlook for the Americ harvest has held a place of the very highest i

Financial Situation, continued on page 72

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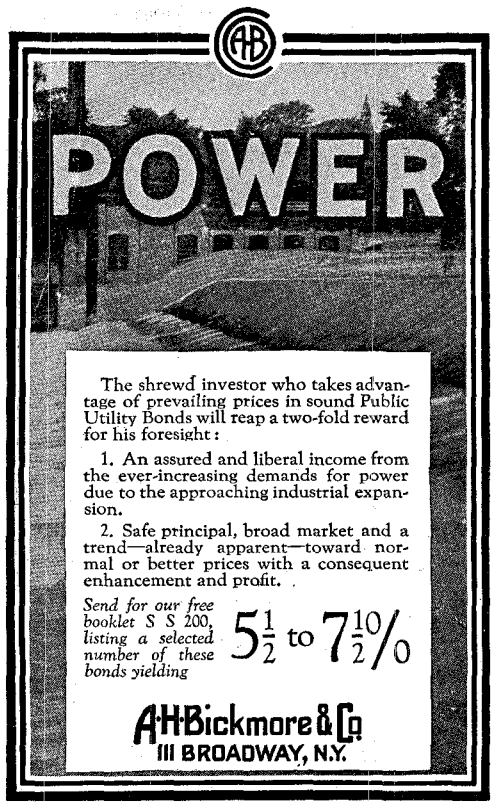
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Financial Situation, continued from page 70

portance in the financial mind this spring; and for more than one reason. By a very remarkable conjuncture of events, it may be said that the promise of our wheat crop—for which the government's official forecast is unquestionably the most remarkable in our history —is itself an event not only in American finance but in European politics. This statement calls for explanation. To many readers of a season's news, the story of agricultural vicissitudes, of food production, importation and exportation, is technical and tedious. It can be so, however only because of ignorance regarding the frequent and dramatic reaction of the grain trade on the course of history.

Larger Significance of Our Great Wheat Crop

The influence, at various critical periods of the past, which harvest results have exerted ever on the larger movement of political events, has received only grudging recognition from the historians; yet there have been many celebrated episodes whose history could not be written completely without taking account of such influences. Few people associate questions of agricultural scarcity and agricultural prices with the English Revolution of 1640, for instance, and the subsequent downfall of Charles the First. Nevertheless, when patient investigators have established the fact that the convening of the Long Parliament had been preceded by two or three decades of recurrent famine, with wheat up 209 per cent above Elizabethan prices and wages of labor only 32 per cent higher, we of to-day know very well that such conditions could not possibly have failed to lend important impetus to the political uprising.

Originally promoted, like the Russian Revolution of 128 years later, by political idealists, the French Revolution passed quickly into the hands of reckless fanatics, and one of the reasons now admitted for that unhappy circumstance lay in the harvests of the period. The winter which introduced 1789, the severest in forty years, had ruined the French crops and confronted the whole population with famine. In a single province 40,000 laborers were thrown out of work; the same conditions existed elsewhere in agricultural France; with the result that desperate peasants flocked from all quarters of the country to Paris, where they could at least live on the scanty rations doled out by the government. On the eve of July 14, the anniversary of which France still celebrates, we are told by the contemporary historians that every bakery was surrounded by a crowd clamoring for its meagre allotment of black and bitter bread. We are able to judge, from present-day experiences, just what effect such a situation had and must have had in turning over control of the Revolution from the philosophers to the anarchists.

ONE need not go back to other centuries or other countries than our own to prove the influence of harvests on politics. Even historia

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Financial Situation, continued from page 72

nowadays recognize that our resumption specie payment on the United States curren in 1879 would very possibly have broken down through an outflow of our gold to Europe, but for the fact that disastrous harvest shortage in Europe during that very year, approaching the famine mark, was met by the la est American wheat crop ever raised, by the la est export of wheat on the record and by an u precedented import of European gold in payme which ensured the reserve held to redeem t legal tenders.

Harve Which Made Histor

Involved as this country seemed to be dur 1896 in hopelessly pressing foreign obligatio with the Treasury's gold reserve being dra upon, for export, close to the exhaustion po and with the country's internal politics torn by the Bryan silver campaign, another memo ble European harvest failure, with another fam yield in the United States, was the fundamen influence, first for turning in our favor the fore exchanges and the tide of gold, then for ensur the Gold Standard Act and the downfall of Bry ism. What it meant in 1914 and 1915 to be gerent Western Europe—confronted with div sion of man-power from its own farms, and w the enemy's blockade of the Russian grain co try which had formerly sent out a fourth o third of all the wheat received by importing tions—that the United States should in th two years have increased its annual crops a export surplus by the full amount of the for Russian export, most people remember. It that event in agriculture which saved our sul quent allies from possible famine at the ou of the war; an experience whose political res might have affected history.

It has, however, possibly never been the lo American agriculture to become the focus interest at so critical a historic juncture as t with which the present year began. The was over; but the European famine, of which had heard only remotely during the progres the conflict, threatened worse results than in year of the war itself. Not only were our gre Continental allies living on a basis of hand mouth supplies, and not only did whole nat such as Belgium, Poland, and Servia, still hav be fed from the outside, but actual starvation reported in Russia, in Germany, in Austria, in the Balkans. Despite the voluntary ec mies of our own people in food consumption, notwithstanding the efforts of our Food Bo to conserve the American wheat surplus and tribute it where it was needed, the surplus by April approaching exhaustion.

HOW close was the connection between shortage of food in Central and Eas Europe and the spread of anarchy among afflicted nations, all of us came to know wi two months after the signing of the armis This was the admitted motive power in

Financial Situation, continued on page 76

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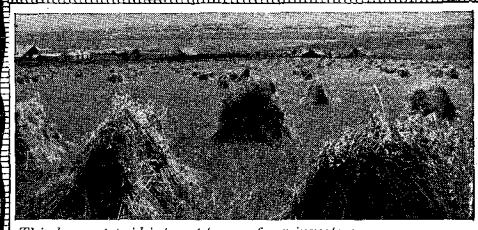

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INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY

R. B. BISHOP, *President*

610 Canal Bank Annex — NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Financial Situation, continued from page 74

spread of Bolshevism, and it is not too much to sa that world-wide harvest shortage during 191 would have gone far toward determining the course of European history, and determining it for the worse. Russian wheat was almost unobtainable; the Russian cities were themselves starving. Hungary had practically n wheat left; the weather had been wholly adver to the new German wheat crop; France and Ita were living virtually on rations, with a poorer ha vest outlook in 1919 than in 1918. Everythin depended on the wheat production of the prese year in the Western hemisphere; notably America. Those producing countries had f Europe in 1915 and 1916, but in 1917 and 19 they had almost failed of doing it.

European Politics ar European Famine

In many respects, the problem was a cruc test of the capacity of Nature. An emine English chemist, the late Sir William Crook warned the world in 1898 that, with the rap increase in consumption of wheat and the equal rapid approach toward the limit of wheat-pr ducing area, a very grave situation in regard food was likely to arise, as he put it, "in a co paratively short space of time." The prese year would surely have been a logical occasion f the crisis. But Sir William's prophecy ov looked things which might happen in the mea time, such as the new methods of irrigation a cultivation, as completely as Professor Stanl Jevons overlooked other similar circumstan in his prediction of 1868 that half a century wo exhaust the commercial possibilities of the En lish coal fields. It was in precisely this discour ing situation of the grain fields of older natio that our government put out its extraordina first report of the present season on the growi winter wheat.

THE country's crop, under the stimulus of t government's guaranteed price to Americ producers, had been planted on an area grea by nearly seven million acres, or 16 per ce than the largest previous acreage. The seas had been as nearly perfect for wh culture as is possible in so vast a varied a cultivated region. In co sequence, the average condition the crop in April was reckoned by Agricultural Department at 99⅞ cent, and, even after allowing for the usual struction of acreage in the winter, the indicat for the winter-sown crop was 837,000,000 bush This would not only exceed last year's wir wheat harvest by 278,000,000 bushels and previous high record (that of 1914) by 152,00 000, but the yield of winter-sown wheat al would actually run nearly a hundred mill bushels beyond the greatest total wheat cr winter and spring combined, ever raised America before the European war; and wir wheat will normally make up less than two-th of this country's total yield.

The Outlook for Our Own Food Production

Two very notable inferences followed. Fi

Financial Situation, continued on page 78

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Abundant crops in 1918 and a guaranteed price for wheat in 1919 mean unprecedented prosperity for the farmer. This is but one of several reasons why our 5½ and 6% First Mortgage Loans on Northwest Farms make an ideal investment. Write for descriptive booklet.

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Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Financial Situation, continued from page 76

with reasonably favorable farming weather between now and autumn, it seemed that the United States might be expected to produce a wheat crop substantially exceeding the famous "billion-bushel yield" of 1915, which was itself nearly 40 per cent greater than the largest wheat crop ever raised before the war. Second, a harvest of such magnitude would make possible this country's export, in the twelvemonth beginning next July, of 450,000,000 to 500,000,000 bushels. Now the largest export ever heretofore made from the United States was 333,000,000 bushels, in the first season of the war; and the difference between the larger and the smaller of the three sums named would more than equal Russia's normal export of wheat before 1914.

Harvests and the Political Future

THE importance of such a harvest during a year of urgent foreign demand, whether to our national prosperity, to the earning of our transportation lines, or to the country's position in the field of international finance and trade, was plain enough. Its results in these directions will not be diminished or impaired by the fact that many of the foreign purchasing nations will pay for the wheat with bonds of their governments, or by the fact that the wheat may have to be sold for less than the price guaranteed by our own government. The farmer will none the less be paid in cash; the Treasury at Washington will provide for that payment and keep the foreign bonds. The payment to the farmer will be at the guaranteed rate of $2.26 per bushel; a price not touched in the United States, even momentarily, between 1869 and 1917, and probably the highest average price at which an American wheat crop was ever sold by its producers. For even in 1867, when wheat, touching $2.85 per bushel in the Chicago market, reached the highest price of our paper inflation period, it also in another month of the same year sold as low as $1.55; and this year the farmer's price can at no time be less than the government guarantee.

But even this notable windfall of good fortune to the United States itself is a small matter, when compared with the results which it may achieve in the world's political fortunes. When famine is notoriously the surest breeder of anarchy, the phenomenon commonly described as the "spread of Bolshevism" originates directly from the suffering and discontent arising from such a cause, and it is under exactly those circumstances that not only is enough wheat being produced to feed famine-stricken Europe, but that the surplus and the distribution of it are in the hands of the one nation which combines adherence to the principles of sound government with absence of any selfish personal desires to be satisfied in the settlement of the war. The prediction may safely be made that the history of Europe, in the immediate sequel to return of peace, will be profoundly and permanently influenced by this event in American agriculture.

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REAL-ESTATE SECURITIES STRONG-BOX INVESTMENTS

By Horace B. Mitchell

BY far the oldest investment in the world is the first-mortgage loan on real estate. That ingenious race of traders and financiers, the Babylonians, invented mortgages some two thousand five hundred years ago, and a large number of authentic mortgage loans inscribed on clay tablets in the curious cuneiform writing of Babylon have been unearthed by modern scholars, vivid evidence of the antiquity of this form of investment. With the advance of civilization, many changes and improvements have been made in the form of mortgage loans, but this type of securities still remains in its essentials the same as it was in the time of King Hammurabi—a definite promise to pay a certain sum of money at a specified time, at a specified rate of interest, with a definite pledge of real estate as security to guarantee prompt payment.

The mortgage loan is an essential and necessary feature of modern life. The great majority of real estate in the United States is pledged as security for mortgages. A committee of the savings-bank section of the American Bankers' Association recently estimated that more than six billion dollars in mortgages are held by savings banks and insurance companies in this country, and a total of at least ten billion dollars, yielding half a billion dollars in income, are held by institutions and individuals as investments.

The reasons for the popularity of real-estate mortgage securities are simple. Taken as a class, they yield a larger net income than other investments of an equal degree of safety. They are by their nature stable securities, free from fluctuation in value.

The very simplicity of mortgages is urged by many investors as a point in their favor, on the principle embodied in the ancient proverb, "Happy is that people whose annals are short."

Mortgages are bought as genuine investments, for safety and income. They are recognized by law as safe and fit investments for the funds of savings-banks in the states which regulate such banks most strictly, and which place them on a parity in regard to soundness with the highest grade of bonds, such as government and the best of state, municipal, and railroad issues.

From real estate spring all human activities. On real estate as a basis is erected the whole complex structure of our modern civilization. Real estate is always last affected in periods of

Continued on page 80

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Write for offerings and our circular entitled "Sound Investments."

FRANK C. WILLIAMS, Inc.
NEWPORT - - - VERMONT

Continued from page 79

financial and commercial depression. People must live and must do business and in order to live and to do business they must have homes, offices, shops, and factories. In prolonged periods of depression, the number of real-estate transfers may decrease, the real-estate market may be dull, but people must continue to pay rents for houses, apartments, offices, stores, and what not. Indeed, a period of depression often paradoxically produces increased rentals—a phenomenon which we have observed during 1918, consequent on the war, the cessation of building operations, and the nation-wide shortage of housing and of business structures.

In loaning money on real estate, one has an investment founded on the basis of all values, on the source of all wealth, and on the first necessity of human life.

It will be worth while to outline the two great classes of real-estate-mortgage securities. The first class consists of the ordinary undivided loan which is held in its entirety by the investor or mortgagee. Such loans are divided according to priority of claim into first, second, and third mortgages, and so on. Only first mortgages may properly be regarded as investments as dealing in junior lien loans—"seconds," "thirds," and the like—is a matter which should be left to professionals. The great mass of such mortgages are unguaranteed, but some may be purchased from banking firms and title companies bearing their guarantee, for which a charge is usually made.

In still another way, mortgage loans may be classified as amortized or unamortized. The ordinary mortgage usually matures in three or five years, interest being paid as in the case of bonds, semi-annually, and the entire sum coming due at maturity. When the mortgage matures, however, the property securing it is no longer the same property. The improvements have depreciated and the land may have decreased in value. In order to safeguard the investment against such conditions, another type of loan, invented in France, is rapidly coming into vogue in this country, namely, the amortized mortgage. In these loans a portion of the principal is paid off each year by payment of an amount ranging from one per cent to two per cent, and even up to five per cent, thus steadily increasing the margin of security protecting the loan and increasing the safety of the investment.

The investor can purchase a mortgage ranging in size from a few hundred dollars, secured perhaps by a vacant lot in the outskirts of a city, up to the great loans running into the millions, which as a rule are taken by saving

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banks and life-insurance companies to aid in financing building operations of the largest magnitude.

He may make his investment in several ways. He may lend his money direct to the borrower. Perhaps the great majority of mortgages are made in this way, but this method is seldom advisable unless one is quite sure that he can qualify as an expert with ample experience in all the technical processes of safeguarding a mortgage security.

He may make his loan through a broker or an attorney, which is a better method.

But the best and safest way is to buy a mortgage of an investment banking house, which has already purchased the loan through the investment of its own funds, and which deals in such securities as so much merchandise. This method greatly increases the protection of the investment. The expert knowledge, skill, and experience of the mortgage dealer are invaluable to the investor. Moreover, even where no formal guarantee of payment of the loan is given by the banker, his recommendation and sponsorship of the mortgage entail an obligation on him which bind him to sell only such loans as he has carefully investigated and found safe, and which he conscientiously believes are fit investments for his own funds.

The second class of real-estate mortgage securities is represented by that popular and increasingly large class known generally as real-estate bonds, based on division of an investment among many holders. These securities are generally known as real-estate bonds, and in fact constitute the most modern improvement in lending money on real property. Of these bonds there is a wide variety.

Perhaps the most popular form is the first-mortgage real-estate bond. An issue of these bonds is simply an ordinary mortgage loan divided up, for convenience in selling, into a number of bonds in convenient denominations, usually one thousand dollars, five hundred dollars, and one hundred dollars. The borrower signs each bond, and the entire issue is secured by a trust mortgage or trust deed. Each bond participates pro rata in the security.

The great majority of such bonds are issued in accordance with the principle of amortization, maturing in annual serial installments, amounting to some four or five per cent each year, so that the loan is being steadily reduced out of the earnings of the property, while the mortgage remains unreleased and unimpaired until the last bond is paid off and cancelled.

Such issues are usually secured by large properties, such as office buildings, apartment, hotel

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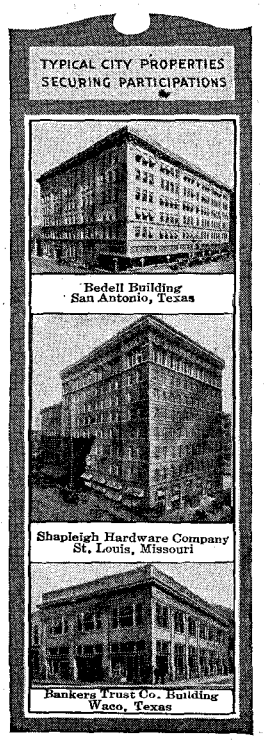

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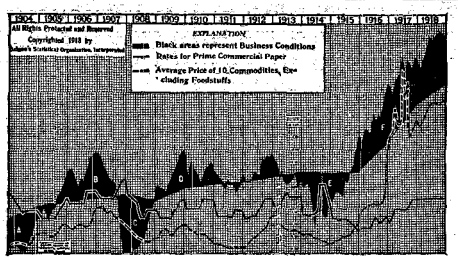
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Dividend yields 7% and upwards.

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Continued from page 81

and commercial buildings of various character, together with the ground thereunder. They possess the great advantage of giving the investor of average means the opportunity to participate in the highest grade of mortgages, which because of their size, were formerly available only to insurance companies, savings banks, and large institutions.

The record of these bonds in the United States has been an excellent one, and when properly safeguarded and underwritten by an investment banking-house of experience, character, and expert knowledge, they offer an investment of the highest degree of safety.

Another type of real-estate bonds whose record on the whole has been a favorable one, is the collateral-trust bond. An issue of these bonds is secured by a group of mortgages on various properties deposited with a trustee. In some cases these bonds, or certificates, as they are variously called, mature serially and in many cases they are sold under a guarantee, the investor being charged about one-tenth of the income each year for this additional safeguard.

There are many inferior classes of real-estate bonds. Some in the past have been sold under the loose general term of "mortgage bonds," the vendors in some instances taking pains to ignore or to conceal the fact that the bonds were only second or third mortgages being preceded by heavy prior obligations. Still more remote from the security—and indeed from security also—are real-estate debentures, which carry no mortgage lien at all, and whose purchase is a hazardous speculation rather than an investment.

Real-estate-mortgage securities are like all other classes of investments—they are good when they are good. One is reminded of General Gouraud's order of the day, July 15, 1918, when he smashed the final German offensive in the Champagne: "The fortifications are impregnable if resolutely defended." So too real-estate securities are safe if they are well safeguarded—if protected by ample margins both of earnings and of value, in the property securing them, if all legal details have been properly attended to, if due provision is made for amortization, and if the buyer or the banker from whom he buys has looked well into the future and taken all necessary measures to protect the loan against any possible eventualities.

High-grade real-estate-mortgage securities may justly be called Simon-pure investments—strong-box securities, to be locked away and forgotten until maturity. There is no better, safer, more satisfactory investment than a first-class mortgage security on real estate.

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Japanese, strong as that is, but we are watching closely the American activities in China, and we fear them because the Americans have an asset which no other nation has, and that is the unqualified confidence and good-will of the Chinese."

American trade with China is increasing at a most satisfactory rate. Not so the investment of American capital. In this respect we have disappointed the Chinese, who hold that we promise more than we perform, and are becoming correspondingly discouraged. The war closed down all railway construction in China save that of the Japanese in Manchuria. It is not unnatural that the entrance of the United States into the war, the heavy employment of capital in financing the war industries and in the purchase of government securities, and the largest tax bill in the world's history, should have suspended foreign-loan operations for the account of the allied countries and the United States. The unfortunate political division of China caused by disagreement between the Northern and Southern factions reacted unfavorably upon plans for the investment of capital in that country. It is remarkable that, notwithstanding the civil strife in China, trade should have proceeded about as usual.

The high price of silver has increased China's purchasing power. This has been reflected in both the external and internal business of the country. Colonel Sellers in the "Almighty Dollar" was about right when he measured his profits by the per capita purchasing power multiplied by the population. Every increment of improvement in the economic situation of the Chinese multiplied by nearly 400,000,000 will give some indication of the increased possibilities of trade with that country.

There are parts of China not reached by the wonderful system of rivers and canals, or by railways, where wheat has recently been selling at from fifteen to twenty cents silver per bushel. Given transportation to tide-water, the wealth of such communities will be increased by the advance in the price of a bushel of wheat to that in the world's market, less the cost of transportation, and also by the enlarged productivity due to the change from a local to an international market.

When the Tientsin-Pukow Railway was under construction the agents of an American brand of cigarette followed the extension of the line. There was a phenomenal increase of sales with every few miles of track laid. Investigation showed that the opening up of a hitherto inaccessible district had enormously added to the prosperity of the people, increasing their purchasing power, and stimulating a demand for more than their bare necessities.

There are only 6,000 miles of railways in China. Expand this to 60,000 miles, every one of which, it is said, will give a fair return on the investment, and the economic improvement of the people, it can be confidently predicted, will advance in almost a geometrical ratio.

A hundred and more years ago merchantmen flying the American flag were a common sight in Asiatic waters, and the United States was only second to England in the China trade. After many years of blight, which culminated with the downfall of our merchant marine, this trade, which was the foundation of not a few New England fortunes, is to-day in a state of recrudescence. Fortunately, American ships, for so many years a memory and a tradition, are soon to reappear on the Pacific and on other oceans.

The most successful merchandising en-

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terprises in China are owned and managed by Americans. American oil, American cigarettes, for the most part made in China, and American sewing-machines are found throughout the width and breadth of the land. The initiative, energy, and imagination of the concerns conducting these businesses have carried them far beyond the competitive influences of similar activities of other nations. The conspicuous success of these enterprises is witness to the ability of Americans to do business in any quarter of the globe, despite the handicaps of language, customs, and distance.

In its varied climate and topography, and its great waterways, China bears a resemblance to the United States. In some respects the merchants with whom and through whom most of the wholesale and all of the retail business is done possess qualities akin to those of our own business people, or at least qualities which make it as easy to do business with the Chinese as with the merchants of any other country.

According to a Chinese proverb, "One does not fight a lion without weapons, nor try to cross a river without a boat." This saying, more than two thousand years old, is based on an accumulated experience of a much longer period. It is indicative of the sound common sense, caution, and conservatism of the Chinese. It is this conservatism of the people, coupled with the extraordinary vitality of their civilization, that has repeatedly overcome the conquering race by engulfing their numbers and the alien culture. On the other hand, this inertia and a failure to react to external pressure have been the cause of most of China's recent trouble.

There are many racial stocks in China, and many dialects. But written characters are universal and the same throughout the land, and so are the customs, literature, arts, and habits of living, all of which go to make up a civilization. In all parts of China, then, we might expect to find the merchant possessing like qualities and characteristics. This is indeed the case. We find him shrewd, conservative, and honest, rather inclined to be suspicious at first of what is new, and, a bargain once made, scrupulously keeping it. Two of the Chinese merchant's main characteristics are a willingness to compromise and a keen desire to conclude a negotiation. These characteristics, together with a certain similarity of temperament, and what is frequently a sympathetic understanding of the other fellow's view-point, make it comparatively easy to do business in China.

Like snakes in Ireland, it might almost be said of American capital investment in China that it does not exist. As compared with investments made by England, Russia, France, and Germany before the war, and by Japan on a lavish scale since the war began, the American showing is pitifully small. It is impossible to say what the story would have been if the American Government had not withdrawn its support of the American bankers at the time of the Six-Power Loan negotiation in 1913. It is a moot question whether the action of our government at that time was for the best interest of China and the United States. The withdrawal of the support of the American Government was due to the belief that the terms of the proposed loan were unfair to China and impaired her sovereignty. Since then a few loans, amounting to less than $15,000,000 in all, have been made by Americans to the Chinese Government. There have been established a few enterprises requiring local investment of cash, and American banks have opened branch houses in China. Last summer the State Department broached the matter of a loan to the government of that country, and American bankers were encouraged to offer $50,000,000 on terms acceptable to our government and in co-operation with England, France, and Japan.

There should be no difficulty in floating in the United States a loan of this character. There exists a good deal of uncertainty as to the wisdom of attempting to float loans for the construction of railways and public utilities, and a decided hesitancy as to the advisability of attempting to market the securities of industrial and commercial undertakings at the present time.

Capital seems timid and reluctant about going into China for a number of reasons. In the first place, there is a

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more or less well-founded belief that an independent financial undertaking of any one nation incurs the risk of meeting with hostility from some other nation, whose interest might be adversely affected by the proposed scheme. There is also the feeling that the lack of any clear official expression regarding the protection of American interests abroad might militate against an ordinary commercial loan. Finally, there is the civil fight in China, which for the past year and up to a recent date has bordered on anarchy and prevented China not only from doing her part as an ally in the war, but from properly protecting her sovereign interests.

It would seem that with all the financing since the beginning of the war the American public has by now a good working acquaintance with foreign securities, and should be educated to a proper appreciation of the value of Chinese securities. China has never repudiated a financial obligation. It has an insignificant national debt, and to-day is fundamentally and economically one of the soundest countries on the globe. It is entirely free from any form of social unrest. The jealousies of other countries whose spheres of influence or other shadowy rights are encroached upon point to the wisdom of international co-operation, to which the consent of the Chinese should be secured beforehand.

As to governmental protection of American foreign interests, our traditions make this a difficult matter. A pronouncement on this point, however, is a prerequisite to free and independent capital investment, more especially in weak and backward countries. Otherwise, we shall experience the humiliation of other nations offering us as an inducement to co-operation that protection which our government withholds.

In 1911 China was faced with the alternative of retaining the Manchu rule, subject to the restrictions of a constitution; of erecting a new dynasty; or of establishing a republic. It chose the latter course. In 1916 China again gave unmistakable evidence of its inherent republican spirit, and Yuan Shi Kai's imperial ambitions ended in his humiliation

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and hastened his demise. The attempt to restore the young Emperor in 1917 ended in a fiasco. A country in which ideals of democracy are thus firmly seated and in which a philosophy more than two thousand years old teaches respect for law and order, and elevates common sense to the highest degree can be depended upon to lay aside its internal disagreements and present a unified front to the outside world.

For twenty-five years China has been at the mercy of the powerful commercial nations. They have wrung from her territories, concessions, disadvantageous treaties, and exclusive economic rights. They have done many of those things which we have been led to understand the League of Nations proposes shall not be done to a weak country.

To-day, China's only hope of rehabilitating her international position lies in the League of Nations. The interests of other nations may be adversely affected on the surface by the application of the League principles, which will find their acid test in China. But that country, freed from the shackles upon her political, commercial, and industrial development, will acquire a prosperity that will wipe out the existing narrow margin which separates her teeming population from want, and enable her to realize in full her limitless possibilities. All the nations will gain by a powerful and rich China, and what is good for China is good for all the world. Such a China offers the prospect of a tenfold return on any well-considered business enterprise and intelligent capital investment.

But what is of greater importance, membership in the League of Nations should insure to China justice and the realization of her newborn aspirations. The Far East will then cease to be a danger-spot.

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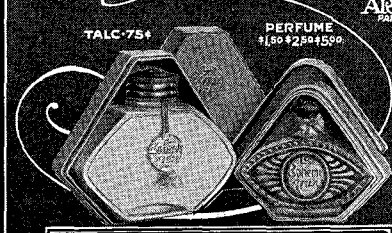

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The February Scribner

The Intimate Life of the Ill-Fated Children of the Czar Told in a Series of Pictures by the Children Themselves and the Court Photographer.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN begins a two-part novelette entitled "Our New Possessions," a love story, with the Virgin Islands—which we recently purchased from Denmark—as a background.

ARTICLES ON VITAL PROBLEMS

WHO PAYS THE COST OF THE WAR? A striking and clear exposition *by A. Barton Hepburn*, Chairman of the Advisory Board of the Chase National Bank of New York, of the relative advantages and disadvantages of taxation and bonds as means by which we are paying our vast war debt.

THE COLLEGE: YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW, *by Frederick W. Roe*, of the University of Wisconsin. When the government steps out of four hundred universities and the new groups of students come back in these times of peace, what sort of an education must the college give them? Dean Roe makes a strong argument against materialism in education.

GENERAL ALLENBY is a remarkable name; but little is known about him. *Lieutenant-Colonel John Finley*, of the Red Cross (Commissioner of Education of the State of New York), has been with him in the Holy Land and writes a vivid personal impression.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE WOUNDED SOLDIER when he comes back home? *Doctor Allan McLane Hamilton*, the eminent alienist, contributes an inspiring and practical article on this question.

AT THE PEACE CONFERENCE WHICH VIEW WILL PREVAIL?—The old English view of the supremacy of common law or the continental view of the supremacy of legislation? It will be clearly discussed *by Professor Barrett Wendell* of Harvard.

HOW THE MAN WAS FITTED TO HIS JOB IN OUR GREAT ARMY, *by Lieutenant Harold Hersey*, points the way for utilizing similar methods to fit him to his job in peace.

AN AMERICAN GIRL IN A FRENCH HOSPITAL. Sketches *by Miss Elizabeth W. Black* of what she saw and heard—very much like Laurette Taylor's play, "Out There."

STRIKING FICTION

HENRY VAN DYKE tells the tragedy of a Belgian home.—HARRIET WELLES has another naval story, "Flags."—THE EMPEROR'S GHOST, *by Temple Bailey*, begins in an American college and ends on a French battle-field.—CONFIDENCE, an unusual love story *by Carroll K. Michener*.—SABINE FARM, *by Julia M. Sloane*, is a sketch of bungalow life in southern California.—POEMS *by Hermann Hagedorn* and others.

THE FIELD *of* ART.—THE POINT *of* VIEW.—THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes.*

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The March Scribner

UNUSUAL TIMELY ARTICLES

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND, spent sixty days travelling around the United States with the British University Mission. They visited an average of one university a day, and went back to England feeling that all our cities are University cities. *Doctor Shipley* (the vice-chancellor) publishes extracts from the private diary of this trip, both grave and gay.

JOHN FINLEY, RED CROSS COMMISSIONER IN PALESTINE, continues his impressions of that wonderful country liberated by the British. *Doctor Finley* is a great walker, and this article is a narrative of a night walk from Jaffa to Jericho.

THE SOUTHWEST FROM A BACK PLATFORM is revealed *by Lawrence Perry*, who soon found out that all the cowboys and Indians were not in the movies. The Southwest is still a land of romance. Accompanying the article are a series of reproductions of paintings by the Taos Society of Artists.

HUMANITARIAN EDUCATION AND TECHNICAL EDUCATION ought not to be in rivalry, now that the war is ended. *Gerald Chittenden*, long a teacher in one of the best preparatory schools, and recently in the Military School of Aeronautics, discusses "The Point of View of Youth," as it ought to affect education in the near future.—"The average student discovers his brain some time in the third year of his college course."

DOCTOR PAUL VAN DYKE, of the University Union in Paris, has accumulated a fine bunch of anecdotes, which he calls "Snap-Shots in France."

STRIKING FICTION

MRS. ANDREWS contributes "The Love-Story of a Queen," founded on a tradition of that eminent American known as "*Prince Hal.*"

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN concludes her charming novelette, "Our New Possessions," as all true love-stories should end.

"EVER THE WIDE WORLD OVER" is a real gypsy tale *by Elizabeth Herrick.*

"THEY CALLED HER 'ANNIE LAURIE'" is a remarkable story by a new writer, *Frances Hathaway.*

EDWARD C. VENABLE (lieutenant in the Aviation Section) has another subtle character study entitled "Race."

SPECIAL ART FEATURES OF THIS NUMBER WILL BE A SELECTION FROM THE BEST WORK of American artists sent abroad by the government, including *Captains Ernest C. Peixotto, Harry E. Townsend, J. André Smith, W. J. Duncan, W. J. Aylward, George Harding,* and *Wallace Morgan.*

Also a series of Snow Scenes *by George H. Shorey.* Also a discussion in The Field of Art about "War Memorials in Sculpture" *by Adeline Adams* (the wife of *Herbert Adams*, the sculptor).

POETRY.—THE POINT *of* VIEW.—THE FINANCIAL SITUATION, *by Alexander Dana Noyes.*

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The April SCRIBNER

Important Questions Answered by Articles

Is democracy a step in the evolution of man?
Answered in "Biology and Democracy," by the eminent zoölogist *Edwin G. Conklin.*

Are army officers fitted for peace?
Answered *by Major E. Alexander Powell* in "The University of the A. E. F."

What made the color and form of Glacier Park?
Answered in the article *by Robert Sterling Yard.*

How did "the wide, wide world" affect the professors?
Answered *by Captain Gordon Hall Gerould,* of the Ordnance Department, and Professor of English.

What have the British done for Palestine?
Answered *by Doctor Finley* in "From Beersheba."

How does an artist work at the front?
Answered *by Will H. Foster,* who was there.

How is the dramatist influenced by the actor?
Answered *by Brander Matthews.*

Other Striking Features

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Short stories of adventure and sentiment
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New York as an art centre
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The May Scribner

Why this number will interest you

Because:

JOHN GALSWORTHY contributes a dramatic sketch, "The Sun."

ROBERT GRANT, from his experience as Probate Judge, explains "Domestic Relations and the Child."

DOCTOR GEORGE SARTON celebrates the four-hundredth anniversary of the death of Leonardo da Vinci by a remarkable essay explaining the most versatile man of his age.

REV. FREDERICK W. BEEKMAN, of the American Church in Paris, makes a vivid picture of that historic moment when MARSHAL FOCH entered Strasbourg.

PAUL VAN DYKE, from his wide experience in France, describes "The College Man in Action."

FREDERIC C. HOWE, Immigration Commissioner at New York, describes a fourteen days' motor trip through occupied territories of South Germany.

J. ALDEN LORING, one of Roosevelt's companions in Africa, shows how to photograph birds by electricity.

Special Art Features:

"THE CHARM OF OLD NEW ORLEANS," a series of photographs taken and described *by Lieutenant Edward Larocque Tinker.*

"SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK," with many full-page illustrations, *by Le Roy Jeffers.*

Short Stories and Sketches:

"THE TRAFFICKER," a tale of old Kentucky, *by A. Carter Goodloe,* author of "The Jade," with a frontispiece by Hanna.

"THE HOLE IN THE FENCE," another striking iron-works story, *by H. S. Hall,* author of "The Open Hearth."

"WRONG NUMBER," *by Meredith Nicholson,* the story of a visiting delegation that was kidnapped.

"THE MAKING OF AN ANGLER'S WIFE," an amusing sketch *by Ruth Danenhower Wilson,* with John Frost's inimitable pictures.

A FOREIGN TRADE ARTICLE, *by ex-Governor John Franklin Fort,* of the Federal Trade Commission; the *Financial Situation, by Alexander Dana Noyes; The Point of View* and *The Field of Art.*

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The June Scribner

Special Features of the Number:

HENRY VAN DYKE expresses decided views on Humane Culture as the antithesis of the German kind.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER, who in his youth knew *Walt Whitman*, gives some extraordinary recollections of the poet.

DAVID LAWRENCE, at the Peace Conference for many weeks, tells how the newspapers secured a reasonable chance for publicity.

HENRY L. STIMSON, ex-Secretary of War, and recently Colonel in the Field Artillery, gives a vivid picture of his regiment in France, in what he calls "A Quiet Sector."

WILLARD STRAIGHT, always interested in Art and Architecture, wrote from China some interesting letters to his friend Claude Bragdon. These are published with his original pen sketches.

LANGDON WARNER has had some unusual Siberian experiences recently, which he graphically describes.

JUDGE ROBERT GRANT has another paper on modern conditions, entitled "The Limits of Feminine Independence."

"MOUNTAINEERING IN THE SIERRA NEVADA" is abundantly pictured, with text by Le Roy Jeffers.

SAMARKAND is shown in a series of etchings by Nikolaki P. Zarokilli.

Short Stories:

"THE GIFT," *by Katharine Holland Brown*, with pictures by Alonzo Kimball.

"THE RETURN," *by Harriet Welles*, with pictures by O. F. Howard.

"THE FIRST COMMANDMENT WITH PROMISE," *by Roy Irving Murray* —a commencement story, with pictures by Gerald Leake.

"THE LAND OF HIS FATHERS," a story of the Great Wilderness, *by George T. Marsh*, with pictures by F. E. Schoonover.

A FOREIGN TRADE ARTICLE; the *Financial Situation, by Alexander Dana Noyes; The Point of View* and *The Field of Art.*

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The July SCRIBNER

Special Features of the Number:

EDITH WHARTON begins the remarkable narrative of a journey "*In Morocco.*" (See full announcement, adv. page 4.)

A. MITCHELL PALMER, Attorney General of the United States, gives the dramatic story of his work as *Alien Property Custodian.*

ARCHDEACON HUDSON STUCK of the Yukon (the man who climbed Mt. McKinley) tells about *the only American Hospital in the Arctic Regions.*

JOHN FINLEY, just back from another trip, pictures his journey over "The Bagdad Railway." He followed the trail of St. Paul and the Crusaders, and "The March of the Ten Thousand" of Cyrus.

ISOBEL FIELD, the daughter of Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson, describes the humor and pathos of "A Theatrical Boarding House in Sydney" (Australia).

LIEUTENANT HORACE WINSTON STOKES (of the Seventy-seventh Division) gives a stirring picture of *Swordfishing,* with photographs of the sport.

JUDGE FRANKLIN CHASE HOYT, Presiding Justice of the Children's Court of New York City, tells how one youth was made to believe in justice and good citizenship.

Short Stories:

MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS tells a story of woman's suffrage — "Mr. Boyle."

GORDON HALL GEROULD in "Dead Man's Shoes" tells a new kind of love story.

SHAW DESMOND, the Irish novelist, author of "Democracy," appears for the first time with a short story—"Sunset."

DANA BURNET has a story of New York life—"The Making of William Simms."

A FOREIGN TRADE ARTICLE; the *Financial Situation, by Alexander Dana Noyes; The Point of View* and *The Field of Art:* "Devastated France," *by A. Kingsley Porter.*

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